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A New Novel by Peter B. Kyne



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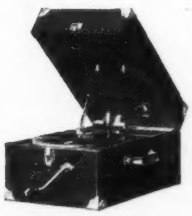
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All druggists and departments sell HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM in bottles, 50c and $1.00. Cold or Disappearing Cream, tubes, 25c. Jars, 60c. Traveler size, all creams, 10c each. We mail a sample HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM for 2c, trial size, 6c. Cold or Dissappearing sample, 2c, trial tube, 4c.

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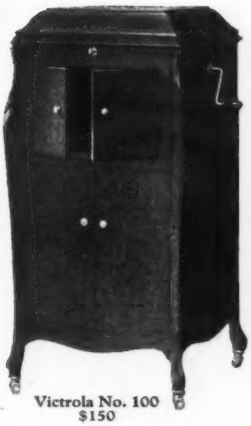
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VOL LXXV JULY, 1923 NO. 1

COSMOPOLITAN

America's Greatest Magazine

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Next Month

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

begins a group of stories of

the Lake Superior Wilderness *with*

Where the Lean Wolves Run

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WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, President; C. H. HATHAWAY, Vice-President; RAY LONG, Vice-President;
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COSMOPOLITAN

VOL. LXXV JULY, 1923 No. 1

The Chance to Love

by ANGELA MORGAN

IF SOME sweet space could but be set apart,
Free from the prying eyes of judging, curious men;
Some sweet, dear place betwixt the earth and sky
Where we together for one little day
Could find the unopened pages of the heart;
If you could utter all you yearn to say
And I could answer you, before I die . . .
Oh then,
I could go gladly on my way again.

BUT this despair,
This fretting and this chafing and this care
For what the stupid world will say or think . . .
O Love, surely in all thy universe of skies
There is some spot,
Some cloudy place upon the evening's brink
Where we, my beautiful and I,
May meet and suffer not.
Where longing hands at last may interlace,
And kisses fall upon the beloved's eyes . . .
No room can hold the beauty of our first embrace.
God! Find us a place.

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If You Cannot Travel *on Your* DELIVER THE GOODS,

Illustrations by



YOU wouldn't believe it, but when we Hoosiers travel toward the rising sun or find ourselves leaping from key to key where milk-warm breakers splash the coral beaches of Florida, we encounter people who are sorry for us because we have to put in several months every year away out yonder beyond Pittsburgh.

We are tagged with the scarlet letters of our geographical damnation.

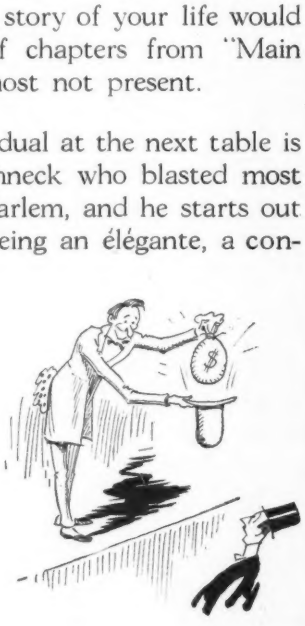
If you live in Boston you can get by on your address, but if you hail from the Mississippi Valley, you must do tricks in order to qualify.

Even in these days, when every item which helps to make life interesting may be ordered by telephone anywhere, a lot of people who are clogged up with traditions and prejudices continue to classify the human race by states and cities and obscure small towns.



If your home is in Nebraska and you are seated in a plush-and-gilt food museum in New York City, the presumption attaching to you is that you are half hick and half Babbitt and that the story of your life would read like a couple of chapters from "Main Street." You are almost not present.

The drooping individual at the next table is grandson of the roughneck who blasted most of the rocks out of Harlem, and he starts out with the credit of being an élégante, a connoisseur and a savant, even if he has not heard that Lloyd George is no longer Prime Minister.



New England was the nursery of culture fifty years ago, but now there are bright patches of it all over the Pacific Slope.

The South is a synonym for chivalry, but they say that in both Michigan and Wisconsin there are large handsome men who are real nice to women and can quote poetry.

We have been compelled to grow a regiment of authors in Indiana in order to overcome the hickory shirt libel and the hoop pole joke.

As the stalwarts of the first generation in Chicago died off, it came out in the obituaries that nearly all of them started in life at nothing per week, among the flinty hillsides of New England or in out of the way villages of York State.



VISITING CARD, YOU MUST *SAYS* GEORGE ADE

Tom Powers

They did not lose any of their importance by moving to the Middle West and building an empire. The ones who go into a new country and fight are never weaklings. The 'forty-niners were the pick of creation. The dry farmers and the irrigation projectors have courage and vision or they would have stayed back at the old home and worked in factories. Lay off of those who live some distance to the west. They may be all right.



What we need in this country is more railroads running in all directions instead of a few trunk lines heading directly into the congested centers of ignorance.

Where are the most attractive settlements of our native land?

Where are the slums done away with and the discouraged outlook absent and the friendly community spirit lighting up every thoroughfare? Where do young men have a chance?

In some of the new towns of Oklahoma, out in the apple valleys of Oregon or Washington and where immaculate suburbs of green and white rest lovingly upon the mountain slopes of California.

Take a pencil and try to list the worth while things which are monopolized by any one section.







A good many of our untraveled and rock-bound representatives of local importance need



to be told that even in towns with queer names, hundreds of miles away, there are golf courses laid out by Donald Ross, amateurs who know how to cook spaghetti, dinner dances, symphony concerts, divorce scandals, lectures by visiting Englishmen, parlor snakes, new Egyptian designs for gown fabrics, artichokes, synthetic products, brokerage offices with private wires, candy at two dollars the pound, roses at fourteen dollars the dozen, little girls who know how to smoke—everything.

The present ambition of the outlying spots is to keep about three-quarters of a mile ahead of any well known metropolis. If you think their efforts are timid and futile, it is because you have not moved about and kept tab on the derided "sticks."

Folks no longer go to the country for rest. They go to sanitariums.



PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS

This is

PETER B. KYNE

Natural-born story-teller,

who begins his new novel in this issue



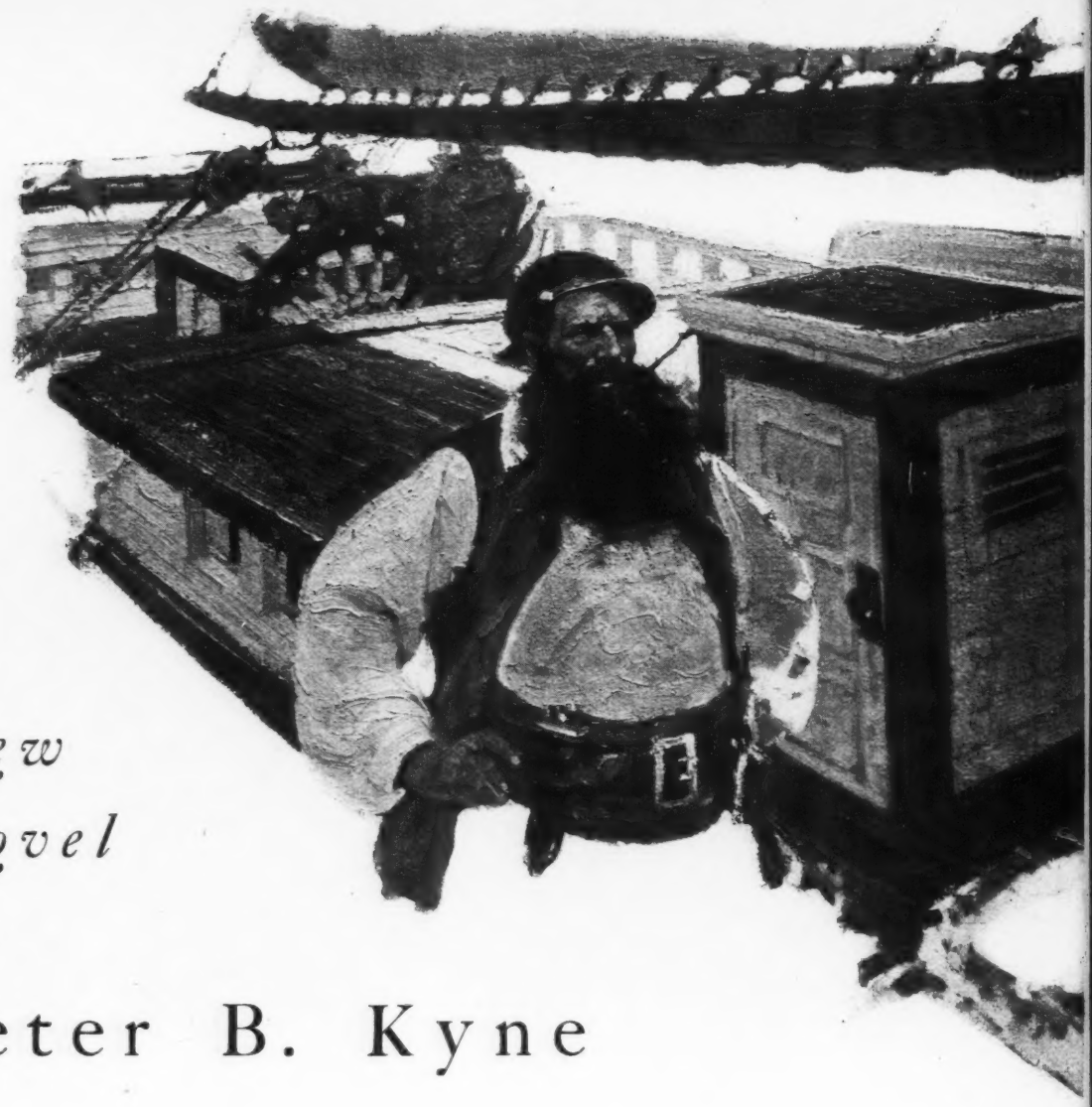
© Pirie MacDonald

And this is

DEAN CORNWELL

Natural-born painter,

whose pictures illustrate Mr. Kyne's novel



A New Novel By

Peter B. Kyne

Never *The Twain* Shall

IT WAS a song that never before had been sung; once sung, never again would it be heard. Such a song, indeed, as little girls croon to their dolls; half funeral chant, half hymn, sung in a minor key by a girl with a powerfully sweet lyric soprano. The last of the land breeze carried it aft to Gaston Larrieau, the master of the 200-ton auxiliary trading schooner Moorea, where he stood on the top step of the companion, his leonine head and tremendous shoulders showing above the deck house, as he smoked his first after-breakfast pipe.

While he listened, a shadow passed over the man's face, as when winds drive a dark cloud above a sunny plain. He removed his pipe thoughtfully to murmur:

"Ah, my poor Tamea! Dear child of the sun! Homesick already!" Then he came out on deck and stood by the weather rail, looking forward until he espied the figure of the singer stretched face downward, at full length, alongside the bowsprit, but snuggled comfortably in the belly of the jib. One arm enveloped the bowsprit; at each rise and fall of the Moorea's long clipper bow, her feet, sandal-clad, beat the canvas in rhythm. And, because she was young and athrill with the music of the spheres, because the dark blue water purling under the schooner's forefoot brought to her memories of the insistent, peaceful swish of the surf enveloping the outer reef at Riva, the girl Tamea sang:

> "Behold! Tamea, queen of Riva,
> Has forsaken her mother's people.
> In her father's great canoe called Moorea
> After the mother of Tamea, who loved him,
> Tamea sails over a cold sea
> To the white man's country.
> Tamea is happy and curious.
> But if the hearts in this new land
> Are cold as the fog this morning,
> Then will the heart of Tamea grow heavy.
> Then will she weep for a sight of Riva.
> Then will she yearn for love and pleasure,
> For dancing and feasting; for the water
> White on the reef where the fishermen stand . . ."

"I must shake her out of that mood," Larrieau muttered, and strode aft to the wheel. The Tahitian helmsman gave way to him and as the master put the helm down and the schooner came sharply up into the wind and hung there shivering her



Meet

Illustrations by
Dean Cornwell

canvas until it cracked like pistol shots, Tamea rose briskly from her hammock in the belly of the jib and stood poised on the bowsprit, with one hand clasping the jib stay to steady her. The suddenness with which she had been disturbed and the air of regal hauteur she assumed as she faced aft for an explanation from the Tahitian helmsman, who had now resumed the wheel and was easing the Moorea away on her course once more, brought a bellow of Brobdingnagian laughter from Larrieau.

Tamea came aft with stately tread, pausing at the forward end of the deck house. "So it was you, great, wicked Frenchman," she cried in a Polynesian dialect. "Truly, my father forgets that he is but a wandering trader, while I am Tamea, Queen of Riva!" Simulating a royal fury she was far from feeling, Tamea grasped a bucket attached to a rope, dropped it overboard, drew it back filled with water and, poising it in position to hurl its contents, advanced to the assault.

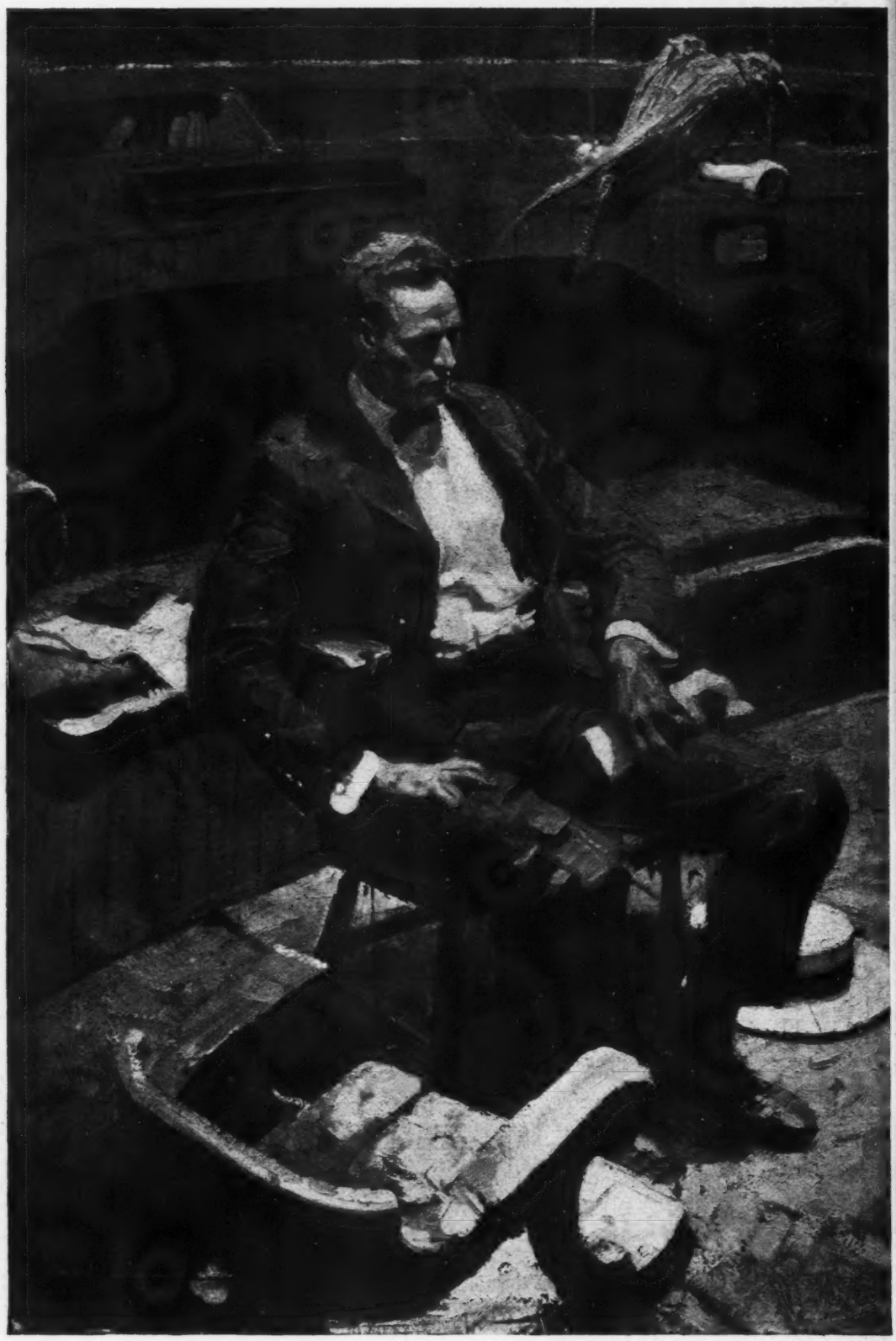
"*Tiens!*" Gaston Larrieau chuckled. "I shall never succeed in making a Christian of you. It is written that even a queen shall honor her father and mother; nevertheless you, my own child, would dishonor me with sea water!" As she threatened him laughingly, he leaped for the opposite corner of the deck house, and she saw that it was his humor to invite the deluge. Wherefore, with the perversity of her sex and royal blood, she deluged the helmsman, who stood grinning at her.

"Your eye belongs on the lubber's mark, on the sails, on the horizon—anywhere but on me, Kahanaha," she admonished the amazed fellow. And then, while Gaston Larrieau, momentarily off guard, stood roaring great gales of laughter at the discomfited Kahanaha, Queen Tamea of Riva dashed into his face fully a quart of water remaining in the bucket. She smiled upon Larrieau adorably.

"He laughs best who laughs last. Kahanaha, you may laugh."

Larrieau dashed the water from his bush of a beard. "*Nom d'un chien!* This is mutiny. Tamea, come here!" But Tamea merely wrinkled her nose at him, and when he charged at her she cried aloud, half delighted, half deliciously apprehensive, and started up the starboard main shrouds. Her father followed her, moving, despite his sixty years and his tremendous bulk, with something of the ease and swiftness of a bear.

At the masthead Tamea cowered, pretending to be frightened and cornered, until his hand reached for her slim ankle; when without the slightest hesitation she sprang for the backstay and



"Tamea," said Gaston of the Beard. "Hear your father. You are not to marry any man

went whizzing swiftly down to the deck. Here she threw him a peace offering, in the way of a kiss, but he ignored her. From the masthead he was looking out over the low-lying smear of fog that shrouded the coast of California, and the girl thrilled as his stentorian voice rang through the ship.

"Land, ho!"

Within a few minutes the Moorea had slipped through the cordon of fog into the sunshine. Off to starboard the red hull of the lightship loomed vividly against the blue of sea and sky; a white pilot schooner ratched lazily across their bows, while off to port three gasoline trawlers out of San Francisco coughed violently away toward the Cordelia banks, their hulls painted in bizarre



Monsieur Dan Pritchard does not approve of." Tamea looked at Dan. "I promise," she replied simply.

effects of Mediterranean blue with yellow decks and upper works. Their Sicilian crews waved tasseled, multicolored tam-o'-shanter caps at Tamea and when she threw kisses to them with both hands they shouted their approval in ringing fashion.

From Point San Pedro on the south to Point Reyes on the north fifty miles of green, mountainous shore line sweeping down abruptly to ocher tinted bluffs lay outspread before Tamea. She viewed it with mixed feelings of awe, delight and a half sensed feeling of apprehension, for all that enthralling vision impressed her with the thought that beyond the indentation which her father called to her was the Golden Gate, lay another world of romance, of dreams, curiosity-compelling, palpitant with

something of the same warmth that had nurtured Tamea in the little known, seldom visited and uncharted island kingdom under the Southern Cross. Following the fashion of her people when their emotions are profoundly stirred, again Tamea's golden voice was lifted in a semi-chant, an improvised pæan of appreciation.

Down through the entrance the Moorea ramped, with Tamea standing far out on the bowsprit, as if she would be the first to arrive, the first to see the wonders she felt certain lurked just around the bend behind crumbling old Fort Winfield Scott. As she leaned against the jib stay and held on with her elbows she searched the shore line with her father's marine glasses until, the Moorea having loafed up to the quarantine grounds, the crew disturbed the girl in order to take in the headsails.



They were scarcely snugged down before the Customs tug scraped alongside. While Gaston was down below in the cabin presenting his papers for the inspection of the port officer, a representative of the Public Health Service examined the crew on deck. Before Tamea he stood several moments in silent admiration. Then he asked:

"Miss, do you speak English?"

Tamea looked him over with frank admiration and approval. "You bet your sweet life I speak English," she replied melodiously; and from her English the doctor knew that she also spoke French. Having heard her giving an order to the Kanaka steward in an alien tongue, he concluded she spoke Hawaiian and sought confirmation of that conclusion.

"No, mister, I do not speak Hawaiian," said Tamea. "I can understand much of it, because all Polynesian languages are derived from the same Aryan source. The difference between the hundreds of languages in Polynesia is mostly one of dialect—phonetic differences, you know."

He sighed. "I didn't know, but I'm glad to find out—from you. Are you Venus or Juno or one of the Valkyries from some tropical Valhalla?"

"Now you grow very queer," she retorted soberly. "You make the josh, and I do not like men who do that. I am Tamea Oluolu Larrieau. I am the Queen of Riva, and in Riva it is taboo to josh the Queen."

"I think the Queen is a josher, however," he replied gravely.

"Ah! You do not believe, then, that I am the Queen of Riva?"

"No, I do not. You're the Queen of Hearts."

Fortunately for Tamea she knew how to play casino and was, therefore, acquainted with the queen of hearts. Hence she could assimilate the compliment, and a ravishing smile was the reward of the daring doctor.

He bowed low.

"Will Tamea Oluolu Larrieau, Queen of Riva—wherever that may be, if it isn't another name for Paradise, since an houri has come from Riva—oblige a mere mortal by opening her mouth, sticking out her tongue and saying, *'Ah-h-h!'*—like that!"

"Why?" There was suspicion in Tamea's glance now.

"It is a ceremonial peculiar to this country, Your Majesty. It is required of all visitors, of whatever rank. An Indian prince did it yesterday and a *dato* from Java will do it this afternoon."

Tamea shrugged—a Gallic shrug—and complied.

"What a lovely death it would be to be fatally bitten by those teeth! Now, just one more ceremonial, if you please. It is required that I shall look into your eyes very closely. You may have trachoma, but if you have I'll never survive the shock of having to deport you."

Again Tamea shrugged. A peculiar custom, she thought, but one that was not difficult to comply with.

"Well, if you're a fair sample of the womanhood of Riva, O Tamea Oluolu Larrieau, I'm glad I'm not a practicing physician there. I should never earn a fee."

"And if you should earn a fee nobody would think of paying it," she laughed. "Perhaps, if you liked bananas or coconuts——" And her shoulders came up in collaboration, as it were, with an adorable little *moue*. The young doctor laughed happily.

"Alas! God help the poor missionaries with sirens like her on every hand," he thought as he descended into the cabin, where



"Don't take yourself too seriously, Dan," said Maisie. "You weren't born to daddy the world, you know."

Larrieau was in conference with an immigration official touching his daughter's right to land. This detail was, happily, quickly passed and the health officer tapped Gaston Larrieau on the arm.

"Captain, it will be necessary for me to give you a physical examination before I can issue your vessel a clean bill of health."

"Open your mouth and say, '*Ah-h-h!*' " commanded Tamea, who had followed the doctor below. "Then open your eyes and look wise. Is my father not a frail little man, eh?" she demanded of the doctor.

"The examination of this physical wreck is merely a matter of routine, Your Majesty."

Gaston Larrieau came close to the doctor and opened his cavernous mouth.

"*Ah-h-h!*" he said.

"Ah!" the doctor repeated softly—and touched lightly, in succession, a slightly puffed spot high up on each of the captain's cheeks. As he pressed the color fled, leaving a somewhat sickly whitish spot that stood out prominently in an otherwise ruddy face. A moment later the spots in question had regained their original color, which had been a ruddiness somewhat less pronounced than the surrounding tissue.

Perhaps only a doctor's eye—an eye especially alert for such spots—would have detected them.

"Is this not a fine doctor, father Larrieau!" Tamea exclaimed almost breathlessly. "You open your mouth—and he looks at your eyes!"

The health officer glanced at her. A minute before he had noted particularly the glory of her complexion—pale gold, with an old-rose tint, very faintly diffused through the clear skin, like a yellow light masked by a pale pink silk cloth. Now the rose tint was gone and old ivory had replaced the pale gold. There was a gleam of excitement, of fear, in her smoky eyes, and the smile which accompanied her attempted badinage was just a bit forced. As the glances of the two met each realized that the other *knew!*

"I cannot help it; I must do my duty," the doctor murmured helplessly, and turned to look down Gaston Larrieau's open throat. "Any soreness in the nose, Captain?"

"A little, of late, doctor."

"Any other pain?"

"Well, for a couple of months I've had a small, steady pain in my right shoulder—like rheumatism."

"No. It is neuritis." He picked up the captain's ham-like hand and noted on the back of it, close to the knuckles, the same faintly white, puffy spots. "Now please remove your shirt."

Tamea's eyes closed in momentary pain before she retired to a stateroom adjoining the main cabin. Larrieau removed his shirt and the doctor examined his torso critically. On his back, partially covering the right scapula, he found that which he sought. "That will be all," he informed Larrieau. "Replace your garments."

An assistant poured some disinfectant on his hands and he washed them vigorously in it, wiping them on a handkerchief which he tossed overboard through a porthole. At a sign from him the others went on deck.

He lighted a cigarette and when Larrieau faced him inquiringly he said:

"Now, regarding your daughter, Captain. What are your plans for her?"

"I have brought her up to San Francisco to place her in a convent to complete her education. As you have observed, she speaks English very well, but with a very slight French accent. She has had some schooling in English, but not very much."

"Her mother, I take it, is a Polynesian."

"Pure-bred Polynesian. She died a year ago, during the influenza epidemic."

"Forgive me, Captain, if my questions appear impertinent. They are not, strictly speaking, questions which I should ask you, but under the circumstances the immigration officer has left the asking of them to me. Have you or your daughter any friends or relatives in this country?"

"We have no relatives, Monsieur Doctor, and the only friends I have in this country are my owners."

"Is your financial situation such that, should you be taken away from your daughter, she would be provided for to the extent that she would not be likely to become a public charge?"

Gaston Larrieau smiled. "And you ask that of a Frenchman, to whom thrift is a virtue? I have not traded among the South Pacific islands more than thirty-five years to come away without the price of a peaceful old age. I am worth a quarter of a million dollars, and with the exception of a few pearls and a quarter interest in this vessel, my fortune is in cash."

"Did you plan to return to the Islands after placing your child in school here?"

"*Parbleu,* no! No one could manage Tamea without my help. I am finished with the sea. All of my interests and those of Tamea in the South have been sold. Two years hence, when Tamea has grown used to civilized customs, we will return to France—to Brittany, where I was born."

"Tamea will probably marry well in France," the doctor suggested.

"Yes. We Frenchmen are more democratic than Americans or the English in our choice of wives. The fact that my Tamea is half Polynesian—ah, they would not forget that, though she is more wonderful than a white girl! I was married to her mother," he added, as if he suspected the doctor might secretly be questioning that point. "We were married by the mission priest in Nukahiva."

The doctor finished his cigarette and suddenly hurled the butt through the porthole. "Lord!" he growled. "I'm so tired of breaking people's hearts and shattering their hopes."

"Eh? What is that? Have you, then, unpleasant news for me?"

The doctor nodded gravely. "Captain, I have very unpleasant news for you. Dreadful news, in fact. While I hesitate to state so absolutely until a microscopic examination has been made and the presence of the bacillus in your body determined beyond question, I am morally certain that you have contracted—leprosy!"

The master of the Moorea met the terrible blow as a ship meets an unexpected squall. He flinched and trembled for a moment, then righted himself. His wind-and-sun-bitten face and neck went greenish white; his eyes closed for perhaps ten seconds; his shoulders sagged and his great breast heaved with a single sigh. In those ten seconds old age appeared to have touched him for the first time. When his eyes opened again he was the same calm, good-natured, almost boyish man who had romped through the rigging of the Moorea with his child that morning. He smiled a little sadly—and shrugged.

"Well, that's over," he murmured. "I am very sorry for you, doctor. These things are very unpleasant. However, I have no regrets. I have enjoyed my life—down yonder—because nothing matters. There are not many rules and regulations—and we ignore them."

"It is different here."

"Alas, yes!"

"You are a naturalized citizen of the United States?"

"Yes, Monsieur Doctor."



"Ah!" said Tamea. "You do not believe, then, that I am the Queen of Riva?"



"It is my duty to remove you from this schooner to the quarantine station at Angel Island. You will be held there for observation, and when the fact that you are a leper is officially determined, you will be removed to the Isolation Hospital in San Francisco. However, it might be arranged to have you sent to the colony at Molokai. If you were not a citizen of the United States you would be deported to the country of which you are a subject."

"We have said good by to Riva and the South, and we are not going back. The white blood predominates in my girl; I want her to live her life among white men and women. Besides, she can afford it. She may marry some fine fellow here. Who knows? I had picked on Brittany for my old age—so Molokai will not do. *Bon dieu!* I should have such ennui in Molokai. I could not stand that."

"Rules and regulations, Captain," the doctor reminded him sympathetically.

Gaston Larrieau shook his head. "Old Gaston of the Beard caged like a pet monkey, eh? I think not." He sat down and tugged at his beard thoughtfully. "Well, one thing is certain," he continued. "It is more than seventeen years since I begot Tamea—and I was clean then and for all the years since until this morning."

"Non-leprous children are born of leprous parents, Captain. Tamea is clean."

"She must not know that I am not."

"Ah, but she does know it."

Larrieau sprang erect, terrible. "You dared to tell her——" he roared, and advanced with upraised hand.

"Sit down. The girl has eyes, and in Riva she has, doubtless, seen more than one leper. I told her nothing. Listen, Captain."

From the stateroom came the sound of a muffled sob.

Larrieau sat down, dumb and distressed. "Yes, there is leprosy in Riva. And tuberculosis and worse. The scourges of our white civilization are creeping in and where they strike there is no hope. So I brought Tamea away—only to be stricken—— Well, I knew that was one of the risks I had to take, and a life without risks is as an egg without salt. In my day I have adventured in strange and terrible places, and while this is the very devil of a joke to have fate play on me, still"—he shrugged again—"I have lived my life and I have loved my love, and by the blood of the devil, life owes me nothing. I am ready! *Voilà!*" And the Triton snapped his fingers. "I am no mealy-mouthed clerk to go whimpering to my finish, protesting at the last that my heart is breaking with sorrow for my sins." He laughed his mellow, resonant, roaring laugh.

"No, no. Old Gaston of the Beard has enjoyed his sins. They were not many, for I was ever a simple man, but such sins as I had—ah, they were magnificent! I have children in a hundred islands. But Tamea is the child of my love, and like her mother she is a glorious pagan."

"You say her mother is dead."

Gaston of the Beard nodded. "She was a queen and believed herself descended from her Polynesian gods. Damnation! She had every right to, for she was a goddess. Tall, Monsieur Doctor—six feet, for she came of a race of (*Continued on page 153*)

"No," retorted the health officer, "I do not. You're the Queen of Hearts."

The Eighth

By A. S. M.

This really is not a short story. It is simply the record of a boy and girl meeting, falling in love, marrying, and having a baby—the most

Illustrations by



Edward—

in his fondest dream had never imagined anything so lovely as she that now he saw.

YOU probably could not say straight off what were the Seven Wonders of the World. Personally I am always sure of the Pyramids of Egypt and sometimes have been able to add the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. I often with a flush of pride recall supplying, on one of my bright days, the Colossus of Rhodes; and I remember how profoundly stirred were the circles in which I move when, at a learned talk, a young woman of our company added the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. But further than that——

Still, what's the odds? No one is any the better for knowing what were the Seven Wonders; nor for that matter is anyone, knowing them, necessarily more widely read. Take the case of Edward Bryant.

Edward, when he mounted the upper deck of the tramcar that was to take him to a meeting of the Excelsior Literary Society at which was to be read a paper on the Seven Wonders of the World, hadn't an idea of them, not even the Pyramids. He opened the packet of cigarettes he had just bought and took out with a cigarette the picture card given with the packet; and there, lo, was on the one side a drawing of the Pyramids and on the other the caption "The Seven Wonders of the World" and their names.

"Oh! That's a coincidence for you!" exclaimed Edward to himself; and on a sudden thought pondered the Seven till he got them by heart.

Arrived at the lecture hall and seated among his fellow members of the Excelsior, Edward proceeded at once to apply the sudden thought which had caused him to commit to memory the Seven.

The vacant seat he found—an end seat—placed him next a worthy couple, by name Mr. and Mrs. Hunt. Mr. Hunt, who had a short white beard and that air—which I always envy—of owning a place in the world and insisting on its recognition, was a retired merchant of small but sufficient income; Mrs. Hunt, who wore spectacles and a black satin dress, was of comfortable and motherly appearance.

Edward knew the Hunts only by sight, but it was the etiquette of the Excelsior Literary Society for neighbors at its gatherings to exchange a bow, a smile and a word or two, and these courtesies Edward with the Hunts therefore exchanged; then applied the results of that sudden thought of his on the tramcar.

"Ought to be interesting," said Edward, indicating his admission card on which was printed the subject of the evening's paper.

"Indeed it should," agreed Mr. Hunt, and held up his own card and read from it. "'The Seven Wonders of the World'; yes, indeed."

"Know what they were, I suppose?" said Edward carelessly.

Mrs. Hunt, who attended the Excelsior more for its social than for its instructive side, beamed. She liked the friendliness of this personable young man.

"No, we *don't*," said Mrs. Hunt, frankly and invitingly.

"Tell you if you like," said Edward, nonchalantly easing his collar.

Mr. Hunt gave him a keen look. "Eh, you know them?" inquired Mr. Hunt.

"Oh, rather," said Edward, "rather. Let me see." He spread out the fingers of one hand and ticked them off with the other. "The Pyramids of Egypt, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon——" With the ease of one repeating household words he ran off six; with admirably studied effect paused before the seventh. "And, and, let me see; dear me, how stupid of me; ah, yes, of course; and seventh, the Pharos of Alexandria."

"*Well!*" exclaimed Mrs. Hunt; and it was perfectly clear from the tone of her "*Well!*" and from the admiring gaze at Edward with which she accompanied it that she was far less impressed by the wonderful Seven than by the fact of this likeable young man's thus familiarly knowing them. Mr. Hunt also gazed upon Edward with an obvious respect; and divers other members of the Excelsior near about who had inclined their ears towards Edward's voice, and for the benefit of whose ears Edward had very kindly raised his voice, smiled and nodded thanks and were heard to whisper, "Very clever young man, that young Edward Bryant, you know."

It was a thoroughly impressive little triumph for Edward and Edward was immensely pleased with himself. "By Jove, I'll stick to those cigarettes in future," said Edward to himself gratefully; and happy chance, once more, came to his aid to rescue him from an appalling catastrophe to the brink of which, in the midst of his satisfaction, Mrs. Hunt's next words suddenly projected him.

"And what," said Mrs. Hunt, loud and clear, "and what *was* that last one, that Pharos of Alexandria?"

Poor Edward! He hadn't a notion, not the faintest glimmer of an idea.

Round came all the near-by heads, forward bent the purposeful head of Mr. Hunt.

Wonder

HUTCHINSON

natural sequence of events in the world; but it is told with the charm that made Mr. Hutchinson an international success when he wrote "If Winter Comes."

F. R. Gruger



Clarry—
she was soft and brown with gleams of fun within her jeweled eyes.

Poor Edward! But then the happy chance; the lights went down; the chairman got up.

"Why," said Edward, "the Pharos, of course—hush. Just beginning. You'll hear in a minute."

That is the prelude to the story.

"The Seven Wonders of the World," began the lecturer, "as of course the members of a society such as this need no telling, were——"

Edward, after the first few sentences, heard never a word. He was daydreaming. He was castle-building. He was thinking how magnificent was that moment when all the near-by heads, and especially the well-to-do, solid heads of Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, were first listening to him and then with respect gazing upon him; and he was seeing himself climbing up in the world, always thus listened to, always thus respectfully gazed upon, rapidly gaining place, power and wealth; and he was observing particularly in the admiring throng a beautiful girl whose hero he was and to whose feet his triumphs would be brought; and he was going over the road practically and deliciously step by step, noting his swift advancement in the shipping office where, at present, his salary was four pounds a week.

And he was watching himself working desperately hard to achieve this swift advancement; and he was hearing himself say to the lovely creature who adored him, "Fancy, darling, when we met I was getting four pounds a week and now it's forty—two thousand a year!" and he was wafted from all this on to concentration on the lovely creature, creating her—for she did not exist—and imagining her; and he was thinking all this when suddenly he found to his amazement, so vividly and at such length had he been thinking it, that the lecture was over, the lights up, and the chairman making an announcement.

He came to himself and listened.

The Committee of the Excelsior Literary Society, the chairman was saying, had much pleasure in adopting the lecturer's suggestion and offering a prize—"of five guineas," said the chairman impressively (applause), "for the best essay on the Eighth Wonder of the World."

"Let it be granted," said the chairman, "as our friend Euclid says [applause] that those—er—creations of the ancients were the Seven Wonders of the World, we moderns, content, for the purpose under notice, with a single choice, surely can place beside them an eighth, which, having regard to the enormous field of modern science and invention, incontestably will outdo them all. The lecturer has touched on several from which members of the Excelsior can take their choice; he has left unsaid many that will instantly occur to you . . ."

Edward's mind again was swinging away. He would go in for this competition; he would win it; he would stand up there and read his paper to echoes of applause. The Eighth Wonder? What could it be? What should he choose? Wireless? The turbine engine? The airplane?

The lights, as has been said, were turned up. Edward's position in the hall was at the extreme end of one of the two horns into which the chairs were drawn forward in semicircle about the lecturer's table. Edward thus looked directly upon the faces of the members seated at the farther horn of the semicircle, and all of a sudden, lifting up his eyes in his cogitation—the Eighth Wonder? What? Which? The Eighth Wonder?—all of a sudden, hitting him with a shock and holding him with a breathless catch, Edward saw the Eighth Wonder of the World seated over against him!

The Eighth Wonder of the World wore a brown dress and held on her lap a brown hat trimmed with brown velvet. She had come in, evidently, while the lecture was in progress and the room in darkness, for she certainly had not been there when Edward last could see in that direction, and as certainly Edward never before had seen her. By Jove, he would not have forgotten her if he had, nor been caused, in his daydreaming, to invent the lovely face that had been necessary to his dreams. Not his fondest dream ever had imagined anything so lovely as this Eighth Wonder that now he saw.

She was soft and brown; that is how Edward—no artist in words—to himself described her. By brown he meant the general coloring of her face and her hair and her dress; and by soft he meant the gentle loveliness of her expression, the lovely yielding slimness that her young figure seemed to have, the gentle roundness of her bosom, the freshness of her slightly parted lips, the intelligence, the tenderness, the gleams of fun within those jeweled eyes of hers, set in their pools of white, fringed with their long, dark lashes; yes, by soft he meant the virginal and lovely slip she was, whose virgin loveliness called to each fiber of his masculinity to hold, shield, cherish, protect, encompass with his strength, dower with all his goods, fight for, fend for, keep from the smallest hurt, adore.

This, I admit, was pretty good going for the young man Edward in the clap of a single eyeshot; but if you will reflect upon the awe unquestionably struck into their beholders by the Seven Wonders of the World you will be generous, I am sure,



Clarry! A son! Edward was there hours as it appeared to him before at last a message came.

in your estimate of the effect upon Edward—a nice, simple-minded young fellow—of this astounding revelation to him of the Eighth.

The Eighth Wonder of the World! Her hair was drawn back from her forehead and brought forward in a very mysterious way [Do they gum it or drive pins clean into their skulls, or what? *I* never know] over her ears; and this gave to her face an aspect at once benign and piquant, serene and roguish, challenging and calm. Her feet were beautifully shod in shining patent leather shoes and ran up through lovely ankles in biscuit-colored stockings of silk. She was about nineteen. Her name was Clarry. (Clarry, or Clarissa, Hunt, by the way; daughter, as it most surprisingly turned out, of those two whom Edward had so greatly impressed.)

And now that is enough for just a moment about Clarry *as Clarry;* and I italicize that because the whole point of this story is to discover to you what I have long discovered for myself; namely, that the Eighth Wonder of the World—but I would put it far higher and call it the First—is every girl of Clarry's years and of the years immediately behind and in front of Clarry's. You can put any girl you like into this story. They

all are Clarrys—in someone's eyes; they all are the Eighth Wonder—in mine and now I hope in yours.

The Eighth Wonder is to be seen in every city throughout the civilized globe, whose most stupendous of all wonders she is, and in every walk of life, high or low, except the very high-bred, swagger ones (too frightening for me), but she is easiest (and loveliest) to recognize at about six o'clock of the evening in the cities, when swarming out she comes from the business houses where she has been tied up into the streets where much I love to wander, and wandering, watch her bring her wonder to my eyes.

Yes, that is when their wonder is most patent, the wonder of the Eighth Wonders of the World, when they come shining out from their grim prisons; poured from their doorways to the somber pavements like brightly colored beads tipped from a box across a dull hued tablecloth; dispersed among and starred among the trudging crowds like fireflies lighting in vivid glints a forest.

They all are lovely, every one, even those that in the loosest test would pass no beauty standards; lovely in their youth, lovely in their eager mien, lovely in their metamorphosis from parts of huge machines—the world's work—to individual hopes and fears and faiths and loves—the world's holiday.

They all are wonderful. There is, as out they come and shining home they go, no man they pass—not all your savants or your laureled—can of his powers give to weariness what of their graces these can give; can of his brain or of his hands bequeath mankind what of their bodies these, its mothers foreordained, maintaining it, bequeath it. All lovely, all wonderful; and loveliest and wondrous most that one, as often I have seen, who to a lover waiting there emerges, and goes to him and amidst all the thronging crowd raises her face to him and kisses him and takes his arm, and turns along the crowded streets with him; and lo, no longer crowded, fretful, anxious are that lover's ways, but Paradise.

The Eighth Wonder!

Edward, mind you, only by degrees spread over many months came to realize that Clarry was the Eighth Wonder of the World; but he knew from the very first that she was by far the most wonderful thing that had ever come into his life or into anybody's life; and within a few weeks was knowing it ascendingly by enjoying in her company that Paradise of being greeted by her—she used to emerge to him, when he was able to be there, from the solicitor's office in which she was employed—and of kissing her and taking her arm and walking with her, which I have shown to present the Eighth Wonders at their most wonderful and loveliest.

It all happened with astounding swiftness and simplicity. At one moment Edward in the lecture hall was for the first time in his life staring up on the Eighth Wonder; at the next, to the stupefaction of Edward, the Eighth Wonder had crossed the room directly to him, greeted her parents and by her parents been introduced to him; at the next he was walking towards their home with the Hunts and with the Eighth Wonder; and at a moment advanced some weeks in point of time but seeming to Edward, existing as it were in a trance, to be but a portion of the very same night, he was the accepted suitor of the Eighth Wonder and their marriage in immediate prospect.

Only bits of all this can be selected for telling, and I would choose those bits on the one hand as they seemed to Edward peculiar to himself and never to have happened to anybody before, and on the other hand as they are common to all the Eighth Wonders and to all those thrice favored men on whom not only discovery but possession of an Eighth Wonder is bestowed.

There was that first night walking home with the Hunts and with Clarry. Four abreast could not be walked on the pavements they followed, and it was contrived by the parents that Edward walked part of the way with Mr. Hunt and part of the way with Mrs. Hunt, never with Clarry. The Hunts, you see, had not the glimmer of a notion that they were the owners of the Eighth Wonder of the World, still less that this clever and fascinating young man was with them solely because they owned the Eighth Wonder and because he proposed to sunder from them the Eighth Wonder and have it for his own. They thought he was with them because it was their company he desired; and Edward at every step of the way to their house upheld them in this belief.

While he walked with Mrs. Hunt he talked to her on all her subjects, from the complexities of the domestic servant problem to the dangers of the damp night air, the ailments arising therefrom, and the divers other ailments to which Mrs. Hunt was most grievously subject, with an earnest sympathy which completely won her heart.

While he walked with Mr. Hunt he received the views of Mr. Hunt on the political and foreign situations, on the state of trade and on the sinister traces of Bolshevism in the local Borough Council, with a deference, an interest and a profound thoughtfulness—voiced principally in a succession of "I agree, sir; I agree absolutely and entirely, sir"—that was in the highest degree gratifying to Mr. Hunt and that caused Mr. Hunt, on arrival at the Hunt demesne, to bid him enter for a glass of wine and a piece of cake, and on his departure from the Hunt demesne to bid him call again, not only "whenever you like," which, as you know, by itself means never, but on a definite date, the morrow, Sunday, for midday dinner, which as you can guess meant a very great deal—to Edward.

"A thoroughly, nice, well informed, good-mannered, clever, agreeable young fellow," said Mr. Hunt, returning to Mrs. Hunt at the departure of Edward.

These adjectives were cordially endorsed and others added to them by Mrs. Hunt, and their effect, and something mysteriously additional to their effect, was formulated also in the mind of Clarry, left in the hall by her father to close the door upon the departing Edward. The earnest attention that Edward had paid to the owners of the Eighth Wonder had enabled him to exchange very few sentences with the Eighth Wonder herself.

Those they now exchanged, though few and inconsequent, were protracted by the enormous difficulty which Edward felt in tearing himself away from the presence of the Eighth Wonder, and they had, few and inconsequent as they were, the curious effect of sending Edward away, when at last he removed himself, in a mingling of rapture and of envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness. The rapture resulted from the discovery to him of the Eighth Wonder of the World; the envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness arose out of the very last words by her to him addressed.

"I expect I know," said the Eighth Wonder (her almost last words), "who will get that prize that was offered at the meeting tonight."

"Who?" said Edward, trembling.

He was trembling by reason of emotions aroused in him by the hope that the Eighth Wonder would reply "You," and by apprehension of all the delicious emotions that would flood within him if she did thus reply. But her reply, as it turned out, caused him to tremble with emotions very much of another kind.

"I feel sure," replied the Eighth Wonder, "that it will be that Mr. Gilray. He *is* clever, don't you think? I've often thought what a striking face he has; quite the most intellectual looking of all the members. Oh, yes, I should think he's almost certain to win it."

Edward, who for twelve minutes had been morally unable to remove himself from the house, suddenly was able physically to remove himself in much less than one; and he walked home, as has been said, on the one part in rapture; on the other boiling with a furious and most terrible hatred of the intellectual looking Mr. Gilray.

Then there was the time—and it was not so very long afterwards—that Edward was walking with the Eighth Wonder on a Saturday afternoon in a secluded tract of Hampstead Heath. The Eighth Wonder had taken off her gloves and was carrying them in her right hand. Her left hand, bare, brown, small, capable, exquisite, was hanging next to the right hand of Edward, and Edward suddenly and ever so lightly, because he was terribly afraid and because the stupendous thumping of his heart could be heard, as he believed, all over the heath, enclosed her hand in his.

"Do you mind?" said Edward, and hated himself for the voice in which he said it, because it came out, to his very great surprise and vexation, as a husky squeak.

She did not appear to mind. She said no word. The only sign she gave was a faint tide of color in her cheeks.

The thumping of Edward's heart now could be heard, as he believed, not only throughout the heath but throughout the boundaries of the entire parish of Hampstead. He interlaced the five fingers of his hand between the five fingers of the hand of the Eighth Wonder of the World and held it palm to palm. Then Edward raised the hand thus held and brought the forearm of the Eighth Wonder of the World within his own forearm, and with his forearm and his elbow pressed her forearm and her elbow to his side, and with his five fingers and his palm most tenderly and yet most firmly pressed the five fingers and the palm that were hers.



"I would very much like to know what it is that's the matter with you," said Clarry incisively. "Oh, well,

Then Edward, terrified that the thumping of his heart could now be heard at Charing Cross, and that certainly it would burst within his breast and suffocate him unless something were done, stopped and did the only thing that could possibly avert so disastrous a calamity. He stopped and stooped and placed his lips upon the lips of the Eighth Wonder of the World; and immediately the duress of his heart was stayed and he knew that he owned the Eighth Wonder of the World and he felt, furthermore, that he owned the whole of the round world whose Eighth Wonder she was, its riches, its glories and all that therein is.

I am a little wrong in saying it was at this moment that Edward knew that he owned the Eighth Wonder because, as I have said, though he knew from the first moment he set eyes upon her that Clarry was more wonderful than anything he had seen or imagined, it was not until some time later that he realized her position in the wonders of the world, and this realization was yet to come. But I knew it, as I have told you, all along, and in reporting moments so supreme as was that in which he placed his lips to hers I get rather flurried and cannot help anticipating things a little.

Then there was the time—firmly affianced now, the blessings of the parental Hunts thick about them and negotiations already in train for the rental of a tiny little house in Clapham Common—the time when they quarreled. This terrible event took place when Edward was entertaining Clarry to an afternoon in the tea gardens of a riverside hotel at Hampton Court, and it was because when Edward, for the purpose of this expedition, met the Eighth Wonder of the World at Waterloo station he saw upon the head of the Eighth Wonder of the World a hat which filled him with terror and dismay.

I am sorry that I cannot describe this hat, but I have no aptitude whatever for fashion plate stuff. Edward certainly could not describe it; he had no words in which to express what he thought about it. But I have a profound sympathy with the feelings of all Edwards in matters like this so I say simply that it was a hat which attracted attention, and I leave it at that.

As lovely Clarry advanced across the platform to him, Edward, staggered, saw several people look at her hat, and when they got on the train and the train began to move, he saw the eyes of all the persons in the compartment to be fixed upon the hat. Not only that, and goodness knows that was terrible enough



if you want to know," said Edward, "I'm not going on the river with you in that hat, and that's that."

for Edward, but the eyes of these persons seemed also to convey to Edward—with a sly jeer—that he, and not Clarry, was responsible for the hat. Edward broke out into a profuse perspiration which lasted the whole afternoon and which, as you can well imagine, caused him the greatest discomfort.

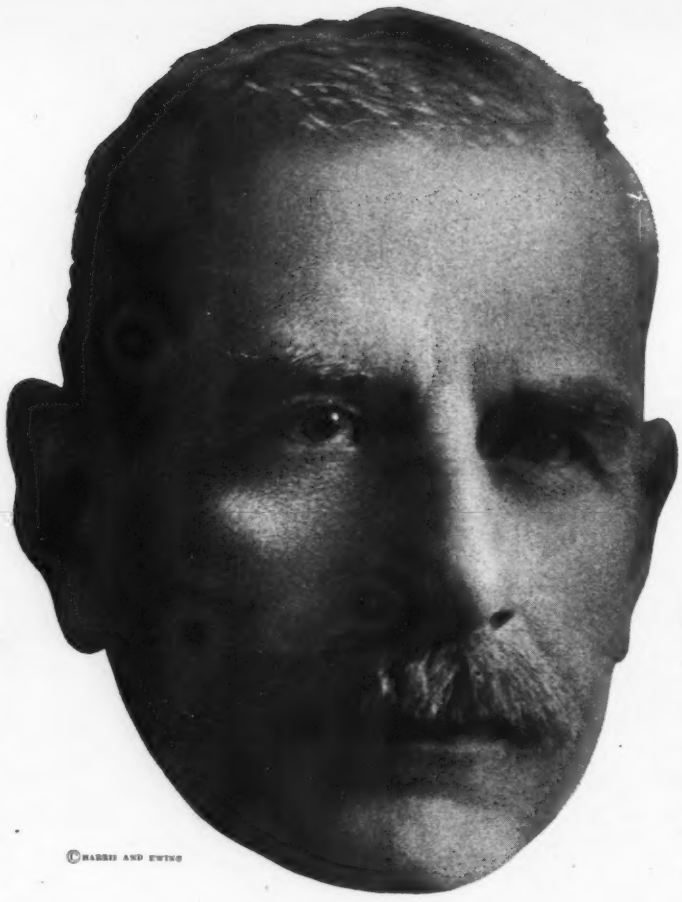
Far worse became the affair when they arrived at the tea gardens. Clarry was by now well aware that something was wrong, but she had no idea what was wrong; and when Edward, first very agitatedly and then very imperiously and sharply, refused to sit at a table in the middle of the gardens and insisted upon one remote and obscure, Clarry also became vexed, and the quarrel, though not yet joined, was afoot. Edward throughout the meal spoke scarcely a word. Obscure though the table was it appeared to the distorted imagination of Edward to be by far the most conspicuous of all the tables, and to be, moreover, the one and only center of observation of the occupants of all the tables.

So distorted and inflamed indeed had the imagination of Edward by now become that it appeared to him not only that the hundreds of eyes fixed upon him were accusing him of responsibility for the hat, but that in some mysterious way the hat was not in fact upon Clarry's head but upon his own head. In this plight a new terror descended upon Edward and a new darkness upon the relations between himself and the Eighth Wonder of the World. The table, chosen for its obscurity but affording no obscurity, was now seen by Edward to be farthest of all the tables from the exit from the garden. Edward determined within himself that no power on earth would induce him to walk through that chattering and giggling crowd with that hat, as it were, upon his head. He determined that he would sit there if need be till closing time. Not at the point of a revolver would he move from there.

"I thought," said Clarry presently, after an enormous interval in which she had twice suggested movement and twice suffered rebuff, "I thought we were going in a boat on the river?"

To this and to further interrogation on the point there were responded by Edward only some vague, indistinct mumblings. Clarry received these as long as, and indeed longer than, even an Eighth Wonder of the World can be expected to receive them; and then said Clarry, incisively: "I would very much like to know what it is that's the matter with you this afternoon. Perhaps you'll tell me?"

(*Continued on page 177*)



©HARRIS AND EWING

Sir BASIL THOMSON

THEY have their own and interesting way of doing everything in England.

So when, ten years ago, they wanted an Assistant-Commissioner of the London Metropolitan Police, whose duty is to head the Criminal Investigation Department—the detective force of Scotland Yard—they did not take a policeman. They never do. The head of the C. I. D. must deal with high as well as low society, and must know and understand them both.

In this case they found Basil Thomson—a quiet, steel-gray man who had already had a world of interesting experience.

He is a son of the late Archbishop of York, an Eton and Oxford man, a lawyer, a magistrate. He had been a member of the British Colonial Service. He had been Prime Minister of Tonga in the South Seas. He had been Governor of the great Dartmoor prison. He had been Governor of the prison of Wormwood Scrubs. He had written almost a dozen books on half a dozen subjects.

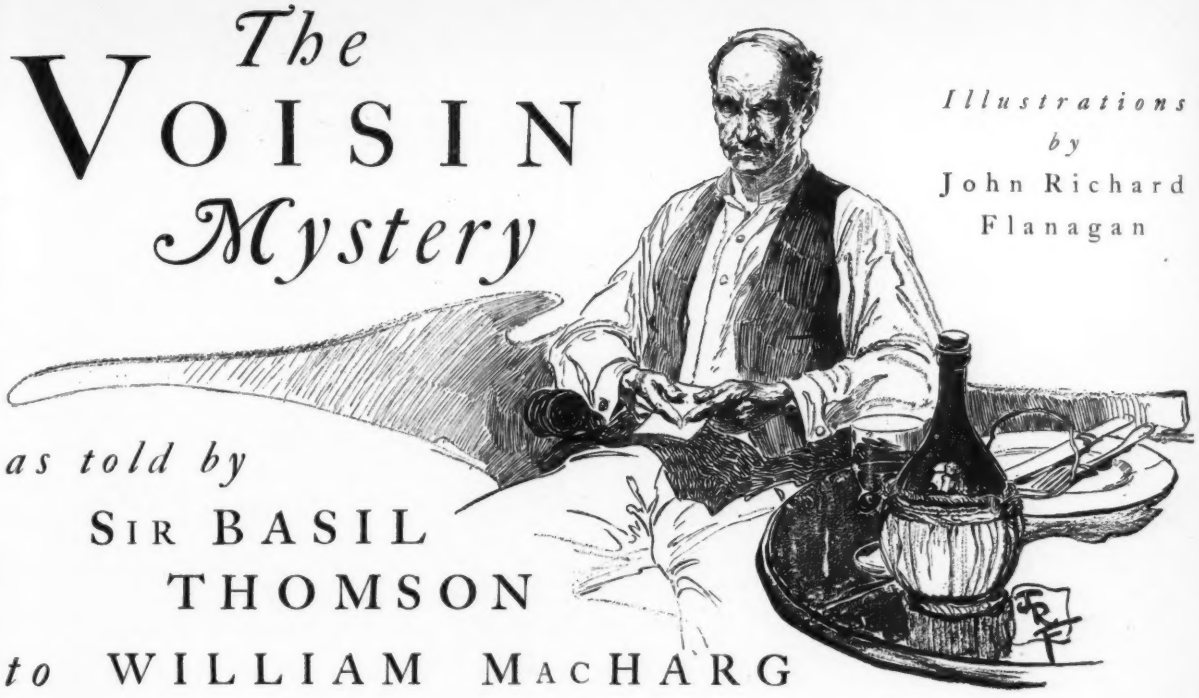
People who knew said he possessed as wide a personal acquaintance with criminals and the ways of crime as any man in Britain.

When experience had shown that they had chosen the right man, they added C. B. to his name by knighting him.

For eight years Sir Basil Thomson was chief of the C. I. D. To the great world the C. I. D. is the department of the London Police which means Scotland Yard itself. It is the department of the mysteries—the department which assembles the facts about the unsolved crimes and tracks down the criminals—the department of the true detective stories which are more interesting than fiction. No one can talk with Sir Basil without realizing that he enjoyed the thrill of this "big game hunt," the mystery, the linking of fact to fact.

On the opposite page Sir Basil begins the stories of the most remarkable Scotland Yard detective cases in his experience.

The VOISIN Mystery



Illustrations by John Richard Flanagan

as told by SIR BASIL THOMSON

to WILLIAM MACHARG

"IN THE affair of the Frenchman, of the two women entangled in his life, and of the headless body," said Sir Basil Thomson, "justice in a legal sense was done. Was it the real criminal that was punished? Let us see what is your own opinion of that matter."

If the title of the world's greatest detective is to be given to anybody, it must be given to the chief of the C. I. D., as it is called, of Scotland Yard.

"Who," I asked him, "was the Frenchman?"

The Frenchman, it appeared, had lived in Charlotte Street. His home was near a subway station. The locality was one of rooming houses and of shops occupied by people who spoke French. It was a little colony of France transported into London. The Frenchman was a man approaching middle age, of medium stature, an active, powerful man. His name was Louis Voisin. By trade he was a butcher. He also sometimes dealt in horses. He had a pony and a cart with which he distributed his meat. He was a person of fixed hours of labor and of a definite income assured him by his work. There was nothing that was criminal about him in any way.

The Frenchman was unmarried, but like many men who have reached middle age unmarried, there had been in his life certain amorous adventures. At present there was a woman living with him who was known as Madame Voisin. She was accepted by the neighbors as his wife. She was a Frenchwoman and her name was Berthe Roche. Of course, at the beginning, these facts about the Frenchman were not known to Scotland Yard. He was one of several million people in London with whom Scotland Yard did not concern itself because they went steadily about their business and led lives that were not criminal. It was only when the Frenchman became of interest to Scotland Yard that it put out its finger and picked up, as one might say, in a moment, the facts about him that it needed.

The agency through which it picked them up was that department of the London Metropolitan Police known as the C. I. D. The C. I. D. is the most elaborate police organization which exists for asking questions. In hardly more than an hour, the chief of the C. I. D., without moving from his desk in the immense red brick and granite building which is known as New Scotland Yard, at the Westminster end of the Thames embankment, can ask a question in every laundry, in every apothecary shop, or in every pawnshop in London. He need not confine himself to London. As the London Metropolitan Police maintain a close connection with the municipal police of all other cities in Great Britain, he can ask his question at the same time in all the laundries, apothecary shops and pawnshops of Liverpool, Birmingham and Manchester. If a man goes into a pawnshop to pawn what seems a piece of stolen goods, between the time that he asks for his money and the time the pawnbroker hands it over to him, a description of the goods has by routine been notified to Scotland Yard. There is only one limitation put upon the questions which the C. I. D. can ask. It cannot ask any question at all of a person who has been arrested. It cannot, indeed, legally ask any question of any person whom it is even intending to arrest.

At Scotland Yard there are a Chief Constable, a Superintendent and five Chief Inspectors with the Chief of the C. I. D. at their head. By one of these the meaning of all the information coming in every day about all the crimes of London is considered. When the time is ripe the arrest is ordered. The work of the C. I. D. is then considered finished. It has gathered its facts, it has arrested its prisoner, and it turns both facts and prisoner over to the Director of Public Prosecutions. After that, it has no direct control over what happens. It can advise, but it cannot control the inferences that are drawn from its facts.

"Is that," I asked, "what happened in the matter of the Frenchman?"

Sir Basil nodded. "On a day in the first week of November, nineteen hundred and seventeen, a detail of police in charge of an inspector from the C. I. D. of Scotland Yard presented itself at a house at fifty Munster Square.

"The neighborhood was one given up in part to lodging houses, and the house in question was small and had once been a private residence. It was now used for the renting of rooms to tenants, and was conducted, according to information in the hands of the police, by a couple by the name of Rouse.

"The inspector rang the bell pull. The door was opened by a small, middle-aged man. Behind was a woman of equal age.

" 'You are Mr. Rouse?' the inspector inquired of him.

" 'Yes.'

" 'This is your wife?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'You have a lodger named Madame Emilienne Gerard?'

" 'Yes,' the little man replied without anxiety.

" 'What can you tell us about her?'

" 'Her husband is a soldier serving with the French army. His name is Paul Gerard. They have two rooms. At Christmas time he had leave and came home here for a week. In May, Madame Gerard went to France to see him and to visit relatives at Nancy. In the end of July she came back here and has been with us ever since.'

" 'She kept her lodgings here while she was away?'

" 'Yes; her brother-in-law came regularly to pay the rent.'

" 'When did you see her last?'

" 'On the night of the air raid,' the man answered. 'She ran out of the house with all the rest of us when the alarm sounded, and she did not come back.'

"The London in which this questioning was taking place was the London of war time and of German air raids. The procedure on the occasion of these raids had been established. On the appearance of the Zeppelins above the city, warning was sounded by the explosion of maroons and the blowing of whistles. Immediately at sound of these warnings all trains running in the subways stopped; the motor buses running on the streets were halted so that their passengers and crews could seek a place of safety; the street lights were extinguished. Those who had what were considered to be safe cellars went down into them; those who had not, streamed forth from their houses into the darkened streets, making for the nearest shelters which had been certified by the police to be safe.

"For the most part these shelters were the subways. There, the platforms and the spiral staircases were blocked with a solid mass of women and children, wrapped in the first garment that had come to hand. The streets were thronged with crowds of nervous and excited people hurrying to the subways or accredited cellars. For a time the condition was one of immense confusion.

"Following these air raids many of the poorer people failed to return to their lodgings. Some of them made their way for safety out of the city into the country; others found new places to live, in what they considered were safer districts of the city. Sometimes it would be several days before these latter even returned to the lodgings they had vacated to claim their furniture or other property. There had been such an air raid on the night of October thirty-first.

" 'Madame Gerard,' the little woman offered with assurance, 'is in the country. She will be gone about two weeks. I was growing anxious about her, but her brother-in-law came to tell us where she was and that she was expecting a sack of potatoes, and wanted me to take them in and keep them for her.'

" 'Ah!' said the inspector. 'A sack of potatoes!' The fact, if it did not have definite meaning for him, seemed at least to arouse speculation in his mind. 'This brother-in-law of hers—when did he come to give you that message?'

" 'On the afternoon of November second, two days after she had gone away.'

" 'You know him to be her brother-in-law?' the inspector questioned.

" 'She told us that he was.' The little woman and her husband looked at one another understandingly; it was plain that they had some doubt as to the reality of this relationship.

" 'Do you know his name?'

" 'Yes; it is Voisin.'

"The name aroused no recognition in the inspector; it was the first time he had ever heard of Voisin.

" 'You don't know his address?'

" 'Yes; he lives at a hundred and one Charlotte Street.'

"The inspector turned to one of the men with him and gave him directions in a low voice, ending with the repetition of the address, 'a hundred and one Charlotte Street.' After the man had gone, he turned back to the now anxious little couple.

" 'You did not read in the newspapers of the discovery of the body of a woman wrapped in sacking behind the railings of Regent Square,' he inquired, 'or see reproduced in the papers a laundry mark which persons were asked to identity?'

" 'We don't often read the papers,' the little man answered nervously.

" 'Then you don't know that the body is probably that of your lodger, Madame Gerard?'

"The little woman gasped; the couple turned pale and stared at one another. 'Madame Gerard—murdered!' the little woman breathed.

" 'Come,' said the inspector. 'We will look at her rooms.'

" 'We have no key,' the couple quavered.

" 'That is all right. Show us the door.'

"The discovery of which the inspector spoke had been made in the early morning of November second. A man on his way to work had noticed the bundle wrapped in sacking. He climbed the railings of Regent Square to examine it. He felt of it; then, still more curious, he loosened the cords about the package until he discerned the blood-stained limbs of a human being. Hastily re-covering them, he reclimbed the railing and rushed to the nearest police station. The police reached the spot before any alarm had been given, or a crowd had collected. They examined carefully all the surroundings of the body. There were no footprints or the sign of any other presence on the spot than that of the man who had made the discovery.

"The body was taken to the mortuary, and the famous specialist in medical jurisprudence, Doctor Spilsbury, was sent for. He made a careful autopsy. The body was that of a woman about thirty years of age. The head and hands had been severed from the body and were not in the bundle. Doctor Spilsbury announced with certainty that the cutting had been done by someone skilled in that sort of work.

"The identification of a body without the head and hands is a most difficult problem. These are the parts of the body which, not being covered by clothing, are the features by which one recognizes one's acquaintances. In the hope of clews the sacking which had been wrapped around the body was painstakingly examined. There was nothing distinctive about the sacking or the cord. The legs of the body had been bound together and the arms had been bound tightly to the sides with long strips of linen, which seemed to have been torn from a sheet. Inch by inch this blood-stained linen was inspected. The searchers were rewarded by a laundry mark.

"It would have been a simple matter, with the elaborate machinery at the disposal of Scotland Yard, to have made inquiries in all the London laundries, but the newspapers were clamoring for facts about the case, and the mark was given to them for reproduction. Hardly had the facsimile been published when a laundry manager called up my office. The mark, he said, resembled that of one of his customers. He gave her name, Madame Emilienne Gerard, and her address at fifty Munster Square.

"The inspector of detectives and his men followed the agitated couple through the hallway of their lodging house.

" 'This is her door,' the man announced.

"The inspector tried the door and found it locked. One of the police officers, advancing, forced the lock. The door, swinging open on its hinges, displayed Madame Gerard's two rooms. The inspector stood upon the threshold, gazing in upon them. The rooms were in the most perfect order. The furniture was in its place, the bed was smoothly made, the floor seemed recently to have been scrubbed.

"The inspector turned again to the lodging house keeper and his wife.

" 'You say that Madame Gerard was aroused by the alarm of the air raid?' he inquired.

" 'That is right,' the little woman replied. 'We called to Madame Gerard through her door, and she answered that she had heard the alarm and would follow us to the shelter.'

" 'The alarm,' said the inspector, 'was sounded at half-past eleven at night. You say that Madame Gerard did not come back and that you have no key. Well, these rooms do not look as though they had been left in haste. They seem as if they had been put in order for her departure.'

" 'Oh,' the little woman exclaimed, 'Monsieur Voisin was here. He has a key. On the afternoon of November second, when he told me that she had gone to the country, he came in here and was here for several hours.'

" 'Ah! So her brother-in-law, Voisin, has a key?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'But you are not sure that he is her brother-in-law. So it was Voisin who set the rooms in order?'

" 'We are not sure of that. We only know that he came in here.'

"The party crossed the threshold into the room.

" 'Is anything missing from the rooms?' the inspector asked.

"The little woman looked around. 'The rug that usually was spread over the foot of the bed is gone,' she said.

"A police officer picked up a satchel standing on the floor. It was marked with the initials 'L. V.'

" 'What is Voisin's first name?' the inspector asked.

" 'His name is Louis.'

" 'Then these seem to be his initials.'

"The inspector went to the smooth bed and turned down the counterpane. The bedclothing beneath was not spread upon the mattress; it was carefully and smoothly folded and laid in the center of the mattress under the counterpane. There was only one sheet, of the same linen as the strips with which the body had been bound; the other sheet was missing. The police looked through the papers in a drawer. They found evidence that Madame Gerard had in the Postal Savings Bank about four hundred and eighty dollars and that she had loaned Voisin two hundred and fifty dollars, which had not been repaid.

"A police officer discovered in a corner a pail of dirty water, which was plainly the water with which the floor had been washed. On microscopic examination the discoloration in this water proved to be human blood.

"Meanwhile," said Sir Basil, "in accordance with a telephone call from the officer whom the inspector had despatched before entering Madame Gerard's rooms, a young man was on his way



Then occurred one of those incidents which show whether a man is or is not a real detective.

from the police station in Tottenham Court Road to verify the address which Voisin had given to Mrs. Rouse as his. The door of the lodging house was answered by a woman.

" 'You rent rooms?' the young man inquired of her in French.

" 'Yes, Monsieur.'

" 'You have one which you will rent to me?'

" 'I am sorry, Monsieur; unhappily nothing is vacant.'

" 'I am a British soldier invalided home after long service in France. I like the French people and would prefer to live among those who speak French. You are sure there is no place where you can put me?'

" 'I am sorry, Monsieur.'

" 'The basement. Who has that?'

" 'It is occupied by Monsieur and Madame Voisin.'

" 'They would not be willing to vacate part of it for me?'

" 'I fear not, Monsieur. Monsieur Voisin is a man who has a business and an income. Still, if you wish, you may inquire of them.'

" 'No; on second thoughts I believe I would not wish to occupy part of their rooms.' "

Sir Basil broke off, turning a little in his chair.

"What do you think of the case so far?" he asked.

"It looks rather simple," I replied.

"In other words, it appears so obvious that one ought to go slowly. The police are like the auto speeders; it is on what seems a smooth road that they have their accidents."

"I would say, Sir Basil, that Voisin was unquestionably the murderer. As a butcher, he had the expertness which Doctor Spilsbury declared the one who had dismembered Madame Gerard's body possessed. When was it, in relation to the



"You were a friend of Madame Gerard?" Inspector Wensley inquired, studying the Frenchman curiously.

discovery of the body, that he told Mrs. Rouse that Madame Gerard had gone to the country?"

"It was after the body had been discovered but before it had been identified. It was on that occasion that he left his address with Mrs. Rouse. No; there was nothing at all yet to point out who had done the murder. The important fact established was that it had probably taken place on the night of the air raid. That made it almost certain that it was premeditated. No safer occasion for a murder could be found. The streets were darkened and were filled with excited people fleeing from the threat of death. They would pass unheeding by a body lying in the street, believing it to be someone who had been struck down or had fainted; death, when it was discovered, would be assumed to be the effect of the German bombs or of the shells of the British anti-aircraft guns, whose fragments falling to the ground were a danger to those who did not take shelter."

"Of course it was premeditated," I declared.

"Yes; it seemed fairly certain that someone had determined to murder Madame Gerard and had waited for the night of an air raid, when it could be done with comparative safety. At the sound of the warning bombs and whistles, he ran through the darkened streets to her home. He found her, not, as he had hoped, upon the street, but in her rooms in the house in Munster Square, from which all the other inmates had fled to the shelter of the subway. He killed her there. Then, to remove the evidence of the murder from the house, he wrapped the body in the rug from the foot of her bed and took it with him."

"Locking the door behind him," I observed; "and Voisin was the only one who had a key."

"Madame Gerard would unquestionably have had a key to her rooms upon her body."

"Was Madame Gerard Voisin's mistress, Sir Basil?"

"There was reason to believe that, during her husband's absence with the French army, she had become that."

"Then there may have been reasons why he wanted to get rid of her. Besides, he owed her money."

"Two hundred and fifty dollars is not enough for a man with a prosperous business to commit murder for. No; Voisin's actions were as easily interpreted to show innocence as guilt, especially his leaving his address with Mrs. Rouse. As to his telling Mrs. Rouse that Madame Gerard had gone to the country, that might have been a message delivered to him from her, as he believed, by a third person. A few words from Voisin might be enough to wipe away all reason for suspicion against him, and under the circumstances we were quite free to ask him for a statement.

"The detail of police under Chief Inspector Wensley, who had been put in charge of the case," Sir Basil went on, "when they went to Voisin's home to take his statement, knew exactly what was expected of each member of their party. The detail was made up of officers who could speak French.

The Inspector knocked on Voisin's door.

" '*Entrez*,' the Frenchman answered.

"The Inspector opened the door and went in, accompanied by some of the officers he had brought with him.

" 'You are Louis Voisin?' the Inspector inquired in French.

" 'Yes.'

" 'This woman is your wife?'

" 'No; she is called that here, but her real name is Berthe Roche.'

"The Chief Inspector studied the Frenchman curiously. If Voisin had had any part in the murder of Madame Gerard, he did not show under the Inspector's gaze any of the uneasiness which a murderer might be expected to show at a visit from the police. The woman who stood beside him was handsome, rather passionate looking. She must at one time have been beautiful. Her plain dress was caught together at the breast by a brooch made of three gilt three-penny pieces. She gave her age when the Inspector asked it as thirty-eight.

" 'You were a friend of Madame Emilienne Gerard?' the Inspector asked of Voisin.

" 'Yes.'

" 'You know that she has been murdered?'

" 'I saw that in the newspaper.'

" 'When did you see Madame Gerard last?'

" 'Between two and three o'clock on the afternoon of October thirty-first.'

" 'The afternoon before the air raid?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'What did she say to you?'

" 'She said that she was going to Southampton to see a friend off for France and would not return to London for about two weeks.'

"At this point Inspector Wensley nodded to one of the men who had come with him, and the man took Madame Roche into the next room and closed the door.

" 'Tell me,' the Inspector said to Voisin, 'exactly what you yourself did on the night of the air raid.'

" 'There is very little to tell,' Voisin answered. 'About half-past ten o'clock Madame Roche and I went to bed for the night.'

" 'You did not run out with the others for shelter at the warning of the air raid?'

" 'No; we remained here all night.'

"In the other room exactly the same questions had been put to Madame Roche and she had made exactly the same answers. Meanwhile, however, the other officers who had come with the Inspector had been questioning, simultaneously and separately, all those whom they found in the house. Madame Roche was brought back into the room and the officers appeared with their reports of their interviews with the other inmates of the house. They gave these to the Inspector.

" 'Monsieur Voisin,' said the Inspector, 'your account of your actions on the night of the air raid do not agree with the statements made by other persons in the house. I want you to listen to the statement which was made by your landlady.

" 'On the alarm of the air raid, your landlady says, the tenants came running from their rooms out into the halls. Madame

Roche came with them, but Voisin did not. On the chance that you had not heard the alarm, the landlady says, she sent her daughter to warn you. The daughter knocked upon your door here but received no answer. When she was told this by her daughter, your landlady—or so she says—came herself and knocked on your door and called to you, and a male voice answered, "All right." Then she says she ran to the shelter of the subway. On returning about two hours later, she says that she saw a bright light here in your room.'

" 'That is correct,' the Frenchman answered. 'We did not go out. Madame Roche went out into the hall, but came back here. Madame Roche sleeps better with a light.'

" 'Very well; let me continue with the statement of the landlady. About half-past eight the next morning, she says, she was surprised to find Madame Roche drawing water from the tap upstairs. It was earlier than Madame Roche usually got up. "You are up early," the landlady said to her. "Louis was up earlier still," Madame Roche replied, according to the statement of the landlady. "He was out this morning and butchered a calf. His shirt is bloody and I am going to wash it for him." '

"Voisin and Madame Roche looked at one another and shrugged. 'That is how it was,' the Frenchman answered.

" 'You do not mind if we search your rooms?' the Inspector asked. Unless the man himself gave permission, the police could not legally search his rooms until after he had been arrested for a crime.

" 'I do not mind at all,' the Frenchman answered.

"The police made a thorough search of Voisin's rooms. They found the rug which was missing from Madame Gerard's, and they found in the kitchen a butcher's knife which appeared to have been recently sharpened and carefully cleaned. The kitchen apparently had recently been scrubbed, but the scrubbing had not been able to remove wholly some spots upon the floor. On medical examination these spots proved to be human blood.

"Do you see," said Sir Basil, "the peculiarity of the situation?"

"Yes," I replied. "There was only one murder and there looked to be two places where it had been committed."

"Exactly so. Madame Gerard appeared to have been murdered in her own apartment and she appeared also to have been murdered in Voisin's kitchen."

"Of course," I said, "the simple explanation is that Voisin, after murdering Madame Gerard in her own rooms, wrapped her body in the rug and carried it to his home."

"Why, in the name of Heaven," said Sir Basil, "should a man do that? Why didn't he leave the body in the street, where it would probably have been regarded as the effect of the German bombs and the murder never have been suspected?"

"I don't know. Perhaps the blood in Voisin's rooms was a coincidence. A butcher nearly always has cuts upon his hands."

"There have been such cases of coincidence, but this was not one of them."

"Was Voisin insane?"

"No; he was sane."

"Then I do not understand it."

"Neither did we, and the police found themselves in a most delicate position. There is often great doubt on the question of making an arrest. If it is delayed too long the criminal is warned and will escape. But in England the police are not allowed to arrest a person merely on suspicion. Within twenty-four hours of an arrest they must appear before a magistrate with their prisoner and produce enough proof to satisfy the magistrate of his guilt. We did not have proof which would satisfy a magistrate."

"But you arrested him?" I questioned.

"Yes," said Sir Basil, "after many consultations we decided on the arrest. Unless we arrested him we could not make any more thorough search of his rooms. We could search them legally after he had been arrested. We determined to make the arrest and the search at the same time, trusting that the search would reveal proof on which a charge could be made against Voisin."

"Did it?" I asked.

"At first," said Sir Basil, "the search disclosed nothing. Chief Inspector Wensley and his men, after making the arrest, ransacked the place thoroughly; they were expert searchers whom nothing could escape. Then occurred one of those incidents which show whether a man is or is not a real detective. Among the objects in the room were several keys. It occurred to one of the officers to try these keys in all the doors and find which fitted. There was one key which fitted none of the doors, and he asked the landlady about it.



If Voisin had had any part in the murder of Madame Gerard, he did not show, under the Inspector's gaze, any of the uneasiness of a murderer.

" 'It is the key to the cellar,' the landlady replied. 'I let Monsieur Voisin use the cellar to store his tools and such things.'

"The Inspector and his men descended to the cellar. The small, dark cellar was full of such things as a man in Voisin's business would accumulate. There were bits of harness, tools, empty boxes and barrels. In the corner was a barrel filled with salt. The police emptied the salt out of the barrel, and they found in it the head and hands of Madame Gerard."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "But at any rate that surely cinched the fact of Voisin's guilt."

"Yes," Sir Basil agreed, "that seemed to settle it. The head and hands were delivered to Doctor Spilsbury for autopsy. He stated that, before her death, Madame Gerard had been struck repeatedly upon the head with some blunt instrument in the hands of a person of no great physical (*Continued on page 127*)



The Man Who

Words and pictures by

"DO YOU mind if I speak quite frankly?"

"No, indeed. Please do," he answered, bracing himself.

"You won't be angry?"

"Absolutely not. I'm ready for the worst. Go ahead."

"Well, she says you're too good. She likes you immensely, she respects you enormously, but—well, you don't give her the least little bit of a thrill. Whenever she's with you she says she keeps thinking: 'If only he weren't so dreadfully noble and good. If only he'd swear or get drunk or something—anything!' She's told me that dozens of times."



"Do something to startle her. Cave man stuff."

The young man moved uneasily. His companion continued:

"She says she always knows what you are going to say and do, and that it will be irreproachable. You're not angry with me?"

"Oh, no—why—certainly not. I knew something was the matter, but I couldn't make out exactly what it was." He smiled wistfully. "Why, I don't think I could ever swear—or be rough—when she's around."

"Oh, but she wouldn't mind! She'd just think it was peppy and interesting. You know how much I hope you and Gwennie come to an understanding. But you'll *have* to do something to startle her. Don't be a tame kitten."

"Cave man stuff?" he asked solemnly.

"Yes, that—anything that will arouse her. Make her mad—even that would appeal to her more than this angelic doglike devotion. But for mercy's sake, do *something!*"

"Well, I'll see what I can do, Elizabeth." He wiped his brow and arose to go. "And thank you ever so much. I've wanted to have a real honest talk with you for some time."

As he started down the walk she called after him:

"Start in tonight, at her party. Make her sit up and take notice. She'll like you better for it."

He smiled a little bitterly and walked home in deep thought. For a long time he sat in his room pondering, with now and then a nervous movement of his hand as though to emphasize whatever it was that was revolving in his mind.

"Too good!" he muttered. "So that's what's the matter with me. Well, tonight I'll show her!"

For two years, ever since he had come to town, he had laid respectful siege to the heart of Gwennie Overton, without appreciable result. That she liked and respected him was obvious, but his proposals met with a discouraging succession of refusals.

In fact, in the estimation of Gwennie, who was not the angel he believed, he had all the virtues and, from her point of view, not a single companionable fault. From the day Ernest Goodman first appeared in church, soon after his arrival in town, he had never been known to deviate by a hair's breadth from the straight and narrow path. She felt certain his past was an open book—and a blank one at that! Gwennie liked her cocktail and cigarettes and had a wide though somewhat surreptitious acquaintance with triangular fiction. She had no illusions as to the angelic nature of her character, and it always amazed her that one of Ernest's exemplary standards should have centered his affections upon her.

As she busied herself with the final preparations for the dinner, the telephone rang. It was Ernest.

"I'll be a little late tonight, Gwennie. Please sit down and don't wait dinner for me."

"All right, Ernest. Be good and don't get into mischief," she answered lightly, but the words contained for him a world of irony. He was still murmuring something when she hung up the receiver.

"Poor Ernest!" she thought. "He's too saintly for this world."

A last survey showed the Japanese lanterns ready, the little tables set, the rugs removed from the living room and library, extra hammocks swung in shadowed spots on the lawn, flowers tastefully arranged, and the ingredients for cocktails in order. As she observed these last, she shrugged her shoulders with a sudden show of impatience.

"Of course he will refuse them as usual. Oh, if only he would be human once in a while!"

Acting upon a sudden malicious impulse she rearranged the seating slightly. Ernest, who had been on her left, was shifted to a seat by Madeleine Colby, notoriously the most frigid and haughty girl in town.

"There!" she said. "With his rectitude and her glacial reserve, they'll make a lovely pair!"

At eight the guests began arriving. At ten minutes past, Elizabeth Brown carefully surveyed the group.

"Ah," she thought, "Ernest not here yet, and he's usually so punctual! That looks promising. I'm dying to know if he'll have the courage to play up to her—and how he'll go about it."

Cocktails were passed and presently the guests found their places at the tables. Ernest still had not arrived. "He'll be a little late," Gwennie informed the haughty Miss Colby, whose interest in the information was imperceptible.



"Gwennie, for the last time, will you marry me?"

At a quarter before nine a motor thundered up the driveway. There were heavy steps on the porch, a door slammed, and Ernest Goodman appeared. Many curious eyes followed him with more than the interest he ordinarily aroused as he strode the length of the room with an utterly unfamiliar assurance and bent over the chair of his hostess, Gwennie Overton.

"Gwennie, for the last time, will you marry me?" he said in a low voice.

Every eye in the room caught the sudden flush in her cheeks that indicated he had said something more than a whispered apology for being late. Elizabeth Brown's eyes were shining. "Delicious!" she thought. "Now if only he will kiss her or slap her or walk on the table!"

"You're too absurd," answered Gwennie, and then, conscious of the hush in the room, she ostentatiously indicated his seat by Miss Colby.

Was *Too Good*

JOHN T. McCUTCHEON



Was Ernest trying to make her jealous?

"For the last time, Gwennie!"

She laughed provokingly at him. "Madeleine's been waiting for you," she said. "Run along now, like a good boy."

Another reference to his goodness! He straightened up and at once took the seat by Miss Colby.

"I'm sorry I'm late," he said. A waiter brought him a belated cocktail, which he declined. Miss Colby, having expressed neither gratification nor regret at his lateness, was gazing languidly about the table. Her glance seemed to go through and beyond those it rested on.

"It's a perfect night for a dance, Miss Colby. Did you notice that the moon is just rising?"

She turned ever so slightly.

"Really, I hadn't noticed."

"But you must. I've never seen it more beautiful and big and golden than it is tonight."

Only a faint nod indicated that she had heard.

"In a few minutes there will be dancing between courses, and you and I will go out in the shadows of those old trees."

In amazement she stared at him. Her brows were elevated, her gaze was cold. He noted the faint delicate perfume of lilac as she turned, and continued unabashed:

"There is a hammock just behind that huge lilac bush and from there we can see the moon sailing up, warm and mellow, with perhaps the church steeple silhouetted against it. One cannot see such beauty without softening—even you, Miss Colby, for I can't believe you are as cold and unfeeling as people suppose you to be. I think you're human, and capable of great depths of feeling."

He paused, and as though unaware that her surprise had turned to a sort of wonderment, he looked directly into her eyes.

"We must go before the moon passes above the church steeple, Miss Colby—for then it becomes smaller and colder in its brilliance."

The music suddenly started and couples arose from the tables and danced off through the hall into the rooms beyond. Miss Colby felt a firm hand close over hers and found herself being led unresistingly from the room.

The music ceased, but it was some time before they returned to the table. Her eyes were shining, her face flushed. They were laughing and talked on, absorbed, and indifferent to the amazed interest they aroused. An observer would never have suspected one of being too good, or the other too cold.



"One cannot see such beauty without softening."

When presently there was a shifting of partners, her face resumed its haughty calm. Again she raised the barrier so characteristic of her ever since she had returned from her three years in Paris—a barrier purposely raised to repel the intimacy of other girls. Ernest relapsed into silence. Not once during the evening was Gwennie Overton able to catch his eye.

A note scribbled on the back of a dinner card was passed along the table to him. "Wonderful!" He read the single word, tore up the card without a sign of interest and tossed it carelessly aside.

After the next course he and Miss Colby again disappeared, and as they were not to be seen on the dancing floor, Gwennie, who had passed from amusement to amazement and finally annoyance, found an excuse for taking her partner out on the lawn. But the irreproachable Ernest and his partner had vanished, nor did they reappear until the last course was well along. Her hair was awry, her cheeks flaming with animation. Bent toward her deferentially, he was speaking in a low voice. She listened eagerly.

From her place at the head of the table, Gwennie Overton was paying exaggerated attention to the gentleman at her side, but her thoughts were not on him. Was Ernest trying to make her jealous? Preposterous! True, she had always hoped he would show some independent spirit, but she had not bargained for such an evening of pointed indifference where all could see. He must suffer for this before he could hope to win back her favor.

When Miss Colby, pleading a headache, came soon after dinner to say good night, it was a struggle for Gwennie to be polite. She watched Ernest escort Miss Colby from the room and a moment later heard an automobile depart noisily.

"Headache!" she thought angrily. "The hypocrite, with her haughty airs! And he never even said good night."

Ernest parked his car in the dense shadows by Miss Colby's gate, and together they approached the house, which was in darkness save for a dim light in the entrance hall. Quietly she unlocked the door. They went in and she found glasses and a bottle of champagne, which he opened—and the ormolu clock struck the unheeded time.

As she let him out the door, she said: "This is the first real adventure I've had since I left Paris and returned to this deadly hole. Oh, how I hate this town and all the silly little provincials in it! And to think we've both lived in it for two years and never discovered each other before——"

"It's been a perfect evening, Miss Colby. I shall always remember it wherever I go."

"'Go'? But why speak of going?"

"I am leaving tonight," he answered. "I shall never return to this town. But I want you to know how much I have enjoyed tonight." Her eyes were wide with startled concern.

"Tonight has been an episode," he went on, "a very beautiful one, but only an episode with a beginning and an end—all perfect while it lasted. It could not go on. Tomorrow you will know the reason."

He left her and drove directly to Gwennie Overton's house, which now was also in darkness. The dance was over, the guests gone. Leaving his car some distance away, he approached the house on the grass. Without a moment of indecision, he removed a screen and deftly opening a window into the library walked noiselessly up the stairs. At a certain door he hesitated, then softly opened it. For a moment he listened, then flashed an electric torch. Gwennie Overton was asleep. On the dresser lay her necklace, some rings and a jeweled wrist watch.

He sat down at a little escritoire and wrote a short note, which he placed upon the dresser with the jewelry weighting it down. After a short pause he took from his purse a withered rose which she had once given him and laid it on the pile.

He then left the house as he had come, carefully replacing the screen. In the morning Gwennie found the note.

"I've come to thank you," it read. "I'm very sorry you have found me too good. I've really tried very hard to *be* good, and sometimes it has not been easy. I had hoped always to be good for your sake, but apparently that is not what you want. Your answer tonight I took as final. This is good by. You will not see me again, but you will think of me sometimes, I'm sure."

It was signed "No. 1364."



Illustrations
by
Wallace Morgan

The Chocolate

FROM the manuscript which he had just finished revising, the author now read aloud to an audience composed exclusively of himself. As author, he sought to inject into his rendition a proper and conscious pride of creatorship. He gave unctuous uplift to the lines; he paused frequently for signs of appreciation. As audience, he strove mightily to be entertained. But a dual rôle nearly always is a difficult rôle and the progress of this one was marked by mounting difficulties; the author could but be doubtful of his best flights and the audience remained cold, skeptical, unstirred. Nevertheless, for a spell, it did progress.

The reading, which started from the beginning, to include title headings and all, went forward thus:

STRICKELY ORIGNAL TALKN AND SINGN ACT
Entitled
FRANK AND URNEST
Specially Wrote To Order For
PURDUE AND MINGLE
by
ROSCOE C. FUGATE
(*"His Hits Always Does So!"*)
Arthor Composer Playwrite and Dramatizer
Sole Arthor and Composer
of
The Supreme Imperial Seasons Success
"THEM BLACK AND BLUE BLUES"
Etc. Etc. Etc.

Stage set in one for Street scene music cue three bars of Them Black and Blue Blues enter PURDUE *from lowr right enter* MINGLE *from lowr left they comes down and bumps together* MINGLE *falls over own feet falls down gets right up and brushes self off with brush broom brushes ashes off cigar Seems like they both is susprised meeting up with one another this way (busness of registring susprise)*

MINGLE—hello nothin substracted from nothin what your doin here
PURDUE—that is my busness sir
MINGLE—have you got any other busness
PURDUE—are you tryn to be funny with me
MINGLE—ha ha you is funny to me without your tryn
PURDUE—excuse me seems like I has seen your face some place
MINGLE—I aint susprised at that my face has always been right here in the same place
PURDUE—anyways I guess you aint so many
MINGLE—I guess you aint counted me lately
PURDUE—well let us dont quorl lets be frank and urnest
MINGLE—hello Frank
PURDUE—how are you my old college chum Urnest (*Busness of shakn hands as they finishes with shakn hands* MINGLE *kind of stumbles and steps back and goes up against back drop*)
MINGLE—this sure is a mighty loose street now over in Brooklin our streets is more statunery then what these is
PURDUE—ch you live over in Brooklin now eh but why should you move over to Brooklin wen this great city of New York has everything
MINGLE—you poor ignunt we has somethin over in Brooklin wich you hasn got in New York
PURDUE—what is that pray
MINGLE—the other end of the Bridge (*wait for laugh*) by the way you big simp speakn of mariage is you maried
PURDUE—friend I persume I is probly one of the most haply maried men they is to be found in all this great city
MINGLE—whoode you mary
PURDUE—a woman of coarse who ever herd of anybody maryin a man
MINGLE—well my mother did well if your maried I got anothr questun to ast you stoopid
PURDUE—purceed purceed I is all atenshun
MINGLE—all feet you mean well what was . . .

The reader-hearer broke off, raising an irritated face. He was aware of noises without. There was a sound of rapping, a sharp, intensive play of knuckles against a panel of his door. Had the door been locked as usually it was these latter days, his course



HYENA

By Irvin S. Cobb

would have been clear. But today the door, by oversight, was not locked. Moreover, his voice, uplifted in declamatory dialogue, must have been clearly audible to any eavesdropper in the hallway.

He was saved the embarrassment, though, of confessing his presence. As he eyed it with an apprehensive squint the knob turned and the door opened and on the threshold was revealed an aggressive looking person of a very dark color and of a mien to match his prevalent pigmentation—a mien at once somber and foreboding.

This person was wide, tall and tolerably deep. He had three chins and the makings of a fourth, which gave to his face the appearance of a face that had refused to jell and now was threatening to run down on its owner's shirt front. Without invitation he entered, looking about him.

"Where all the crowd gone at, Conk?" he asked. "Sound' lak you wuz holdin' a caucus in yere."

The interrupted one disregarded the question. He countered with one of his own, delivered icily:

"Mebbe you tuk notice of a do'mat jest outside my do'?"

"Tuk notice of it? Ain't I been wearin' my feet down to the quick standin' on it these last three-fo' days?"

"Then you mebbe also noticed that they ain't no word signifyin' 'Welcome' embroidried on it?"

"Ain't no receipt sign sayin' 'Paid fur in full' on it neither, so fur ez I seen."

There was a menacing purr in the words of the broad intruder. This, likewise, the literary man chose to pass over without seeming to give it heed.

"The p'int is," he said, "that w'en a author is settin' in his private offices authorizin', he ain't s'posed to be in widout he says he's in. Pussons w'ich come callin' on him is s'posed to wait on the outsides till they is requested to enter in or otherwise not, ez the case may be."

"*Umph huh*, an' me freezin' to death out yonder in that cole hall whilst you's decidin' you ain't in. Or else dyin' of ole age."

"Yore dyin' of anythin' wouldn't cause me to brek down an' start in mournin'. An' say, lissen, my name ain't Conk 'ceptin' to close frien's w'ich you suttinly is not numbered amongst. My name, to you, is the same w'ich it's printed out on my do' right behind you."

"All right wid me. Way 'tis wid me, a deadbeat by any other name smells jest ez rancid. You could call yo'se'f a rosy red rose an' still I could deteck you acrost a ten acre lot. 'Cause frum long practice I got a educated nose fur all sich . . . You wuz speakin' jest then of p'ints? Well, the main p'int, ez I sees it, is does you know whut day of the week 'tis?"

"Thursday—Thursday of this present week." It pleased the heckled dramatist to be heavily sarcastic. He tried glowering through his large and ornamental spectacles, but the glower broke down before the visitor's hostile glare.

"Naw suh, you is wrong ez customary. So fur ez my books shows an' so fur ez you is concerned, it's Thursday of two weeks hence. 'Cause Thursday of this week wuz postifly the day w'en you promised to have my money ready an' waitin' fur me. An' Thursday of this week is done already become Thursday of week befo' last an' yere 'tis henced along till it's Thursday of week after next. You wuz past due on the fifteenth of the month an' you wuz gittin' kind of brackish on the twenty-fust an' now you has done gone plum' stale . . . The amount, wid 'cumulated interest and recrued charges, comes to twenty-eight twenty—I'll be pleased to have it now—in my hand!"

"Say, whut kind of a skinflint is you, anyways?" The debtor's tone turned plaintive—plaintive and placating. "Does you 'spect a man jest newly started up in a new line of biz'ness to be upholstered all over wid ready money? Litachure ain't lak peddlin' fish—you got to wait fur yore trade to grow. You didn't tawk this yere way, neither, we'n you wuz connin' me into buyin' all these yere office fixtures. Naw suh, yore voice wuz soft an' pleadin' then. All you could do wuz jest smile lak an ole possum an' keep on sayin': 'Five dollars down an' the balance in cornvenient 'stallmints—sign on the dotted line—

five dollars now an' five dollars twic't a month—you furnishes the bird, we furnishes the nest'; that wuz the song you wuz singin' then. Did I need ary framed engravin' of the Death of Lawd Nelson, whoever he wuz, ef at all? Naw suh, I wuz petted into it. An' look a-there at that there mangy lookin' thing on the flo' w'ich you called it a genuwine easy paymint Purgin' rug."

"Not Purgin'—Persian. An' guaranteed genuwine."

"Well, all I got to say is that the Persianism and the guarantee is both started frazzlin' out of it. In 'bout two weeks mo' whut's goin' be left is jest a scrap of ole raggetty rag carpet."

"Hole on, boy, don't need you should strain yo'se'f peerin' into the future. Whut that rug's goin' look lak two weeks frum now you ain't goin' be able to see account of you an' hit bein' miles apart. Widout you got my money fur me now, all w'ich is goin' be left in this yere private office of your'n by this time tomorrer is you an' the bare flo' an' the number on the do'."

"Now lissen yere, frien', whut's yore rush? I wants to tell you somethin' fur yore own good—you is too dad-burn' spiteful to be in the 'stallmint bizness. Tawkin' the brash way you does is liable to lose custom fur you. 'Sides, ain't I tellin' you I 'spects to come clean? It's mos' highly prob'le that by tomorrer I'll have the money fur you—I mout even have it by this evenin'. I's jest now completin' a ack fur refine' vaudyville. Course I may have to tech it up yere an' there but it's the same ez done now an'——"

"Wait! Lem*me* tell *you* somethin' 'bout tomorrer. In the mawnin' 'bout nine o'clock ef you hears the sound of automobile wheels down yere in the street you need'n' be runnin' to the winder 'spectin' the Messers Keith and Albee is come to tek you fur a ride an' sign you up to write all the refine' vaudyville acks they is in this town. It'll jest be the truck backin' up to the do' fur this yere office plunder—tha's all it'll be!"



Roscoe C. Fugate,
Author, composer and playwright.

There was a grim finality in the collector's tone. His debtor put desperate entreaty, desperate persuasion, into his further argument:

"But I'm tellin' you that by tomorrer or the next day, at the latermost, I'm practically suttin to have yore money fur you."

"Whut fav'rite uncle you 'spectin' to die in the meanw'ile an' leave you twenty-eight twenty?"

"Not a-tall. I's 'spectin' to collect the sum of one hund'ed dollars this ver' day, ef all goes well. I got a coupler cash customers comin' in yere at fo' 'clock this evenin'—black-face singin', dancin' an' tawkin' comedians. I tells you ag'in I jest is got done finishin' up writin' up a sketch fur 'em."

"Huh!" The grunt was an incredulous grunt. "Whut's these yere cash customers' names, ef any?"

"Purdue an' Mingle."

"Purdue?—seems lak I places him. I does—ef he's the same tall limber blabby feller w'ich acked ez interlocker fur the minstrel fust part of the Cullid Letter Carriers' Fo'th Annual Benefit over yere at the Lenox Coleseum week 'fo' last."

"Tha's him—J. Earl Purdue—come yere frum Inninaplis." The author spoke up hopefully. "An' the Mingle end of the ack he's frum down Raleigh, same ez where I comes frum—kind of a secont cousin of mine, someway. Happy Rastus Mingle—tha's goin' be his stage name on the program. Reg'lar entitled name, though, is Henry."

"Goin' be—you sez goin' be? Ain't they wukkin' already?" There was a quickened suspicion in the query.

"Well, you see they is jest lately teamed up together. An' so tha's how come they come yere to me fur suitable material."

"*Umph huh!*—I gits you! Coupler stage-strucken cullid amachures hopin' they goin' git a job in vaudyville on the stren'th of the stuff you writes fur 'em? An' you thinkin' they goin' be feeble-minded 'nuff to pay you a hund'ed iron men fur sich stuff ez you natchelly would write fur 'em?" To the cynic a new thought came: "Say, wuz that this yere new ack w'ich I heared you spoutin' out loud to yo'se'f w'en I wuz standin' out yonder in that hall 'w'ile ago tryin' to mek you 'knowledge to my knockin'? 'Twuz, huh? All right 'en, gimme a sample of it an' after I hears it I'll tell you how I feels 'bout the chances of me gittin' my money an' you keepin' yore furnishin's." He waved an authoritative arm. "Go on an' shoot!"

"But you's a bizness man and wouldn't git the artistic feelin's."

"Nummine that. I's artistic enough to keep frum bein' swindled out of my back teeth by ever' slick tawkin' nigger man 'at comes along. It's only my artistic feelin's w'ich is kep' me out of the porehouse up to now. Besides w'ich, don't I patternize vaudyville myse'f? I does, frequent."

He took a chair. "Fire me off some pieces an' lemme set in jedgment."

"Well, ez you come bustin' in yere, I wuz right at the place where they been blim-blammin' an' cross-firin' back an' fo'th 'bout fust one thing an' then 'nuther, an' the subjec' of marriage is been led up to; an' Mingle, w'ich he is the low comedy part, he says to Purdue, w'ich plays straight an' does the feedin'—he says to him: 'What wuz yore wife's name befo' you married her?' An' Purdue, he says: 'Helen French.' An' Mingle comes right back at him an' says: 'Whut wuz it in English?'—jest lak that. An' then he says to him: 'Is you got any chillen?' An' Purdue says it's a kinder funny thing, him astin' him that, 'cause only this mawnin' w'en he got home the clock struck three jest ez he comes in at the do', an' there wuz three little triplers layin' in the crib. An' Mingle says: 'It's a good thing you didn't git home at twelve o'clock.' An' then Mingle goes on an' says: 'Whut's the matter wid yore finger?' An' Purdue says he's got a splinter in it; an' Mingle says: 'You must 'a' been scratchin' yore haid——' "

"You sez ample," broke in the critic. He rose to his feet with such decision that all four of his dewlaps quivered violently. "Ample an' then some."

"Don't you lak them gags?"

"Well, heretofo' I most always gin'ally has."

"Whut you mean? Ain't them my own 'riginal gags w'ich I thought 'em up out of my own haid? Them lines can't fail to git over."

"They rarely has—I'll say that fur 'em—they rarely or seldom has failed. But ef you thought 'em up out of yore own

haid you is suttinly whut they calls a delayed thinker; 'cause more'n forty others done beat you to 'em. Save yore breath, boy, save yore breath. I done got the complete pitcher of that ack in my mind now. I knows already how it goes, jest the same ez ef I'd wrote it up myse'f—pasted it up, I means. They'll pull some mo' of them bran' new gags, fresh laid right out of yore memory book, an' then they'll hoof it a spell an' they'll wind up singin' one of these yere mammy songs 'bout bein' homesick fur somebody to tote 'em back to them dear ole Dixieland cotton patches—w'en all the time the chances is that this yere Purdue, bein' frum Indiana, thinks cotton grows on a cottonwood tree an' you picks it frum off a stepladder. An' ef this yere Mingle boy is kinfolks of your'n an' has the same fambly failin's, they ain't nobody goin' tote him back to Dixieland widout it's a sheriff wid some reckerzition papers.

"But that ain't the thing. Ef these yere Jew boys w'ich writes all the mammy songs thinks them is true cullid sentiments, I ain't blamin' no Jew boys fur writin' 'em nur no cullid boys fur singin' 'em, neither one. The thing is that w'ile you mout fool yore cousin—an' I reckin' even you could fool anybody that'd name hisse'f Rastus, w'ich it's a name I's heared more'n a million of these yere Nawthe'n w'ites call a cullid boy by, but never befo' has I heared of a cullid man delibetly callin' hisse'f by it—still, you ain't goin' fool that Purdue into givin' you a hund'ed dollars in real money fur no sech junks ez that is. Not w'en he kin walk right round the corner an' buy him a Joe Mulligan's Standard Gag Book fur fo' bits, an' thereby save hisse'f ninety-nine fifty. Naw suh, you ain't goin' fool him an' you ain't foolin' me . . .

"Well, I guess I better be movin' along."

"Jest one minute mo'," begged the bankrupt. "You're makin' up yore mind too quick. This ack's got the stuff in it, I tells you. Lissen, now—mebbe you'll lak this next gag better. This yere one is a sho' fire hit, ef I do say so myse'f. Mingle, he says to Purdue that he's feedin' his ole hen tacks now—gives her a paper of tacks ever' mawnin' reg'lar. An' Purdue says to him whut does he do that fur? An' Mingle says: 'So she'll lay carpets.' An' . . ."

A stifled moan halted him. His crowd was walking out on him and speaking as it went—speaking from the heights of a vast sophistication:

"Conk," said the creditor, "you ain't no author—you is a loose leaf system." At the door he paused for a final crippling shot: "The truck *may* be yere ez early ez eight-thirty."

He was gone and behind him, where he had been, gloom abode. Alone again, the tenant sought to recapture the protean mood. But his soul was not in it and carking care possessed him and the effort died aborning. With the dulled eye of disillusionment he studied the concluding pages of his work and shook his head and uttered low sounds betokening despondency.

Truly, the departed pessimist had spoken truly. His words might have been unnecessarily cruel but merely because of that the verdict was not to be impugned. Think what one pleased of his harsh manners, his usurious soul, his hard and calloused heart with cockles on it that never felt warmth, nevertheless the man knew—was a patron of the arts, a veteran critic of the drama—and, dog-gone him, he knew!

And the author knew he knew. It had needed but this outside judgment entirely to cure him of his own paltry attempts at self-deception. To be sure, the lightsome patter intended for Purdue and Mingle had sounded fine enough when he was putting it to paper. In the sweat of production he had felt the transient uplift which is the main reward of the creative mood wherever found. But the fine pure joy of composition had begun to flicker within him before ever he was done, and had died to a spark as he reread to himself what had been written down. And now the flame utterly was extinguished; the lamp of his muse was smoky in the chimney and smelled of the wick.

Tomorrow, or at the latest the day following, Afro-American Harlem would know the lamentable worst of him. By popular estimation he would be even poorer off than in those humble days of his creative beginnings when, during odd moments stolen from his duties as caretaker and basement lord of the Mandoline Apartments, he had turned out "Them Black and Blue Blues." At least, those times he had kinged it over the paying lessees, had been referred to as a promising young musician. But within forty-eight fleeting hours, at most, he no longer would be Roscoe C. Fugate, the dignified professional author, with an office and a slogan and a pair of shell-rimmed glasses and a mounting ambition and all. He merely would be Conk Fugate, an ex-flat janitor, out of a job. The voice of envy, temporarily diminished but never entirely stilled, would be lifted anew to his scorning.

In connection with his one published masterpiece malicious gossip already had it that he had plagiarized his theme from one dependable source, his air from another. For thus it is that scandal treads ever on the heels of genius. But hereafter those who conceded to him that "Them Black and Blue Blues" really was his would look upon him as expert poultry fanciers might look upon a pullet which, in the first adolescent flush of aspiration, lays one double-yolked egg, but in the effort so overstrains herself that she never lays another.

He felt that he was stifling; that he needed air. The atmosphere of this room seemed to pant with the very breath of failure; it exalted the acrid aromas of six weeks' unpaid rent, stifling dye-reeks rose from the easy payment rug that had not been easy. He left the discredited manuscript where it rested in a sheaf of scrawled sheets upon the table top. He rose up from his chair and he put on his partially velour hat and his ostensibly fur overcoat, both purchased in a splendid flare of early optimism, with the slender royalties which had flowed—but flowed no longer—from the accounting department of an uptown song publisher. He went out the door and through the hall and down two flights of narrow and littered steps into West 135th Street.



The Collector

This street, ordinarily athrob with life, was today bleak and almost empty. A shrewd February wind funneled into it off the Sound, bringing the threat of snow squalls. A low and a tarnished sky seemed to rest, like a pewter dish cover, almost on the copings of its taller buildings. There was ice on its north side, abundant slush on its south side. Those who passed along it went swiftly and well wrapped, their faces wearing that peculiar hue of damp wood ashes which the skins of the race take on when the thermometer drops down among the twenties. One or two bumped into the slender misanthrope, jostling him out of his stride as though in a common conspiracy to add physical buffets to the spiritual jolt he just now had suffered. None so much as slowed up to pass the time of day with him.

He craved company, too; conversation with his social equals might serve for the moment to distract him from thoughts of his present insolvency. Besides, there was the chance—a faint and spectral one but nevertheless a chance—that someone (he tried vainly to visualize that someone into a recognizable shape) might be beguiled into loaning him a fund sufficient for lightening him over the imminent financial shoals. The sight of U. S. G. Petty advancing in his direction caused him to conjure up a false air of buoyancy.

This was the distinguished U. S. G. Petty who led the orchestra at the Sang Soucy colored motion picture palace; therefore was this Petty artistically allied to him.



"Whoe-e-e! Joke sut'inly is on that there snack-stand man," chuckled the stranger to Roscoe C. Fugate.

"'Lo, 'Lissis," he hailed jauntily, putting himself in the path of the other. "Kind of a tough weather, ain't it?"

"Ain't heared a kind word fur it sence I got up this mawnin'," answered 'Lissis shortly. He halted but his feet shuffled in their impatience to bear him farther.

"Looks kind of lak more snow, don't it?"

"Huh?"

"I sez it looks it mout snow ag'in befo' night."

"Well, does you speck me to stand out yere in the cole an' git myse'f all numbed up, arguin' it wid you?" There was irony in the speech; there almost was a savor of hostility. "Is you got anythin' else of pressin' impo'tance on yore mind?" he added unsympathetically.

"Oh, nothin' special," admitted the abashed Fugate, regretting his choice of an opening subject. This line of talk didn't promise to get him anywhere. "I wuz only jest fixin' to say it's been a long winter—that's practically all."

"Oh, you thinks so, does you? Well then, all I got to say is that you sh'd 'a' give a ninety day note fur three hund'ed dollars at the bank 'long 'bout Thanksgiving Day, same ez I done."

With that the orchestra leader brushed past. He didn't know it but he had burst a thin bubble of hope in a brother's breast. Had the circumstances appeared in the least propitious, the fellow professional had meant to advance the idea of a temporary loan. Now that poor and pale prospect of borrowing was gone; indeed, every imaginable prospect for succor was gone. A prey to brooding, the author mooned aimlessly along the slippery pavement, stepping with the purposeless gait of one who has no errand to perform nor destination to reach. That other folks had troubles of their own was to him no consolation. Surely, in

all the visible chilled world there was nothing but proofs and portents of troubles and discomforts and selfish strivings.

For instance, right here and now, in this very instant, evidence offered to the fact. Abreast of him the doors of the Idlewild Chile Parlors opened suddenly and the sinewy proprietor launched violently forth a short, shabby, broad-faced youth who, barely missing the startled Fugate, slid on his own keel, as it were, clear across the skiddy pavement and brought up at an icy anchorage with both feet out on the asphalt. For his part the proprietor said nothing; having completed the act of oustment, he conferred a lowering look upon his victim and withdrew into his establishment.

It was the ejected individual who gave utterance to personal feelings. As he righted himself, amazingly he laughed. He lifted himself up and clung to a convenient letter box and continued to laugh. He beat himself on the chest and laughed the more. He drew a frayed coat sleeve across his face and wiped his eyes, including the nose in the same deft operation, without missing a beat of his laughter. He was thinly clad for this climate. He had just been thrust bodily, rudely and on the small of his back from a place of public victualing. It was plain that he lately had contracted a very bad cold. Undeniably he was trashy looking. But he laughed.

It was an infectious, a contagious, a catching and irresistible laugh. It had started with a pleased gurgling, it rose now to a great rocketing, shrieking explosion, anon sank to rumbles, then rose and expanded and burst again. It seemed to fill all the earth and the heavens above the earth. Halfway down the block, hurrying pedestrians spun about in their tracks to harken in admiration and wonderment; then went on again in ignorance of the cause for this gorgeously incomparable outbreak, but laughing themselves in sympathy with it.

Alone, of all within earshot, the dramatist did not laugh. Having the secret of this stranger's sudden advent into the open spaces, he marveled at the phenomenon of laughter under such circumstances; but, as we know, he was in no fit mood for merriment himself. He stood waiting with a dour patience until the heavy cannonading died down to an intermittent skirmish fire of snorts and giggles, of chuckles and cackles, of curious aborted sounds suggestive of the last pint of suds in a sink.

"Seemin'ly don't tek so very much to mek you happy," he said sourly.

"Who, me?" The stranger bent double again, with difficulty choking back the guffaws which strove within him for liberation on the air. "It don't tek nothin' to mek me happy—I jest natchelly is . . . *Whoe-e-e!* Joke suttinly is on that there snack-stand man."

"You mean him w'ich jest now flang you out of this yere restaraw?"

"Tha's the one. Me driftin' in there a minute ago aimin' to git me a bait of somethin' 'rother to stay my stomach wid—an' him mistekin' me fur somebody else w'ich, seems lak, bilked him out of a ration of vittles las' night—an' grabbin' holt of me an' bouncin' me out lak I wuz one of these yere rubber balls! An' me jest landed this mawnin' early off the Nawfawk packet steamer. An' never been in this town befo' in my whole life. An' never set eyes on him befo', neither. Joke suttinly is on the snack-stand man."

He chuckled in deep appreciation. It would appear, in his more restrained moments, that chuckles were what he ordinarily punctuated his speech with.

"Well, frien', I'll say this fur you—you laffs easy," said Fugate.

"I does. I reckins I is the easies' laffer they is anywheres."

"I'll say you is is."

"Laffin' is whut's 'sponsible fur me bein' yere in this town right now. Laffin' also is whut is got me all the pet names w'ich I goes by."

"All—how many is they?"

"Well, my reg'lar bapdismal name is Lonnie Lee. But down where I is lived at, up to now, I ain't hearin' it often. Sometimes they calls me Chawk and then ag'in sometimes w'en they's in a special hurry they jest calls me Hy."

"*Huh*—whar you hails frum they must suffer frum cullur blineness. They ain't nuthin' 'bout you w'ich suggest chawkiness to me. You favors mo' a bottle of ink."

"Name ain't got nothin' to do wid my complexion. Chawk and Hy—them both is jest shortenin's. My full onshortened nickname is the Chawklate Hyena."

"Tha's understan'able—leas'wise, in a way 'tis," said the dramatist, interested in spite of himself by this marvel. "In a good strong light you does sort of put me in mind of a batch of chawklate that's been left too long in the hot pan an' got kind of scorched round the aidges. But whuffur they calls you the Hyena part of it?"

"Ain't you never heared tell 'bout the hyena? Seems lak he has the roughes' time of anybody they is in the whole caboodle. They knows whut mek the wildcat wild—that's been specified fully—an' they knows w'y the lion is the boss of the tall timber. But they ain't nobody knows whut 'tis meks the hyena laff. He ain't so purty fur lookin'-at pupposes, they tell me, an' he lives off the leavin's of the rest of 'em—necks an' the tip of the wing is the best he gits, I jedges—an' he slinks round kind of hangdawggish an' he ain't got no close frien's 'mongst man or beast. But he laffs. Yas, suh, all the time he's laffin' fit to split hisse'f wide open. Meks me laff to think 'bout him laffin'."

He did so, at length, and until his eyes and his nose ran.

The resident bided while the roaring of the alien's surf subsided to a gentled purling sound where the little sniffling ululations of his lesser mirth washed to and fro over his tonsils like ripples against a beach. It seemed inevitable that sooner or later this person would be swept away and sucked under by his private undertow. When finally the tide, so to speak, was out, Fugate jumped in, again so to speak, between two of the ebbing wavelets.

"Hole!" he urged. "Hole! You is liable to drownd yo'se'f some day in yore own pussonal juices! Git under corntrol, git ca'm . . . Tha's better. Now, how wuz it you sez you happen' to travel this way?"

"I jest natchelly laffed myse'f out of a home—tha's how. I got a half sister name of Luella May an' yere some weeks back she went over to Lynchburg to wuk in a tobacker stemmery. An' she fell into a argumint over there, an' one of them strange Lynchburg niggers got to wukkin' on her haid wid a hatchet. They tuck an' stitched her scalp back on so it wouldn't slip off on her an' then ships her home. But on the way back the train



"Whut's the joke betwixt you two?" asked the housekeeper. "Ef it's so funny ez all that I craves to take a hand in the merriment my own se'f."

w'ich wuz fetchin' her teks a notion to run off the track an' she gits bunged up and peeled off in some fresh places. She's so glad to git back she's glad she went—she 'lows so herse'f soon ez they totes her into the house an' gits her baided down.

"But w'en I comes 'long a little later an' teks a look at her, wid her haid all tied up 'twell she looks lak a week's washin' an' one rovin' eye peepin' out frum onder all that there cotton batten, she's so dad-burn' comical lookin' that I jest goes out of one peal into another. I reckin you could 'a' heared me a mile off, laffin'. *Whee-e-e-e!* Oh that Luella May! I wisht you could 'a' seen her!

"Well, seems lak that urritated her; she's kind of dangersome w'en she's urritated. She jest riz up out of that baid, bandages an' all, an' she tuk an' run me plum' off the place. Last thing I heared her yellin', ez I lit out down the road, she wuz sayin' ef I ever come back she aimed to lay me out cole—sayin' it lak she meant it, too.

"Luella May ain't a bit lak whut I is—seemin'ly she teks after the other half. She's a powerful hand to pack a gredge. So I jedges 'twon't be right healthy fur me to be havin' any mo' truck wid her 'twell she kind of cools out. So I hangs round town some an' late that night I slips back up to the house. I cracks the do' a little ways an' looks in wid care.

"She's settin' by the fire nursin' somethin' in her arms. She sees me peepin' in, an' ez she up an' straightens I sees that whut she's been settin' there fondlin' is a flatiron. I dodges as it hits the do' jamb not more'n a inch frum my nakid temples. So that's a sign to me that she ain't got over bein' peevish yit. So I figgers that ef she ain't furgive me I better be hidin' plum' out of her sight 'twell she feels mo' lak so doin'. So I drifts over to Nawfawk an' ketches the boat. An' that's howcome I come to come on up yere . . . Say, after Nawfawk an' Roanoke this yere suttinly is a mouty funny lookin' town—*whee-e-e!* ain't she funny, though!"

Once more the visiting Virginian was out neck-deep in his ocean. To the fascinated Fugate it seemed that not only could he hear but almost could see the ground swells rising from where they had started in some bottomless reservoir of risibility far down below the Chocolate Hyena's larynx—almost could see them come surging up and up, dashing to spindrift against the coral reefs of his front teeth, and finally cascading, tumbling, spraying tumultuously from the harbor mouth of those widely parted jaws, to spend themselves upon the ether. Stepping a pace closer, the better to study this natural wonder, he found himself infected by that epidemic laugh. He now was laughing—who had thought that possibly he might never laugh again! Subconsciously he analyzed the thing even as he mingled his somewhat more restrained notes with those of the stranger. If the Chocolate Hyena could make him laugh in his existing mood who in all the world was there that might resist the temptation?

At this, a great thought burst upon him—and hope, lately crushed to the frozen earth, rose up again. By the simple expedient of encasing the Chocolate Hyena's lower face in both his gloved hands he abated the latter's outflow to a muffled gargling.

"Come 'long wid me a minute, ole Chawklate," he said. "Le's git in somewhars out of this chillin' breeze. I got a lil' bizness to speak wid you 'bout."

He led the way into a public entry abutting upon the street alongside the Idlewild Chile Parlors. The Chocolate Hyena obediently followed him.

"Now lissen," he bade him, "an' foller me clos't. It looks lak they mout be a small piece of money in this fur you."

The Chocolate Hyena shrank slightly away from him. For the first time since their meeting his countenance sobered.

"Jest ez much oblige' to you," he said uneasily, "but—but I wuzn't figgerin' on seekin' no job of labor 'twell I'd done look' this town over."

"This don't call fur no labor," said Fugate; "this only jest calls fur laffin'. You laffs fur nuthin'—how'd you lak to try laffin' fur pay onc't?"

The other's mobile face rebrightened.

"Don't tek money to mek me laff—I does it ez a freewill offerin'."

"I done found that out widout yore tellin' me so. Ef laffs wuz a dime a dozen you'd have the intire Rockinfeller fambly wukkin, fur you. You must have funny bones all over you, same ez a shad fish has 'em. All the same, though, ef they wuz, say, 'bout two dollars in it fur you I reckin 'twouldn't cripple you down none in yore powers, would it? Wait!" By swiftness of speech he thwarted an evident impending outburst of delight. "Wait till I splains the layout to you. You see, I got a coupler clients——"

"Clients! You must be a lawyer, then?" The Chocolate Hyena regarded him with enhanced respect.

"No, I thought right serious one time of tekkin' up lawin' fur a trade but someways I never went th'ough wid it. I is whut they calls a author."

"Arthur who?"

"'Tain't a name, it's a bizness. I is a dramatizer—I writes fur the stage. An' so——"

"Then whut you doin' wid clients?"

These interruptions, when his project hung in the balance, were annoying.

"Does you know whut a client is?" he demanded, somewhat sharply.

"Suttinly I does." The shabby one smiled so engulfingly that only the ivory barriers saved his face from falling in. "Client is a cotehouse name fur a nigger that's fixin' to go to the pen'tentiary. Speakin' of cotehouses, I 'members one time, down Roanoke, the w'ite folks had two nigger boys, both of 'em frien's of mine, up fur murder or somethin' an' right in the middle of the trial—I like to died laffin'—right in the middle of it they"—a preliminary convulsion strangled him—"they—*whee!*—they——"

"Nummine," commanded the playwright, cutting in abruptly. "Them pleasin' remerniscences of yore happy chilehood kin wait. This is mo' impo'tant. These two clients of mine—w'ich you mout also call 'em customers—is two black-face comedians. An' I jest is been writin' 'em a patter ack fur a show, git me? They is due at my private offices this evenin' at fo' o'clock fur to hear me read it off to 'em. An' after that if ever'thing goes well an' they is satisfied wid the way it's went, they pays me cash down on the spot.

"Now, yere's where you comes into the propersition: You'll be loafin' round the premises wid a broom or somethin' in yore hand, same ez ef I'd hired you to sweep out the place. Mebbe I mention's you, sort of casual, ez my new cleanin'-up boy. But you ain't sayin' nuthin' yo'se'f. You jest backs up ag'inst the wall an' lissens w'ile I starts in readin'. An' 'en, jest ez soon ez you hears anythin' read w'ich it strikes you ez bein' laffable you start laffin' an' you keeps right on laffin' till you is plum' exhaustified. I ain't keerin' how much you laffs nur how long you laffs. 'Cause I don't keer how cole they is at the beginnin', they is bound sooner or later to ketch the laffin' disease frum you. I knows they will, frum my own case. An' once't they gits to laffin' good they is my middlin' meat."

"An' jest fur that I gits two dollars?"

"You has the right notion."

"Mister, you done hired yo'se'f a field hand. Seem lak to me, though, I oughter be the one w'ich does the payin'."

"You'll kinely let me decide that part. Ef I chooses to be gen'rous to you wid my own money, tha's my lookout. Lemme give you a idee of how the piece is wukked up, so's you'll be purpared to do yore sheer. These yere two comedians, they come out on the stage, one comin' frum that side an' the other comin' frum this side—see?—an' they meets up together in the middle. An' jest then one of 'em steps on his own foot—he's wearin' a big shoe wid a long limber toe to it—an' he meks out lak he thinks it's somebody else w'ich has trodden on him an' he tries to step back an' git his foot loose frum under. But he trips on his own laigs an' falls down——"

Again, expeditiously, by his former device of using his hands for a gag, he checked the threatened volley.

"Hole on," he begged, "hole on! You ain't come to the real comical part yit."

"Don't tell me that, man!" sputtered the Chocolate Hyena. "This yere show done started to git funny already. Fool nigger standin' on his own feets an' not knowin' it—*whee!*" Admiration shone in his look and his voice. "An' you thought that there ketch up yo'se'f? Man, you must be a natchel-born burlizer!"

"Well, I ain't denyin' but whut I has my gifts."

The wholesome flattery was as salve and balm to the artist's bruised sensibilities. He felt himself warming inside. Maybe that opus of his was better than he lately had deemed it. Certainly, with the complicity of this hired claquer to make it compelling, it must ring a winning chime in the ears of his patrons. It was just bound to. Still, a further test might now be worth trying—a sort of rough rehearsal before the main performance. Seeking material for experimentation he swiftly conned in his mind the more outstanding passages of his whimsicality.

"Heed me, pal," he said; "see how this yere gag hits you; they's plenty mo' jest ez good ez it is. They (*Continued on page 170*)

By FRANK R. ADAMS

whose stories are like Dreams Come True



A Bargain in Love

Illustrations by Robert W. Stewart

THERE were two detectives who watched her always. Dorée Viazzo had known that for some time. One of them was her maid and the other was her chauffeur. A good deal of her mail was skilfully opened and resealed before she received it.

This irritated Dorée more than anything else had so far and she went to the Chief about it.

He did not deny it.

"You don't need to have me watched," she assured him scornfully. "I made my bargain and I'll stick to it."

McNeil, who loved everything he owned, gazed at her admiringly. By the grace of God she was his most glorious possession, this fair woman who might as easily have sat at the right hand of a king as across the breakfast table from himself in his uptown apartment. When he had come out of the West to conquer the town he had never dreamed that one of its fairest women would grace his chariot wheels.

"Adorée," he was saying slowly—he always called her that and it pleased both of them—"a man would be foolish to risk the most precious thing he owns without someone to guard it when he is away."

"I don't mind having someone watch over me," she explained, "but spying—ugh! It makes me want to get away from you—away from everything."

"Why should you mind? You traded me your undivided—er—companionship in return for perpetual comfort for your mother and brother, didn't you? Nothing was said about love being thrown into the bargain. Perhaps I was hoping at the time that it would come. Anyway I've seen now that it never will, and, since your mother is dead now and your brother can take care of himself, you can't blame me for making sure that I don't lose the little that I have."

Dorée studied M. B. McNeil appraisingly. She too had thought once that love might come, but she knew that it wouldn't, that it was too late now even if it might ever have been possible. She knew him too well, knew the shrewd, bargain-driving side of his nature that a little more than balanced his generosity.

"Do you think, M. B., that anyone would try to take me away from you?"

"I don't see why not."

She laughed. "Because everybody knows I belong to you. Your brand is on me just as it's on every side of bacon, every ham you ship. Everybody knows you own the mayor of this town, the city treasurer, most of the aldermen, the finest hotel, the newest theater and the star of the piece which is running there. Why, I'm notorious. I'm Chief McNeil's girl. I couldn't get away from you if I tried. Do you think anyone would want me?"

"Do you think there is any man who wouldn't? By heaven, Adorée, you're the loveliest being God ever created."

He meant it, too. There were tears in his voice as he repeated his article of faith. She wished she could love him.

But he was so stubborn.

"If you love me, send away your detectives."

He thought a moment and then laughed. "All right."

"And promise not to hire others in their places." She could read his mind like a scare head.

"No, I can't promise that." At least he was honest.

"Then leave Terence and Katy. I'd rather have the ones I know than to have to break in a new pair. Considering the salary you must be paying them, they knew very little before I started training them. There's one thing I want understood, though, especially by you."



"I don't mind having someone watch over me," explained Dorée, "but spying—ugh! It makes me want to get away from you—away from everything."

"Which is what, darling?"

"That if you are going to keep a watch on me I'm going to give them a chance to earn their money, that's all."

The Chief laughed.

He had confidence in the power that lay in his money, in his brains, in his boyish enthusiasm, in his barreled, robust body.

The most ideal spot in the entire United States in which to locate a city of classic beauty is occupied by the wrong kind of a town. All around are ramparts of mountains enclosing a great salt lake. Splendor and magnificence encircle the brooding valley. There should be an ancient *ville* by the shore of that lake, a walled city with clanging gates and portucullis, time-worn cobblestones, irregular, winding narrow streets, dark alleys, cathedrals, posts of the guard, sentry boxes, peasants, palaces, chimes to measure the night for lovers, flower girls to sell them garlands, perhaps to be loved themselves, armorers' forges to make rapier steel, chemists to vend love philters and sometimes poisons, taverns with roaring fires and long solid tables on stone floors.

Instead, tourists find only Salt Lake City.

Except for the Temple and the Tabernacle it might as well be Cheyenne or even North Platte. In the winter it lies under a pall of soft coal smoke that bears down and makes unlovely the kindly snow.

Acutely conscious of the beauty and romance that might have been was Philip Shayne, instructor of the somewhat young in the department of history at the University.

The trail of bodily health had brought his rather more than ordinarily brilliant mind to the mountains, and other things had conspired to keep him there even after there was probably no need that he remain.

He was tall, he was thin, was Philip Shayne, with deep Irish eyes that were troubled sometimes because the major melody of life had passed him by. On occasion he would have welcomed anything, tragedy even, that would have stirred him deeply.

His salary was very little but he did not require much. Neither did his mother, who had come out originally to take care of him and had remained to be taken care of.

They lived outside of the city in a warm little valley, high, clear and clean.

The house was nothing—nothing to describe, that is, save by saying that it fitted so well and so snugly into the landscape that you could look at the side of the hill and scarcely realize that it was there.

The family included Hi Lo.

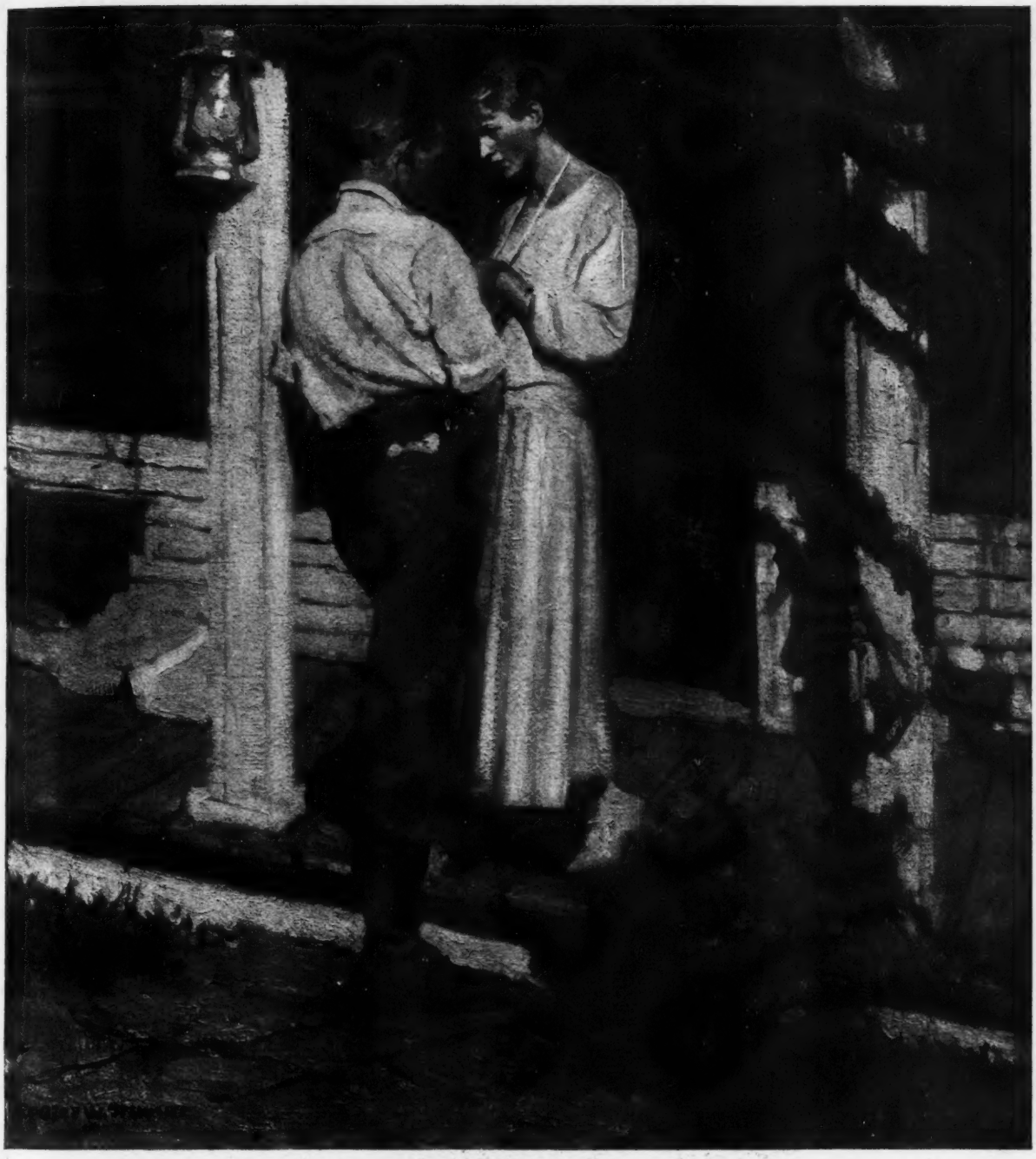
Hi Lo had a Mongolian look about her, which was why Philip had named her that when she gravitated to him. He had found her one day lying in a little trampled-down nest in the grass by the roadside which she had made for herself as a fitting place to die. She was a very sick and forlorn puppy but a stoic at that and was facing the end unwhimperingly.

Philip passed her by once but went back to see if his feeling that she was suffering had been correct. After he found out that it was, of course he couldn't leave her, and after he had nursed her back to robust and affectionate health there wasn't anything to do but keep her on as a boarder. She was quite positive that she belonged to him so Philip accepted the responsibility.

One extravagance he allowed himself.

Every month he dined in lonely grandeur at the Utah Hotel. That's all, just dined. It was an excitement similar to that of the small town villagers who go down to the station to see the New York express go through, with the accent on "through."

That monthly dinner at the hotel was practically Philip's only contact with outside environment, with shifting romance, with the ever changing face of the world.



"Dorée, I've read that a clever woman knows intuitively that a man loves her. Is that so?"

There he saw alert, active men and vivacious, vivid women. He rather guessed the conversational gentlemen were vaudeville actors and that the charm of the women was painted and sewed on, but that made no great difference in his thrill.

Philip was only a spectator anyway, and what does it matter who the actor really is, if from your seat in the gallery he seems to be D'Artagnan or Rudolf Rassendyl?

Nothing had ever come of Philip's monthly cocktail, no man had spoken to him, no woman had wasted an expensive look in his direction.

Until June.

That night there was madness in the air. The sun had burned signal fires on the mountain peaks and the moon was silvering the dusk for the party the elves were doubtless giving in the cañon, when Philip drove the flivver down to the hotel and parked it across the street.

The vintage in the atmospbere affected even Philip's shy spirit, made him vaguely demand more from existence than had hitherto been vouchsafed to him. He felt a little as if he would like to take something away from somebody, something gorgeous and valuable away from a person who would resist. The lascivious spring breeze was lying to him even about the amount of power in his not intensively trained muscles.

The head waiter knew him—knew him without even guessing why he came infrequently to dine amid the quasi-splendors of the hotel café. Therefore there was no malice in his selection of the location for Philip's monthly stall at the spectacle of life. It was at a little table for two next to the wall. That was quite all right.

Philip always sat at one of those small tables.

But at the next table for two was something rare in Philip's life, rare in almost anyone's life—an exquisitely beautiful woman perfectly gowned.

Philip had seen women before whom he had admired—had seen them right in that very room—but this one swept him off

his feet, left him trembling with an unfamiliar emotion which he did not know how to classify.

The frock from which she grew was the color of rust, a shade that enhanced the cream parchment tone of her skin where her arms could be seen through the sleeves slashed from shoulder to elbow and again from elbow to wrist. What little trimming appeared against the dull red fabric was a gold braid that outlined the neck and degenerated into a pom-pom of ribbons at her corsage.

It didn't really matter, anyway, what was worn by a woman with that much lovely hair and two such candid violet eyes as this woman had.

The hair had to be blonde, and was—a vivid, freshly washed looking mass that she wore unexpectedly smoothed back from her forehead, ears showing and everything.

Instantly, upon seeing her, one wondered whence came the feminine passion for curls, bangs, bobs, and marcel waves, forgetting, of course, that it takes practically flawless complexions and features to stand inspection without a shadow box of some sort.

Other blonde women, too, did not always have such heavily fringed eyelids in contradictory black. Maybe this girl's lashes were not black when she was born either, but they certainly were Stygian now—and long. It was a very unstabilizing sort of an effect—left the masculine beholder wobbly and the feminine ditto slightly mad and sarcastic.

Philip Shayne did not get all this data about her at the first flash, but he collected his information piecemeal by means of hastily stolen glances in her direction when he thought she would not be looking. They were *vis-à-vis*, she on one side of one table and he on the opposite side of the next one, so that it was almost as if they sat across from one another at the same board. That made it difficult to look right at her without seeming rude.

Once their eyes met and he thought hers were a little sad, wistful. After that he did not look any more. But he sensed her continuously, knew that she ate little of the food that was placed before her and that the head waiter who hovered around a good deal was appreciably depressed by the fact that the services of his staff were not meeting with her highest approval. Anyone who can depress a head waiter must be a person of considerable importance and wealth.

Later, standing in the lobby, this impression in Philip Shayne's mind was reinforced by the respectful way that hotel employees made it easy for her to find her way from the dining room to the desk and thence to the elevators.

"Who the deuce is that girl?" one traveling man asked of another in Philip's hearing after she was gone.

"I don't know. It seems to me I've seen her or her picture in the papers somewhere before."

"I wonder if she ain't a princess or something traveling over here incognito."

"I wonder. She acts as if she owned the earth, don't she?"

The conversation of the traveling men was the inception of the idea. Later in the fertile soil of Philip's starved imagination it was to attain to fruitful maturity.

He went home in a coach of state accompanied by outriders whose accoutrements clattered not unlike the loose fenders of an old flivver, and he slept, a little, in a canopied bed with his broadsword and pistols on a chair within easy reach in case the lady of his dreams should need his protection during the dangerous hours before dawn. His mother, in the morning, asked Philip whom he had seen the night before—he usually regaled her with bits of gossip after one of his debauches—but he could not remember having seen anyone save the person he could not very well describe.

Mrs. Shayne loved her son better than anything else in all the world and had no hesitation whatever in saying so. Once upon a time she had suffered agony at the thought that some day marriage would take him from her, but for several years she had begun to think that the danger was past.

Philip was more than thirty, rather set in an academic career and not subject to adventures. Of his mental buccaneering she naturally knew nothing.

She was glad that his June madness was over. For thirty days now she could expect him to be at home evenings. She liked to be able to watch over him. It was the task that God had given her at his birth and, God willing, it would be hers until her death.

Therefore it was with dismay that she received his announcement that he was dining in town again that very night. There was an old college friend of his staying at the hotel for a few days he told her inexpertly. Except that she knew that her idol never would do such a thing she would have been sure that he was lying.

Before she could cross-examine him he made his escape and drove in from the hills at breakneck speed. He wanted to be there in plenty of time in case she dined early.

It turned out that his haste was unnecessary. Philip hung around the café entrance from the time the doors opened until they closed, all ready to saunter in casually shortly after she did, but the lady in rust did not appear.

Hope dies hard in the young and even harder in those who have never yet been young, and Philip still waited, dinnerless but certainly not hungry, refusing to concede that she had gone on with the tide of tourists ebbing to the east and west. It could not be that the one pulse-quickening person in all his world had departed without letting him fix her charm more firmly in his memory to last through the rest of his years.

At last even Philip's hope died. There seemed nowhere to go but home. He went slowly toward the door near which the flivver was parked.

And then she came. He knew she was there the minute she stepped out of the elevator. His back was turned but he sensed the stir among the loungers in the lobby and he looked around.

Two bellboys accompanied her, laden with hand baggage. She had on a coat, dull rust color, with deep cuffs and hem of gray fur, a long coat that stood out a little and swung when she walked.

The baggage and boys came to a halt outside.

"Where is a taxi?" the girl demanded.

One bellboy shrugged. The other one suggested, "They're probably all down at the station meeting the east bound Overland."

"But I must have a taxi," she insisted. Evidently she came from a city where night blooming taxicabs disseminate their sweetness from every corner. "I must catch the Overland myself."

"You could walk," the more resourceful bellboy reminded her.

"With all this baggage?" The question was its own answer.

"I'll take you." Philip had spoken the resolute words almost without conscious decision on the (*Continued on page 163*)



Philip's mother thought about the item a long time, and then hid the newspaper.



MARION DAVIES with Harrison Ford in the Cosmopolitan photoplay, "Little Old New York," wherein ye courtly manners and beruffled gowns of a century ago are part of the delightful atmosphere.



IMOGENE WILSON, sometimes called the Dresden China Doll, a belle from a Kentucky convent who plays in "Lady Butterfly" and who has been the inspiration for many of Harrison Fisher's fascinating blonde types.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOWLE BOWER HESSER



SEENA OWEN, who spent many weeks among the white stretches of eternal snow in the Canadian Rockies for the realistic scenes in "Snow Blind," Arthur Stringer's story filmed by the Cosmopolitan Corporation.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS



TRINI, "the most beautiful girl in Spain," who is eighteen, a native of Seville, and was brought from London by Mr. J. J. Shubert especially to play the leading rôle in "The Dancing Girl" at the Winter Garden.

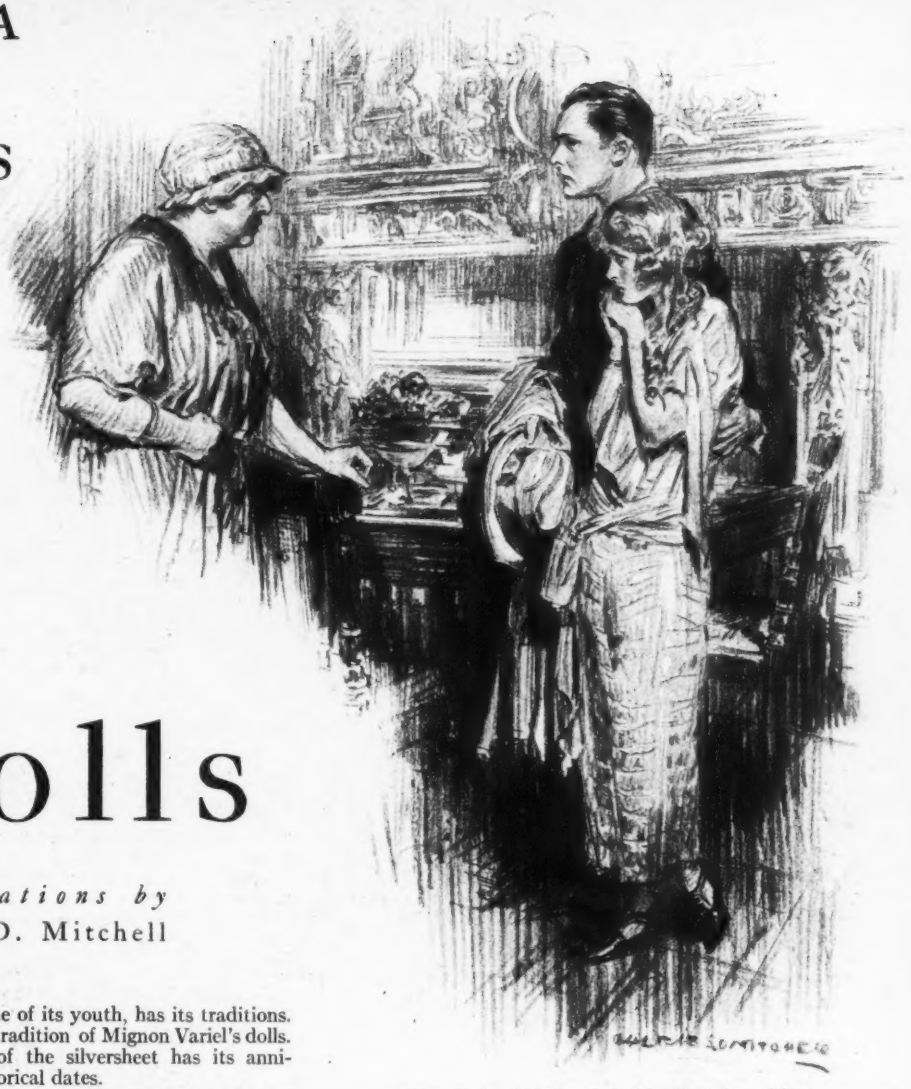
PHOTOGRAPH BY FOULSHAM AND BANFIELD

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

The Love Story of a Girl who was not permitted to Grow Up

Dolls

Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell



"You little fool!" cried Ma Variel to Mignon. "Easy on," said Mickey, eyes cool and dangerous.

HOLLYWOOD, in spite of its youth, has its traditions. Among them is the tradition of Mignon Variel's dolls. Also, the kingdom of the silversheet has its anniversaries and its historical dates.

Some barbed tongue had once remarked that Mignon's sixteenth birthday might well be called Hollywood's national holiday.

Unkind, no doubt, but Hollywood was a little weary of celebrating Mignon's birthday. She had been younger and now she was older than sixteen. But somehow Mignon's birthday had been cleverly surrounded with a halo—as though it were merely symbolic.

It had grown to mean sweet sixteen as the Fourth of July means firecrackers.

And Hollywood was a little weary, too, of the pictures of Mignon that flooded forth afterwards—of Mignon, with her curls falling in a golden shower, one toe turned in, and the biggest new doll in her arms.

As a matter of fact, on the drizzly morning when she sat in the office of Sam Hartfeltz, producer, and toyed with the silken ears of a yappy Pekingese, Mignon Variel was nineteen.

But even off the screen she looked the traditional sixteen that clung to her. Younger, perhaps.

It wasn't only the tiny feet, in flat-heeled, round-toed slippers. Nor the little fur cap, pulled over the long curls that reached below her waist. Nor the undeveloped curve of her young breast beneath the white crêpe frock.

One of Hartfeltz's battery of lawyers, sitting opposite her, discovered that there was something lacking in her face that even adolescence brings.

And he decided that though it was the face of a child, somehow it wasn't childish.

It took him some time to place the look, and then he remembered that he had seen it in the faces of children who are raised in fashionable hotels.

Of course. Of course.

The skin was so lovely, the white of magnolia blossoms, as though grease paint had protected it from the sting of the wind and the kiss of the sun.

The young lawyer thought of the girls he knew, who rollicked on golf courses or tennis courts, until the wild roses peeped through their tanned young cheeks, and he heaved a quick sigh.

Of course Mignon Variel had made a great deal of money and won a great deal of fame, but just the same he was glad his own tousle-headed youngsters were just—just kids.

There were six people seated about the big, polished mahogany table.

Mignon, bored and a little cross. Fidgeting impatiently.

Mignon's mother.

Sam Hartfeltz. Two lawyers. A stenographer.

It was perhaps noteworthy that both lawyers were employed by Mr. Hartfeltz.

Ma Variel needed no lawyer for contracts.

It was, indeed, another tradition in Hollywood that Ma Variel was a match, single-handed, for anyone in the business.

Contracts were an old—a very old—story to Ma Variel.

Ever since Mignon, at the age of four, in gauzy skirts not more than five inches long and a pair of immense butterfly wings attached to her dimpled baby shoulders, had danced herself into the headline position on a vaudeville bill, Ma Variel—flushed and cold-eyed, emotional but immovable—had signed her name to many an amazing document.

For Baby Mignon's service had been in demand.

She put down the jeweled lorgnon and laughed indulgently.

"Not so bad, Sam," she said purringly. "Not so bad at all. Though 'tis a waste of time, beginning with such stuff as that on me. Marriage and morality clauses for a baby like my Mignon! Seems to me you and I have known each other pretty near long enough to start right down to cases. The child cannot do eight pictures a year. She's still growing and 'tis too great a strain on the delicate strength of her No, we'll start by striking that out. Six pictures, now, that's not beyond reason."

"But——" began Mr. Hartfeltz.

"Sammy, what good is it to you to have her overtax herself? The lamb shall have some time to play, so she shall. No one can ever say that Gertrude Variel sacrificed her lambkin for money or for fame. Six pictures a year, Sam. That's plenty."

"All right," said Hartfeltz slowly. "I suppose I'll have to agree to that. Though Mignon looks strong as a horse. And the program does need more pictures. Well, then, we'll say six pictures a year—thirty thousand dollars a picture. That's too much, but Mignon's been with us a long time and we want to be fair with her."

Ma Variel leaned back in the blue velvet chair and folded her pretty, fat hands in her lap.

Her heavy round face under the elegance of her street hat took on a slow, playful smile.

"Nobody knows better than I do that you want to be fair, Sam," she said pleasantly. "That's the only reason I don't laugh in your face for saying thirty thousand a picture to Mignon Variel. Four years now Mignon's been making Hart pictures. Naturally, myself, I don't want to see her leave. I've got some sentiment, I hope. Too much, indeed, for my own good."

Sam Hartfeltz lighted a cigarette nervously and pushed the box across to Ma Variel, who took one sadly.

A little pause, tense and delicate, fell as the smoke wreathed upward.

"Oh, mamma, do hurry up!" said Mignon petulantly. "I'm getting so tired."

Ma Variel merely glanced at her.

"Well," said Sam Hartfeltz, flushing with the embarrassment that usually overpowered him in moments like this. "I guess she won't need to wait any longer now, Gertrude. We're practically through. Six pictures a year for three years. Thirty thousand dollars a picture. I'll have the lawyers here draw it up and you can come in again tomorrow and sign it."

"Sammy, I'm surprised at you," said Ma Variel, pleasantly, but a tinge of crimson had begun to grow in the creases of her double chin. "I am. You know I'm only a poor lone woman against all you smart men. But it's like a lioness with her cub, Sammy, when you try to put something across on my baby. I've given up my whole life without one other thought but her, and you know thirty thousand dollars isn't enough."

"It's my top figure," said Hartfeltz, with sudden coldness.

Ma Variel gathered up her sable cloak and wrapped it about her plump shoulders.

"All right, Sam," she said, as coldly.

Mignon jumped up and started for the door, her round young figure in its short Persian lamb coat looking very slender and immature beside her mother's over-groomed bulk.

As Ma Variel put a steady hand on the door knob, Sam spoke again. "Where you going, Gertrude?"

Ma Variel did not turn.

"I'm going to see Morris of the United and tell him what a fool I've been, letting sentiment stand in the way of my child's future. I'm going to tell him I'll take the fair, decent proposition he, a perfect stranger, made to me, when my best friends try——"

"Come back a minute, Gertrude," said Hartfeltz despondently. "Don't always be going off half-cocked like that."

She turned in the doorway, poised like a large and angry seal.

"I'm no good at dickering, Sammy," she said. "I wouldn't demean myself to do it. I know what's right and I try to do what's right, that's all."

"Well, what'd you think is right?"

"Forty thousand a picture for six pictures the first year. Fifty thousand a picture the second year. And sixty the third year. And me to have the last say on stories."

"Great guns!" said Hartfeltz.

"And at that, for old times' sake, I'm putting it under what Morris offers me."

"Come back and sit down," said the man behind the table wearily. "It's too much. It's a hold-up. It's murder. But I suppose I got to do it."

For the first time a dark wrath began to blaze in Ma Variel's eyes. The slow flush of crimson crept up to her cheeks.

"What do you mean, it's a hold-up?" she said, coming to stand facing him, her fist clenched on the table. "Don't play me for a fool, Sam Hartfeltz. I'm only a poor lone woman with nothing in the world but my child, but I'm no fool. Who carried most of your rotten old program last year? Ask any exhibitor. Why do they take such stuff as you force down their throats from Von Merchen and such dubs as Dorothy Vogel and Elise Devereaux? Because they have to take 'em to get Mignon Variel, that's why.

"Don't every exhibitor in the country tell me my Mignon is the whip of the Hart program? And do you think I was traipsing all over the United States in the summer time at my age to amuse myself? I guess not. I've had a hard life, and the way I like to amuse myself is to get off my corsets and my shoes and watch Mignon playing with her dolls. No, I was finding out just what I needed to know. Did you have any other picture clean up like 'The Rose of Avenue A'? Think I don't know it netted three hundred and fifty thousand dollars the first six months?

"Who's the only star on your lot hasn't had a flop this year? Mignon Variel. And what's more, don't she give your productions a good name with the church people and the censors, such a dear, sweet, innocent baby as she is? Why, it's worth every cent you pay her to know you've got one girl isn't going to be named as corespondent in a divorce case or have her nightie found in some man's bedroom about the time you release a million dollar picture of her as Saint Cecilia. Don't kid me, Sammy. What did all the exhibitors in Texas tell me?—my baby's the biggest drawing card they've ever had, that's what. Nobody else is so beautiful and young and such an actress—that's what they told me. And exhibitors only see through the box office window, I guess I know that. And you've got the nerve, after all the money she's made for you——"

Tears were streaming down her cheeks now.

Instantly Mignon was at her side, arms about the shoulders heaving in their tight frock. "Mamma, don't!" she pleaded. "Oh, mamma, please don't cry! You're a hateful old thing," she flung at the dark, troubled man. "You made my mamma cry, after all we've done for you, too. I don't want to work for you any more. I can work any place. I'm going to have my own company, that's what I'm going to have."

Ma Variel's sobbing stopped abruptly. "Don't talk like that, Mignon," she said. "That's no way for a little girl to talk. Well, Sammy?"

"It's all right," said Hartfeltz. "Only—that story thing. Honestly, Gertrude, you got to leave the stories up to the scenario department. I had more trouble last year than Congress, trying to fix up rows between you and the scenario department. More fuss it was than all the rest of the studio to run put together. Please now, don't start that all over again. I tell you, I give you a bonus this year if you let the scenario department pick out the stories for Mignon."

With a small square of colored lawn, Ma Variel wiped the tears from her cheeks. When her dignity and calm were restored, she said impressively: "Your whole company hasn't got money enough to pay me such a bonus. Who found 'Sweet Violets' and 'Springtime,' I want to know! Me, or your scenario department? Who got 'Nurse Adeline,' eh? Me. When they want to put her in stories any grown-up star could do."

Sam Hartfeltz pulled himself up by his boot straps for his next remark.

"But Gertrude," he said, "Mignon ain't so young as she was. She's getting a little bit heavy around the hips that she should play little girls any more. I don't ask she should do sex stuff. But you know the critics ain't so gentle in saying she should stop being so childish all the time. Nice, clean stories, yes. But Mignon is going on twenty now. She can't play with dolls all her life."

For the first time Mignon's self-satisfied little face broke into sudden interest. "Oh yes. I'm awfully tired of playing little girls. I'm nearly twenty and I'd like to do grown-up parts."

Sammy Hartfeltz was not a brave man. He was only a very good showman with a strange gift of knowing the mind of the public. He had made a vast fortune, but the shy delicacy and self-consciousness of his downtrodden youth still clung to him.

But even had he been a brave man, a very brave man, he must have quailed before the fury that flamed into Ma Variel's face.

The crimson had gone purple. Her temples pulsed with it.

She screamed at him, and Mignon shrank back against the door, her young face suddenly old and wizened, like a child's at the sight of a lash it has felt across its tender body.



"Where have you been and why didn't you tell me?" asked Ma Variel. "Because—oh, mamma, I wanted to go out alone, just once, like other girls."

"Don't you go putting ideas like that into my child's mind! There's time enough in the years ahead for her to grow up. She's only a baby yet. A little baby. Why, she doesn't look a day older than she did when she played 'The Flower Girl' in London and the King and Queen gave her a decoration.

"That's the way the public wants her. That's the way I'm going to keep her, and don't you forget it. At home, don't she still play with her dolls? Don't you dare talk to me about how she should grow up. And putting in marriage and morality clauses!"

"She might get married sometime," said Hartfeltz desperately. "And for morality, what can you tell? You think everybody else is a fool, Gertrude. What about Jack Garford, eh?"

The purple faded to gray, to white.



"You've got the nerve to throw that up to me now. It wasn't terrible enough that a degenerate dog of an actor tried to compromise my baby, just for blackmail, because he heard I'd stored away a little money, but you've got to throw it up to me now. The saints help me!"

"All right," said Sam Hartfeltz, "all right. You draw up the contract and bring it down here tomorrow and I'll sign it."

II

MIGNON had never noticed Mickey O'Toole at all until the morning that she caught him, in the wide corridors of the dressing room building, giving an imitation of her usual morning entrance on to the set.

He was, to her, merely another leading man. And she hated all leading men.

Of course, Mignon had no business in the dressing room building.

She had her own elaborate bungalow. But she had been up to the wardrobe to get her costume for the new sequence and she had mistaken the turn.

It was a very good imitation.

Mickey had a genius for that sort of thing. Hollywood rated him as one of her prize entertainers.

Aside from that, he was a handsome youngster, with dark red hair that photographed black, a quizzical mouth and inquisitive, impudent eyes.

Daring was written in the very poise of his head.

As Mignon came round the corner, he was holding a large audience utterly convulsed as he enacted the scene which took place each morning when Mignon arrived on the set for work.

He needed only one actor—himself—to present the cast complete.

Mignon herself, with the dogs. Ma Variel, carrying a doll under her arm. The frantic, overloaded maid. The uniformed chauffeur, carrying a hamper of flowers. The fussy, efficient secretary.

With the merest intonation, expression, gesture, he put before them the entourage, in all its absurdity and self-importance.

Then Depew, the director—toadying suavely and diplomatically.

The whispering chorus of script holders and musicians and actors and publicity men and writers, all breathing a murmured, awe-struck welcome. Their bowing, smirking "Good morning, little lady" or "How's our sweet little star today?" and "You're as fresh as a rosebud, Miss Variel."

Very well done.

The very essence of biting, devastating, brutal caricature.



When Mignon arrived under guard, Hollywood decided it was as good as one of the old romances.

Mignon's heart stopped beating. Fear, anger, a sickening nausea she could not understand.

It was his imitation of herself that drove her back into the cold shadow of the stone walls, stunned into silence.

That stolid hauteur. That obnoxious self-satisfaction. That simpering, nasty-nice egotism.

Horrible. Horrible.

Her brain, that had never operated outside a set groove, like a chipmunk on a treadmill, began to beat frantically at her temples, her forehead.

These were people. People like herself. Mickey O'Toole, whom she had despised—he had opinions about her. They all had thoughts about her! Independent thoughts.

Little flashing pictures trickled into her brain. Like the small, darting pains that follow a second after the bullet.

Her isolation. The giggles of the other girls. The way the publicity department had to be clubbed into working for her. Her lights always missing and the sullen expression on the faces of the electricians when they were discovered on some other set. Her friendlessness. Other girls, arm in arm. Lunching in each other's dressing rooms.

Oh, they made fun of her! Of her and her dolls.

She had told mamma that. She had. She had begged not to have her picture taken with her dolls any more.

How she hated dolls! What could she do? Mamma—mamma—mamma——

Her thoughts would go no further. Mamma had always thought for her, decided for her. Protected her. Why, she had actually believed the whole studio adored her greatness from afar.

Ma Variel lacked many things. But courage she had.

And her only child discovered in that moment that some of it had been bequeathed to her.

Mignon sucked in her lower lip and walked deliberately around the corner into the wide corridor where Mickey O'Toole played to his audience.

In the checked gingham rompers and the short socks, with her curls falling about her and a big rag doll tucked under her arm, she did look absurdly like a child.

Only a slight thickening of the tissues of her whole body and a lack of perfect suppleness, which only an artist might have noted, betrayed her.

"How dare you?" she cried violently, and was furious that her voice failed her. "Oh, how dare you make fun of me, you—you horrid——"

Mickey O'Toole's eyes narrowed. It was not a fortunate beginning. The O'Tooles were rather apt to dare.

"Good morning, Miss Variel," he said, and a new grin leaped into his eyes, with sheer joy that such a situation should develop for his amusement. "I didn't intend that you should be part of my audience for this little impromptu performance. 'Tis hardly worthy of your attention. Give me time, and I'll try to give you something a bit more—artistic."

"I shall tell Mr. Hartfeltz about your impertinence at once, and you'll be dismissed and never work on this lot again," said Mignon, her eyes hot and her lips cold.

"Can you imagine that!" said Mickey O'Toole. "Well, 'tis a comfort to know I can always go back to digging ditches. But—it'll cost him a pretty penny to (*Continued on page 120*)



ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

At Fifty, there is still the joy of climbing into shabby khaki and flannels and setting forth on a stiff cross-country tramp, in company with a swirl of disreputable collies. Dogs are not gold diggers; yet they are the sincerest and most enthusiastic flatterers.

The Meaning of LIFE *Now That I'm* Fifty

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

WHEN I was a youngster an old Englishwoman told me an anecdote of Queen Victoria. To the narrator, the incident seemed pathetic. To me, in the wisdom of my twenty years, it seemed silly and maudlin. I look at it differently now.

The Queen was well along the road toward Fifty herself when her loved husband died. In the first selfish access of her grief—and all grief is the most selfish thing in the universe—she cried aloud:

"There is nobody left now to call me by my first name!"

That is one of the drawbacks of Fifty. In one's 'teens almost nobody calls us "Mr." or "Miss." And we swell pridefully at the few times one of those titles is tacked to our names.

After a while, as the years crawl on, the novel sensation of being "Mr." or "Mrs." or "Miss" passes away. But there are still scores of people—our parents, our other relatives, a host of school friends—to call us by our first names.

By and by—and at Fifty this is painfully noticeable—the years stop crawling and begin to race. Out drop the older folk who called us Jim or Mary. Life takes its toll of the school friends, too. And presently there are pitiably few who bother to give us the names we started life with.

We are permanently Mr. or Mrs. So-and-So, to ninety-five percent of the world. We stand in the front rank. Our elders are gone. Our juniors would deem it disrespect to give us so familiar a greeting as "Hello, Jimmy!"

Then it begins to warm the heart to hear the childhood name spoken by the few left to speak it; and even by the new friends who like us well enough to drop formalities and give us the old name or a nickname. When fewer than fifty people shall call me Bert or Terry, then I shall know I am not merely Old but Aged.

At Fifty one has a mob of pleasant acquaintances who are roughly tabulated as "friends." But the *big* friendships are formed before we are thirty, or never at all. Lucky are those of us who can carry them through life.

Two people may meet, at Fifty, and may like each other much. They may call themselves friends. But just stop and compare their friendship with the friendships one formed before the world and self-seeking and a trillion outside interests made the word a mere shell.

Yes, at Fifty the cool autumn sunshine is increasingly flecked with shadows of loneliness. So we grow more calmly self-reliant; and especially do we grow more reliant on the very few who have weathered the long uphill trip close at our sides.

I think the man and wife who have reached or are nearing the Fifty mark together, after twenty-odd years of wedded life, are more to be envied than all the world's famous lovers from Paris and Helen to Lancelot and Guinevere.

For what are the transports of a pair of callow amorists compared with the mighty bond which the long years and their joys and sorrows and toil and hopes and visions have forged between such yokefellows?

At Fifty, one can appreciate these blessings; and right reverently and gratefully can thank God for them. There is wondrous sweetness and chumship in married life, when the tempest years are dead and Indian Summer begins. There is leisure, too; and utter comradeship.

At Fifty—yes, and earlier—I learned the inspired truth of advice given me many years ago by a woman who had crossed the half-century line. I was grouching about the rottenness of some of the people with whom my lot was cast. She said:

"Be patient for just a little while. They will drift out of your life. They always do."

She was right. Look back, any of you; at the men or women who were the pests of your existence. Most of them have drifted out of your life. The rest of them will vanish from it soon enough—perhaps too soon. Be patient. When at last their paths shall have diverged from yours, you will be amazed to find how little hatred you can summon up in thinking of them.

At twenty I reveled in stories wherein the wicked father tries to induce his daughter to marry a well-to-do man, of good character, ten years her senior; instead of the penniless and romantic boy she loves. Dad was the comedy villain of the yarn then. But now——

Well, at Fifty, I fail to see the comedy or the villainy of a father who wants his daughter to assure her future welfare by marrying a man who can support her and who has a mature mind; rather than a rattle-brained boy who has neither money nor experience nor prospects. But love stories are not written for Fifty Year Olds—alas!

It is folly, at Fifty, to cheat the tired body into thinking it is young. It is as foolish as for a twenty year old girl to play with dolls or for a football captain to shoot marbles. For a man of Fifty to whip himself into partaking of the riotous gayeties which amuse college undergraduates is as idiotic as it is dangerous.

There is nothing edifying in a fat Fifty Year Old dancing on a restaurant floor with some squi. ming-footed flapper, and gorging rich food between dances.

There is something mildly sickening in the spectacle; as compared with that of the same man in battered khaki setting forth at dawn for a day in the duck marsh.

Shooting, fishing, riding, tramping, billiards, golf—these be the legitimate and splendid sports of the healthy fifty year man. Not wriggling awkwardly in a dance among a crowd young enough to be his children, and stuffing himself with late-at-night food.

All of which is cranky; but all of which is painfully true—like most cranky statements. The liver and the stomach and the heart and the nerves, at Fifty, are things to be respected, not to be abused with any sort of safety.

"If I've got to get Youth out of my body I wish to the Lord I could get it out of my brain, too!" complained a Fifty Year Old to me. And his whining plaint touched the core of the whole trouble.

It is not easy, always, to remember one is Fifty. The mind has a tricky way of beguiling the elderly body back to the twenties.

Perhaps that is the reason for the dancing and gorging oldsters at the restaurants. It is so hard to remember, always, that one is old! It is still harder not to resent the fact.

There is a reminiscent twinge when one hears the laugh of girls; when one sees youth and maid drifting along together in the summer dusk; when the moon is overhead and there is music in the night. That is when age hurts, cruelly.

That is when one feels a rebellious girding against being forced to sit primly among the snuffy Elders in the city gate, while pairs of young lovers stroll past under the starlit trees. That is the time when one feels that Faust was not so foolish as once we thought, to sell his soul for renewed youth and for all-conquering fascination.

But it is these things that Fifty must learn to fight down; unless he would be miserable or ridiculous—or both. There are compensations. Life is best as God has apportioned it.

The broken-legged old hound raises his tired lids and sighs pathetically when he hears the young pack go tearing across the field in full cry. For the instant, no doubt, his whole nature calls out to him to spring up and join the mad dash; to force his way to the head of the pack and to maintain his flying leadership of it, as of yore.

But he sinks back to his doze. It is pleasant to lie drowsing behind the kitchen stove—especially on chilly mornings. The simple things of life grow brighter as the years increase.

We folk of Fifty can do worse than take a lesson from our dogs.

Says the proverb: "If ever a man is to be wise, it is at Fifty; if ever rich, it is at sixty."

Youth is too glorious a period to need overmuch wisdom or overmuch cash. Yet there are beautiful compensations for Fifty. Here on the heights the air is crystal clear. And as we look back over the long and tedious climb we see with a new vision. Behind us lies one worry after another; all safely past. Behind lie the things which threatened to crush us.

We look back; and we realize how unimportant it all was—the fear, the turmoil. We learn from experience the crass folly of worrying over anything—except perhaps a sick and lonely and penniless old age; and a few other black possibilities.

And perchance, at seventy-five, we shall look back at those worries too as folly. Or perhaps not.



© C. L. WASSON

Then there is the chill and the thrill of the duck marsh at dawn. At Fifty, one shoots as straight as at twenty.

The Hope of

Illustrations by
Pruett Carter



The Setting of the story is a Mid-west city today, and it concerns the lives of:

BRUCE STORRS, *a young architect of fine personal character whose mother has told him on her deathbed of her one lapse in a faithful married life; he is not the son of her husband.*

FRANKLIN MILLS, *his real father, an aristocratic widower from an old family, rich, conservative, influential, domineering, and little understood by his fellow citizens.*

SHEPHERD MILLS, *Franklin's son, placed at the head of a storage battery plant by his father; a dreamer whose character is the antithesis of Franklin's.*

CONSTANCE MILLS, *Shepherd's wife, a social parvenu, restless and avid of personal admiration, rather disliked by her father-in-law.*

LEILA MILLS, *Franklin's daughter and favorite, charming but just now inclined to run wild.*

MILLICENT HARDEN, *a close friend of Leila's who has beauty, poise and artistic genius, but is rather unacceptable socially because her father made his money in patent medicines.*

"BUD" HENDERSON, *an old college friend of Bruce's, generous, likable, irresponsible.*

"BILL" FREEMAN, *a prominent architect.*

DALE FREEMAN, *his wife, whose home is the rendezvous for an intelligent social set, including many of Bruce's new friends.*

MRS. TORRENCE, *a delightful widow who takes a real interest in young Bruce Storrs.*

The Beginning of the Story:

FOLLOWING the shock of his mother's confession, Bruce Storrs goes on a long walking trip to recover his mental balance; then, in accordance with her dying request, to the Mid west city where his unknown father lives, to be near him in case he should ever need help. This is an idea of his mother's which seems preposterous enough to Bruce when he sees the successful man that Franklin Mills is.

A dramatic situation at once develops. Through his debonair friend Bud Henderson, Bruce secures work with Freeman, and also meets the Millses and their social circle; among others, Millicent Harden, with whom he discovers a quick sympathy that rapidly develops into love. But he soon finds that his own father is frankly if not openly also a suitor of Millicent's.

He finds, too, that despite Mills's apparent success, there are cankers at the heart of his life and he is essentially a very lonely man. Leila, for instance—whom he wishes to marry Carroll, his secretary—is pretty wild, and drinks at times to excess; twice Bruce rescues her from embarrassing situations due to this. Shepherd Mills is painfully at odds with his father, who does not at all understand the boy, and Shepherd somehow naturally turns to Bruce for sympathy; this in the matter of a clubhouse for the battery plant employees, a humanitarian plan which Franklin refuses curtly to sanction, and which Shepherd has very much at heart—so much that he wants to go ahead with his own money despite his father, and asks Bruce to draw up plans. Constance Mills, too, seems restlessly unhappy, and she also makes advances to Bruce—advances that are in the nature of flirtations.

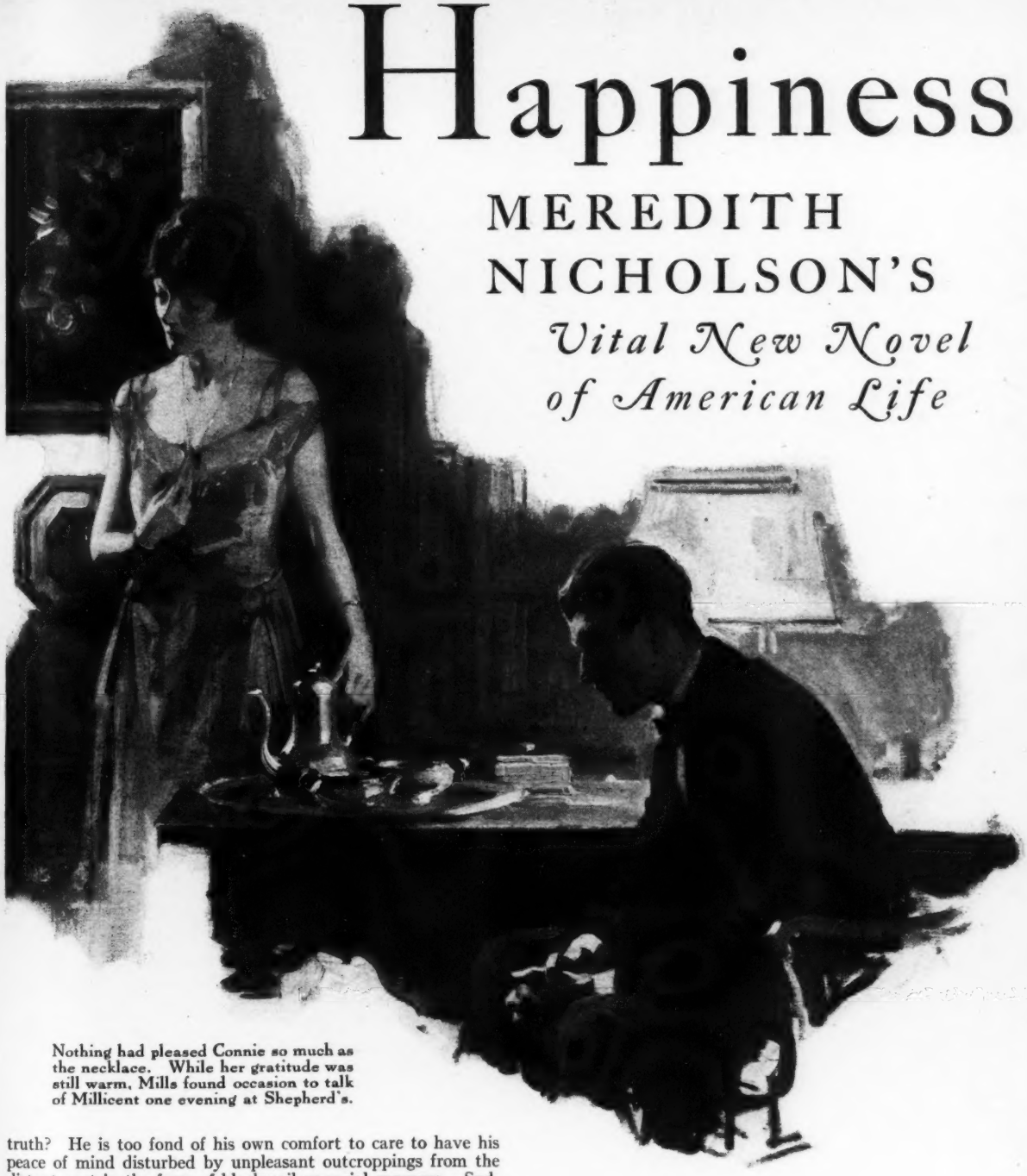
Thus Bruce, much to his discomfort, is thrown into constant and rather intimate contact with the Mills family in spite of the fact that he is always trying to avoid them.

At their first meeting Franklin Mills had suspected that Bruce was his own son. This becomes certainty when he notes Bruce's striking resemblance to a portrait of his, Franklin's, own father. How, he wonders, shall he find out whether Bruce knows the

Happiness

MEREDITH NICHOLSON'S

Vital New Novel of American Life



Nothing had pleased Connie so much as the necklace. While her gratitude was still warm, Mills found occasion to talk of Millicent one evening at Shepherd's.

truth? He is too fond of his own comfort to care to have his peace of mind disturbed by unpleasant outcroppings from the distant past in the form of blackmail or social exposure. Suddenly he feels himself getting older; he must marry soon, he decides, especially if the young and attractive Bruce is his rival for Millicent's hand.

Bruce for his part is disturbed and inclined to be cynical over the whole situation; and in this mood he goes to a party at Mills's farm. On the way there, in his car with Constance, he yields momentarily to her blandishments and kisses her. He is ashamed of himself as soon as he sees Millicent, but disturbed in another way when he sees her talking constantly with his father. Once Mrs. Torrence kindly breaks up that combination and gives Bruce a chance with Miss Harden; again Leila, who has developed a real affection for Bruce, helps him to the same end when she takes him in to interrupt a *tête-à-tête* between Millicent and Franklin Mills in the conservatory.

They have been discussing religion. Millicent holds some of Mills's roses. "Mr. Storrs," he says, "I wish you would tell me what Miss Harden means when she reaches into the infinite and brings down——"

"Roses!" laughs Millicent.

CHAPTER VIII

HIS glimpse of Franklin Mills and Millicent at the conservatory door on the Sunday evening he spent at Deer Trail Farm affected Bruce disagreeably. The fact that the two had been discussing impersonal matters did not lessen his resentment. Millicent with Mills's roses in her hand; Mills courteously attentive, addressing the girl with what to Bruce was a lover-like air, had made a picture that greatly disturbed him.

Very likely, with much this same air, with the same winning manner and voice, Mills had wooed his mother! He saw in Mills a sinister figure—a man who, having taken advantage of one woman, was not to be trusted with another. The pity he had at times felt for Mills went down before a wave of jealous anger and righteous indignation. The man was incapable of any true appreciation of Millicent; he was without wit or soul to penetrate to the pure depths of the girl's nature.

"You two are always talking about things I don't understand!" Leila had said to them; and she had led Bruce on through the conservatories, talking in her inconsequential fashion.

When they returned to the house someone had begun playing old-fashioned games—blindman's buff, drop the handkerchief and London Bridge. When these ceased to amuse, the rugs were cleared away and they danced to the phonograph. Mills encouraged and participated in all this as if anxious to show that he could be as young as the youngest. And what occasion could be more fitting than an evening in his handsome country house, with his children and their friends about him?

With Millicent constantly before his eyes, entering zestfully into all these pleasures, Bruce recovered his tranquillity. For the thousandth time he convinced himself that he was not a weakling to suffer specters of the past and forebodings of the future to mar his life. He danced with Millicent; seized odd moments in which to talk to her; tried to believe that she had a particular smile for him . . .

"I wonder if you'd drive me in?" asked Mrs. Torrence when the party began to break up.

"I'd been counting on it!" said Bruce promptly.

Constance came along and waived her rights to his escort, as she and Shepherd were taking the Freemans home.

"I believe we're a little better acquainted than we were," she said meaningfully.

"It seemed to me we made a little headway," Bruce replied.

"Come and see me soon! You never can tell when I'll need a little consoling."

"That was a good party," Mrs. Torrence began as Bruce got his car in motion. "Mr. Mills is two or three different men. Sometimes I think he consciously assumes a variety of rôles. He's keen about this country gentleman stuff—unassuming grandeur and all that! But meet him out at dinner in town tomorrow night and you'd never think him capable of playing drop the handkerchief! Makes you wonder just which is the real Mills."

"Maybe we all lead two or three existences without knowing it," Bruce remarked.

"We do! We do, indeed!" the little woman cheerfully agreed. "All except me. I'm always just the same and too much of that!"

"Well, you always come up with a laugh and that helps. Please let me into the secret."

"My dear boy, I learned early in life to hide my tears. Nobody's interested in a cry-baby. And minding my own business; that saves a lot of bother. I think I've acquired that noble trait!"

"That's genius!" exclaimed Bruce.

"But—in your case—I may not do it. I rather like you!"

"Am I to believe that?" he asked seriously.

"I hope you'll believe it. I offered at the beginning of the evening to be your friend until death do us part; I've done some thinking since. I do think occasionally, though you'd never guess it."

"It's an old trick of the world to be mistrustful of thinkers. I've suffered from it myself."

"Listen to me, young man! I've got my eye on you. I suggested to Connie that it would be simpler for her to go in with Shep. I love Connie; she's always been nice to me. But Connie's not just a safe chum for you. Your fascinations might be a trifle too—too——"

"Too," he supplied mockingly, "much for me?"

"Don't be silly! Connie's a young woman of charm, and she likes to use it. And you're not without a little of the same ingredient. You may be nice and friendly with Connie—*and* Shep—but you mustn't forget that there is Shep. Shep's a nice, dear boy. I'm strong for Shepherd. I could cry when I see how much in love he is with Connie! And of course she doesn't love him in any such way. She sort o' mothers and pets him. She still has her grand love affair before her. Isn't this nasty of me to be talking of her in this fashion! But I don't want you to be the victim. One drive alone with her is enough for you in one evening!"

"Oh, but——"

"Oh, all the buts! We haven't been talking of her at all! Aren't the shadows of that tall tree interesting?"

The shadows of the tall tree were not particularly interesting, but Bruce, speculating a little as to what Mrs. Torrence would say if she knew he had kissed Constance on the drive out, was guiltily glad that she had concluded what he felt to be a well meant warning against getting in too deep with Mrs. Shepherd Mills.

"You've got a big future," Mrs. Torrence remarked later. "Nothing's going to spoil it. But socially, walk softly. This is a city of illusions. It's the fashion to pretend that everybody's awfully good. Of course everybody isn't! But it's better to fall in with the idea. I'm just giving you the hint. Take Franklin Mills for your model. Always know the right people and do the right thing. There's a man who never sinned in all his life. You're lucky to have caught his eye so soon! I saw him watching you tonight—with approval, I mean. He's a man of power. I advise you to cultivate him a little."

"Oh, my knowing him is just a matter of chance," Bruce replied indifferently.

"He's the most interesting man in town. And to think he has a daughter like Leila and a son like Shep! I love them both; they're so unlike him. You wouldn't know them for the same breed. One couldn't love *him*, you know; he's far too selfish and self-satisfied for that!"

II

As Bruce was driving past the Mills's residence one evening a fortnight later, Carroll hailed him. Mills, it appeared, had driven out with Carroll and the limousine waited at the curb to carry the secretary on home. Carroll asked Bruce whether he would go with him to a lecture at the art institute the following night; a famous painter was to speak and it promised to be an interesting occasion. Mills waited while the young men arranged to meet at the club for dinner before the lecture, and Bruce was about to climb back into his car when Mills said detainingly:

"Storrs, won't you have pity on me? Carroll's just refused to dine with me. My daughter's going out. Do you think you could stand it?"

"The soil of the day is upon me!" said Bruce. "But——"

He very much wished to refuse, but the invitation was cordially given, and taken by surprise he was without an excuse for declining.

"You don't need to dress and you may leave the moment you're bored," said Mills amiably.

"Sorry, but I've got to run," said Carroll. "I'll send your car right back, Mr. Mills. Thank you. I envy you two your quiet evening!"

Mills led the way upstairs, opened the door of one of the bedrooms and turned on the lights.

"The room's supposed to be in order—it's my son's old room. Ring if you don't find what you want."

Bruce closed the door and stared about him with dull curiosity.

My son's room! Shepherd's old room! It was a commodious chamber, handsomely furnished. The bath was a luxurious affair. As he drew off his coat Bruce's mind turned back to his little room in the old frame house in Laconia; the snowy window draperies his mother always provided, and the other little tributes of her love, fashioned by her own hands, that adorned the room in which he had dreamed the long, long thoughts of youth. Through the dormer windows he had heard the first bird song in spring, and on stormy nights in winter had sunk to sleep to the north wind's hoarse shout through the elms and maples in the yard.

"My son's room!" Franklin Mills had said carelessly as he turned away. The phrase still rang in Bruce's ears. Mills could not know; he could not even suspect! No man would be callous enough to make such a remark if he believed he was uttering it to an unrecognized child of his own blood.

Bruce laved his face and brushed his hair and went down the hall to the sitting room where Mills had taken him the night they met in the storm. The portrait which had so disturbed Mills was still in its place. Bruce turned his back on it and took up the evening newspapers.

A maid appeared to say that Mr. Mills was waiting for a long distance connection but would be free in a moment, and a little later the man whose special function it was to wait upon Mills came in with a tray and began compounding a cocktail. While this was in progress a low whistle from the door caused Bruce to glance round. Leila was peering in at him, her head alone being visible.

"I thought you were a burglar!" she whispered.

Bruce pointed to the servant, who was solemnly manipulating the shaker, and beckoned her to enter.

"Briggs! You lied to me again!" she said severely as she swept into the room. "You told me there wasn't a drop in the house!"

"It was the truth, Miss Leila, when I told you," the man replied gravely. "A friend of Mr. Mills left this at the door this morning."



"In the name of all your ancestors, I forbid you!" Bruce said. "Why should you care?" demanded Leila.

"I don't believe it! It was more likely a friend of mine. I say, little one, how do I look?"

"Queenly," Bruce replied. "If you were more beautiful my eyes couldn't bear it."

"Cut it out! Am I really all right?"

"I'd be ashamed if I didn't know it!"

"Good boy! You have a taste!"

She was charming indeed in her evening gown, which he praised in ignorant terms that she might correct him. She remained standing, drawing on her gloves, and explaining that she was dining at the Tarletons' and wasn't highly edified at the prospect. Her going was a concession to her father. The Tarletons had a young guest whose grandfather had once been a business associate of her grandfather Mills; hence she must sacrifice herself.

"Dad's keen about the old family stuff. Just look at those grand old relics up there!" She indicated the line of family portraits with a disdainful gesture. "I come in and make faces



"Yes: John Storrs . . ." Mills repeated musingly. "I remember him very well—and his wife—your mother—of

at them when I feel naughty. I can't tell my grandfathers apart, and don't want to!"

"How lacking in piety!" said Bruce, who could have pointed out her grandfather Mills! He bestowed a hasty glance on the portrait, satisfied that Leila at least would never detect her ancestor's resemblance to himself. The servant, having sufficiently agitated the cocktails, withdrew. Leila, waiting till the door to the back stairs closed, began advancing with long steps and a rowdyish swagger toward the tray.

"Alone with a cocktail! And I'm going to a dry party! Hist!" She bent her head toward the door, her hand to her ear. "What's the Colonel doing?" she asked.

"At the telephone; he'll be here any minute."

"Quick! Fill that glass—that's the good sport!"

"Service for two only! You wouldn't rob *me*!"

"Please—I don't want my gloves to reek of gin—please!"

"You can't touch that tray—you can't touch that shaker! You're hypnotized!" he declared solemnly.

"Oh, tush!" With a quick movement she tried to grasp the shaker; but he caught her hand, held it a moment, then let it fall to her side while he smiled into her bright, eager eyes.

"In the name of all your ancestors I forbid you!" he said.

"You wouldn't trust me with one?" she demanded, half defiant, half acquiescing.

"Not tonight, when you're meeting old family friends and all that!"

"Pshaw!" She stamped her foot. "I can stop at half a dozen houses and get a drink——"

"But you won't; really you won't!"

"What's it to you—why should you care?" she demanded, looking him straight in the eyes.

"Aren't we friends?" he asked. "A friend wouldn't give it to you. See! You don't really want it at all—it was just an hallucination!"

"Oh no!" she said, puckering her face and scowling her abhorrence of the idea while her eyes danced merrily. "I just *dreamed* I wanted it. Well, score one for you, old top! You're even nicer than I thought you were!"

"Leila, haven't you *gone* yet?" exclaimed Mills, appearing suddenly in the room.

"No, dada! I was just kidding Bruce a little. Hope you have a nice dinner! Yes, I've got my key and every little thing. Good night. Come and see me sometime, Bruce." She lifted her face for her father to kiss, paused in the doorway to shake her fist at Bruce and tripped down the hall singing.

"Do pardon me for keeping you waiting," said Mills. "I had a New York call and the connection was bad. Let's see what we have here——"

"Allow me, sir——"

As Bruce gave the drinks a supplemental shake Mills inspected the two glasses, ostensibly to satisfy himself that the housekeeping staff had properly cared for them, but really, Bruce surmised, to see whether Leila had been tippling.

"Here's glad to see you!" Mills drank only half his glass, but urged Bruce to a second helping.

When they went down to the dining room Bruce found it less of an ordeal than he had expected to sit at Mills's table. Mills was a social being; his courtesy was unfailing, and no doubt he was sincere in his expressions of gratitude to Bruce for sharing his meal.



course. Delightful people. I've always remembered those months I spent in Laconia with particular pleasure."

The table was lighted by four tapers in tall candlesticks of English silver. The centerpiece was a low bowl of pink roses, the product of the Deer Trail conservatories. Mills, in spite of his austere preferences in other respects, deferred to changing fashions in the furnishing of his table, to which he gave the smart touch of a sophisticated woman. It was a way of amusing himself, and he enjoyed the praise of the women who dined with him for his taste, the judgment he exercised in picking up novelties in exclusive New York shops. Even when alone he enjoyed the contemplation of precious silver and crystal, and the old English china in which he specialized. He invited Bruce's attention, as one connoisseur to another, to the graceful lines and colors of the water glasses—a recent acquisition.

Bruce, in a chair with a high, elaborately carved Gothic back, felt that he might be sitting at meat with some august dignitary in an ancient stronghold. But the sense of strangeness passed quickly under Mills's urbanity. As on the stormy night in the upstairs living room, Mills was almost disconcertingly at ease, and seemingly anxious to impress upon the young man who faced him across the round table the idea that their being together was the most natural thing in the world; or rather, that any other well mannered young man would have filled the place equally to the host's satisfaction. The food was excellent but doubtless no better than Mills ate every night, whether he dined alone or with Leila. The courses were served unhurriedly; Franklin Mills was not a man who would ever imaginably bolt his food. Again Bruce found his dislike, that at times became virulent hatred, ebbing. The idea that the man was his father only fleetingly crossed his mind. If Mills suspected the relationship he was an incomparable actor.

"I've never warmed to the idea that America should be an asylum for the scum of creation; it's my Anglo-Saxon conceit, I suppose. You have the look of the old American stock——"

"I suppose I'm a pretty fair American," Bruce replied. "My home town is Laconia—settled by Revolutionary soldiers; they left their imprint. It's a patriotic community."

"Oh, yes; Laconia! Carroll was telling me that had been your home. He has some relatives there himself."

"Yes, I know them," Bruce said, meeting Mills's gaze carelessly. "The fact is I know, or used to know, nearly everybody in the town."

"Carroll may have told you that I had some acquaintance with the place myself. That was a long time ago. I went there to look after some business interests for my father. It was a part of my apprenticeship. I seem to recall people of your name; Storrs is not so common—?"

"My father was John Storrs—a lawyer," said Bruce in the tone of one stating a fact unlikely to be of particular interest.

"Yes; John Storrs——" Mills repeated musingly. "I recall him very well—and his wife—your mother—of course. Delightful people. I've always remembered those months I spent there with a particular pleasure. For the small place Laconia was then, there was a good deal doing—dances and picnics. I remember your mother as the leading spirit in all the social affairs. Is she——"

"Father and mother are both gone. My mother died a little more than a year ago."

"I'm very sorry," Mills murmured sympathetically. "For years I had hoped to go back to renew (*Continued on page 134*)

By KATHLEEN

A New Story of Mayo and

Ellen *Plays*

Illustrations by



Ellen Murphy,
who, said Mart, "was there when the looks was give out."

"THAT one's the liar of the world," said Lizzie-Kate dispassionately. The liar of the world looked at her and grinned. He was still young; Lizzie-Kate would have said that he was "pushing four, God love 'um!" and his reputation sat lightly upon him. He had been eating some pasty substance that was now drying upon his fat cheeks, and mingling there with dirt, with large and recent tears, and with the hard rosy color and the first baby freckles. His handkerchief, had he possessed one, might have been used to advantage.

"He's grand," said Lizzie-Kate's sister, Ellen, also dispassionately. She sighed.

There ensued one of those long, contented, semi-mournful silences possible only to those in whose veins runs Irish blood. Ellen plunged a needle back and forth through the taut circle of linen she was embroidering heavily with red roses, for the Sisters' Benefit Fair. Lizzie-Kate thrust a lean, work-worn hand into a discouraging tangle of socks, studied one heel after another. Some of the socks belonged to "Josuph," her husband; these were twisted, distorted hose, with great curly-lipped holes. Some belonged to the liar of the world, otherwise "Flurry," otherwise Thomas Florence Kane aforementioned.

Flurry's socks were every color but white, every shape but foot-shape; the smart little tops were twisted by the wringer, and the darning ball slipped through the discolored heels. But sometimes his mother kissed them as she inspected them.

"Maybe he'd be delayed, the way he could do a few extra letters in the office, some afternoon, and then he'd be making love to you—I didn't know," Lizzie-Kate said mildly, after a while.

"Oh, for heaven's sakes!" Ellen laughed scornfully. They had been talking of Ellen's job with Beatty & Bird, and of young John Beatty, her employer's son. But Flurry had interrupted them.

Flurry had burst from the house with the statement that Baby had gotten out of the buggy and taken a piece of the sponge cake. As he himself still carried a wedge of the cake in his fat hand, and as Baby was but four months old, Lizzie-Kate had felt it necessary to slap his little palm, immediately restoring to him the tear-wet cake to silence the ensuing howls.

"Well, I didn't know——" Lizzie-Kate said now, lazily apologetic. She and Ellen were out in the back yard, in the dreamy warm spring morning, gossiping in a pleasant desultory manner about anything and everything. Their interests were manifold, and the microscopic deeds and events of the neighborhood occupied them tirelessly. That Ellen was young and pretty and that young Mr. John Beatty saw her in the office every day was enough to start speculations going in Ellen's immediate circle. But she denied everything, and Lizzie-Kate fell contentedly silent until the next topic should arise in her thoughts.

The back yard was a sort of sitting room for the neighborhood. Weather-burned steps on rickety uprights descended to it from the kitchen porch, which smelled sharply of wet, frozen vegetables all winter long and of dry milk bottles in summer. Porch and yard were strewn with useless objects that Lizzie-Kate was eternally determining to segregate, mend, burn or give away. There were boxes, bottles and barrels, pieces of discolored carpeting stiff with dirt and grease, ropes, wheels of toy wagons, odds and ends of tools and rusty bits of iron, and there was a three-sided shed, with a carpenter's table, crowded with dry paint pots, stiff brushes, half-rolls of wall paper, rags and outworn kitchen equipment of all sorts.

Behind the house ran the railroad tracks, partially shut from sight by the back of a large cigarette sign, for which Lizzie-Kate's husband received eight dollars a year. And up and down on each side stretched the line of similar yards, back porches and kitchen steps. The Kanes lived on the straggling outskirts of a Long Island town. New York and Beatty & Bird's offices were not quite ten miles away; Brooklyn, where some of the men of the family worked, was even nearer.

"I wonder you wouldn't like Mr. John, Ellen," said Lizzie-Kate after a while. "Seeing him every day——"

"At that rate I'd lose my heart to the colored elevator boy—I see him twice a day!" Ellen returned neatly. "I'll have my new dress Thursday," she added.

Lizzie-Kate did not see the connection. She was smart, but it would have taken supernatural smartness, in the face of apparent indifference like Ellen's, to connect the thought of Mr. John with Ellen's desire for Mr. John's approval of the nailhead crêpe de Chine. To Ellen the two thoughts were one.

"You'd look grand whatever you had on," Lizzie-Kate said simply.

Ellen made a scornful movement of her lips, as modesty demanded, but she knew it was true.

The girls of the world are divided into two classes: the pretty ones, and the ones who are not pretty. The latter have undoubtedly their compensations. They have pretty hands, hair or shoulders, they have brains or talents or charm. They have no bloom to lose in early middle life, and frequently actual beauty to gain; beauty of expression, figure, complexion and health. Life has done them an incurable injustice, none the less. But Ellen belonged to the first mentioned class. Ellen had

NORRIS

the Murphys, of Long Island

With Fire

James Montgomery Flagg



Mrs. Murphy—
a lean little Irishwoman with a tan face worn with years and worry.

been an extremely beautiful baby; she had looked like a baby saint in a "holy picture." She had been a beautiful little girl, with a curly, thick braid, and Irish eyes stuck in with a sooty finger. She had been youthful beauty incarnate when she graduated from Saint Rose's at seventeen—slender body, thick soft curly hair brushed smoothly back from her earnest, spiritual little face, virginal, perfectly round blue eyes fixed upon the Archbishop's face as he gave her her diploma.

She was radiant and exquisite now, in her twentieth year. Her complexion had a dazzling white transparent quality; when she blushed the color stained the clear skin like the carmine and cream of a fruit blossom. Her clipped, bushy hair was mahogany color and ringed itself against her low forehead like curling strands of silk. She had a splendid row of big, white, even teeth, and a small nose, always oddly white and with a suggestion of a tip.

"She's a stylish looking young one," Lizzie-Kate would sometimes concede, with pride. "Ellen was there when the looks was give out," her brother Martin admitted. "God takes no note of your skin, or the way you'd be bedevilin' your good hair, and the men runnin' like geese and ganders itself after you, but that maybe you'd say your prayers and save your soul!" was her mother's way of putting it. Mrs. Murphy, Ellen's mother, had been somewhat embittered by the trials and burdens of life.

But Ellen's old grandfather, Tom Florence, who lived with her mother, told her the truth. Old Tom was nearing the lifting of the veil, when he should see the truth a little more clearly. Indeed, he was half in the world to come already. He was shrunken, crippled "somethin' crool" with arthritis, clean, helpless, toothless and deaf. But he had bright blue Irish eyes, unextinguished among the laughter wrinkles that had accumulated in eighty-seven years of living and loving, and when he was not saying the "joyfuls" or the "sorrowfuls" on his old crosier beads, he was studying the political outlook of the world and "wondherin' that they wouldn't all quit hur'rlin' dir'rty names one at the other."

And he told Ellen the truth. He told her she was as beautiful as a little wild rose, and it on the hedges, with the larks going up to the blue sky and the butterflies rovin' on a May morning. He told her she was as beautiful as the mountains in the old country, with October in the air and the early morning mists risin' into the warm sunlight. He said to look at her, with the bright eyes of her, was like findin' a little lakeen, with a tiny sail going acrost it, and the sunset on the sail, and the smell of peat fires in the air.

Ellen laughed at him. She told him that vanity was a mortal sin, and it'd be on his soul, not hers. But she knew she was lovely, of course, and she had toward other girls that serene generosity that is born of the conviction that one looks better in an old hat than any other girl can look in a new, and that no matter whose confessed beau every other man in the room happens to be, he is interested in finding out who is favored at the moment by Miss Ellen Murphy.

"Many's the time a rich man has fallen in love with a poor girl and she making him a much better wife than the other!" mused Lizzie-Kate out of a dreamy silence, her thoughts still upon John Beatty.

"Not him!" Ellen answered with a wholesome laugh. "He was crazy about the Cutter girl—Miss Harriet Cutter," she added, turning a knife in her heart, and drawing a sharp little sigh with the words in spite of herself.

"Well, there'd be money enough, I shouldn't wonder," Lizzie-Kate said, in dry disapproval.

"Oh, she'll never take him!" Ellen yawned, almost naturally.

Her thoughts, electrified, secret, flew toward him, wherever he was. There was a family funeral today. Mr. Bird's grandmother had died, and the offices were closed. Ellen saw John Beatty; the merry red face of him would be sober for the once, she mused, as he went quietly about the big, darkened Bird house in east Seventieth Street. He was twenty-four, and only recently had he entered the family firm. At this time last year his college exploits had won him, in Ellen's and Lizzie-Kate's estimation at least, the title of the Holy Terror. But he seemed quieter now; it wasn't entirely unthinkable that a man so frankly unconventional, so delightfully, boyishly indifferent to his own family's prejudices and standards, might fall in love with the pretty, eager girl who was his father's stenographer. Yesterday hadn't he come over to Ellen's desk and leaned there, talking to her—the grin on him! And hadn't he given her three beautiful, pure linen handkerchiefs that anyone would be glad to use?

"Mind you, don't you be falling in love with him before he does with you!" Lizzie-Kate, watching her dreamy smile, warned her suddenly.

Ellen roused herself with an answering smile, of superiority and scorn.

"For heaven's sake, Lizzie-Kate, hit your phone or hang up!" she said good-naturedly. "You'd have me married to him, and all I get out of him is a 'good morning!' twice a week!"

"Yes, I know all about that 'good morning,'" Lizzie-Kate said significantly.

There was a silence. Then Ellen spoke idly, as if her thoughts had been drifting inconsequently.

"I declare I hate a holiday that isn't a day of obligation—I feel so queer, sitting around this way! I don't know will I wash my hair or wheel the Baby over to mama's."

The allied families of the Murphys, the Kanes and the Flints were all incredibly, unbelievably prosperous in their adopted

land. Ellen's mother and grandfather occupied, indeed, a small building well described by the word "shanty," but it was a palace to them. It had running water and a fine stove, it had a sunny porch where the old man could sit dreaming all day, watching the trains go by, and the living patchwork of fences, goats, vegetable gardens, wash lines, coughing flivvers, screaming children and heavy, staggering babies that composed the neighborhood. Many a multimillionaire has had a less entertaining and contented old age than that of Tom Florence.

Ellen and Lizzie-Kate, and an older daughter, now Mrs. Willie Flint, had all grown up in this tottering five-roomed place, had been among the shrieking, healthy, black-eyed children who tore madly about, all the year long, in snow fights, in floods, in summer swimming. Their brother Mart, a small, wizened, witty little man of thirty-five, still lived here, with his mother and grandfather. But the Flints had an apartment in the city itself now, and Lizzie-Kate and her husband Joe Kane, remaining in the home town, had a house near the trains. Ellen boarded with them.

At its best, however, all this prosperity, these loaded holiday tables, these white shoes and stockings for summer, these flivvers and movies and phonographs, would hardly have run to the extravagance of a nailhead crêpe de Chine dress for Ellen Murphy. But there was a special reason for that.

Willie Flint, Ellen's brother-in-law, was the head of Beatty & Bird's packing room, and it was through Willie that Ellen had secured her job with the firm. The Beattys were the makers of the famous "Daisy-Flower" dresses, and beautiful, slender Miss Murphy had been in their employ less than a month when it was discovered that her photograph, in the latest "Daisy-Flower," was as sweet and appealing an argument for the garment as could be devised.

So two or three times a year Ellen had a long morning in the show room, with a commercial photographer, and it had become customary now for a sample of the camel's hair coat, or the organdie, or taffeta, or velvet gown, to be informally presented to the model by the buyer for the department—an Irishwoman incidentally, whose late husband had been a warm friend of Ellen's late father—in appreciation of her courtesy.

Ellen regarded this as a bit of delightful but by no means exceptional luck. She had always been lucky, Martin was lucky, the entire family and all her friends, decent, industrious, smart and kindly folk, were constantly finding new veins of luck. Mar'gret Nolan didn't have beautiful gowns given her, to be sure, but then she and her mother had been "lent the loan" of her employer's cabin in the Catskills for two months last summer. Celia Calhoun worked hard on the telephone board, but then didn't she get a fox scarf, and opera seats, and eleven pounds of candy, and more than ninety dollars in tips, last Christmas? And as for poor Annie Callahan, that lost her husband last winter, didn't her little boy win a newspaper prize, and have his picture stuck up everywhere, and five hundred dollars besides?

The world was a smiling, exciting place to these friendly, busy, handsome, self-respecting families. There was no real reason why one of the Beattys, with all their wealth and position shouldn't fall in love with a Murphy.



Ellen heard her own name, eager hands pushed her. Her grandfather had

Ellen was twenty, and totally devoid of reasoning power. Wit she had, real common sense, and a sort of self-protecting shrewdness. But for the rest, she said and did the entirely brainless things usual to her age and beauty. She gossiped with the other girls at Beatty & Bird's, in the lunch room; they all agreed that they would never marry men younger, shorter or smaller than themselves, that a homely man had an advantage, that a woman was a fool not to leave a man for some hundred and seven good reasons, that they would marry a man who drank or who had a terrible temper, if they loved him; and each girl admitted that her beau of the moment was terribly jealous by nature.

They all talked unthinkingly, because they had neither experience enough, nor the desire, to think. Each said what sounded clever, amusing or shocking, and the actual facts of life touched them not at all.

Consequently, Ellen was not in a position to judge John Beatty by any true standard. He was twenty-four and handsome and rich, she was beautiful and twenty, and they saw each other every day. Ellen liked his clothes, his insolent, quiet sureness, his burned face and his sleek black hair. He seemed

young to talk to women, and of them, with so indifferent an air, half scornful, half amused, but always at least flatteringly attentive. Ellen thought his knowledge of her own emotions, his lazy anticipation of what she felt and what she was going to say, almost uncanny.

One spring day, now a fortnight past, when even the city stretched and smiled and rustled green leaves in tender sunlight,



roused from his stupor and asked for her. Trembling, she went in to him.

they had lunched together. It was quite accidental; they had entered the little "Puss-in-Boots" at the same moment; why shouldn't they sit at the same table? But of course John had paid for the meal—it was not even the sixty cent special, but an entirely original selection, ordered off the other card, and of course Ellen was thrilled.

And then one day he had said "No rush, honey," after dictating a letter.

Then there was the Saturday afternoon when they rode up to the end of the omnibus line together and had ice cream afterward, talking, talking and talking. Ellen had told Lizzie-Kate a lie about this.

And then he had asked Ellen if she wouldn't like to come to supper at the Beachways Club on the first Sunday in May.

That was all; it was enough. Each of these previous occasions had been more or less unpremeditated. But this was definite.

Ellen's heart and soul, her mind and body, were long before this thrilling to the most potent magic in the world. Life was singing, floating, exulting, dreaming—nothing else. The clumsily rumbling green omnibuses under the beautiful canopy of leaves, the rising of morning smoke into morning air, the streets drowsing in the spring afternoons under newly dropped awnings, the new hats and suits, the chip-chipping of feet upon pavements: all this was glory and ecstasy and delight.

She loved herself, her filmy shirtwaists, her brief tweed skirt, her transparent brown silk stockings with their cotton tops and toes, her blue eyes shining under the white-lined hat from last year with the gardenia on it. She could not read a book in these days, or even bring her mind down to her prayers or to a sermon. She laughed in a sort of joyous insanity when her mother attempted to pin her down to rational talk.

But this Beachways invitation was not all joy, and Ellen had to think of it seriously. In the first place, at the mere idea her mother and Lizzie-Kate would be "fit to be tied." Ellen, their beauty and their baby, whose morals were the favorite subject of their prayers, running off with young Beatty to one of those wild dear-knows-what sort of places!

For Beachways was a club eternally suspected, and eternally defended. There were homely, irreproachable, enormously rich and influential women who declared that it was the safest place in the world for the youngsters to have a good time; golf, tennis, cards, mah jong, dancing, innocent suppers and luncheons, "with one of us always there, I assure you, Isabelle."

There were other rumors about Beachways, however, rumors that sometimes involved hip flasks, runaways, scandals, intemperance, certain sorts of undesirable dances and license generally. And perhaps both its reputations were correct. Possibly young persons could find at Beachways, as everywhere else, pretty much what they desired to find, good or bad.

Ellen knew both sides, by hearsay, but she knew more than this. She knew that socially important persons were usually there on Sunday night; there would be a score of young men and women there who would know John Beatty, at least slightly, and who would feel a certain significance in his bringing a totally unknown young woman among them. It was called a sports club, but that Sunday supper was not informal.

Was he in love with her? Her heart fluttered up like a lark, straight into uncharted realms of sunshiny whiteness and glory, as she mentally phrased the words.

Somehow she didn't believe it. Or at least he did not love her as other men had. There was nothing incoherent yet definite about what John said to her. On the contrary, he was strangely unstirred and oddly inconsequential. He paid her compliments, he talked with a thrilling freedom of his affairs, his quarrel with his sister, his overdrawn allowance. He told her of his friends, too, their marriages and divorces, the little personalities that Ellen found fascinating.

But was he in love with her? If she could think he was, she would go to the Beachways Club, of course, although it meant awkwardness with mama and Lizzie-Kate. She would go there, and lunch with him again this week, and adjust her whole future to meet this new and glittering contingency. If he was not, then that was a point to consider. Her heart began to ache

forlornly at the mere thought. The world turned gray—turned black. If he wasn't——

Well then, nothing. He must—he simply must be in love with her. Why else should he ask her? At least this must be the beginning, and that club supper might enormously cement his affections——

But was he in love with her?

Ellen's mind went back and forth over it incessantly. She could obviously consult no one. Lizzie-Kate would have instantly denounced the whole project; her mother would regard her as a lost soul. Mart would sting her with some comment belittling enough, even in imagination, to bring the blood up under her white skin.

She would go; it was decided. She would tell Lizzie-Kate that she was going to stay with the Flints, in the Bronx; her sister Julie had an extra bed, in the girls' room, where Ellen had been a welcome guest before this. So that was settled.

Panic would beset her. Of course she wouldn't go! A girl her age going to a swell country club with a young society man, her employer's son, and lying to her mother and sister about it!

Ellen bought a hat at a sale, a delightful English hat, with a plain wide rolled brim and one drooping feather. The nail-head dress came home. She would go.

She could, with apparent spontaneity, go in to the city, to her sister Jule's house, on Sunday. Then she could telephone Lizzie-Kate that she was going to stay in town——

More difficulties. How on earth, then, could she get the dress in? She couldn't very well wear it into town, in the crowded subway on a Sunday. Lizzie-Kate would think she was losing her senses.

And then another thing: the Beachways Club was over on the Long Island shore, only twenty miles, as it happened, from Ellen's home. Why should she drag John Beatty way into the city, up to the Bronx, and back again? She could say she was going to Jule's—and go to the local public library——

Oh, it was all too confusing and difficult! Of course she wouldn't go.

Yet Ellen was ambitious. Her forbears had risen from the very sod, from the peat fires and dusty markets of the old country to gas stoves, to kid boots, to gloves, to having the laundry done outside the house. This metamorphosis was far more startling than any of which Ellen dreamed. The old grandmother running barefoot after geese on the Irish moors, with never a hat on her bright black curls; the daughter accustomed, even in a shack, to glass windows, to wooden floors, to the telephone and the paved roadway; and the granddaughter—Ellen, in silk stockings, and an English hat, having supper at a smart country club, and marrying—ah, didn't the heroine of her dreams always marry her employer's son?

She decided to go. What harm in it, at worst? And when John came over to her desk on Saturday morning and said, shuffling a sheaf of papers, "How about tomorrow?" she answered, with a bright flush: "Sure. I'd love to come. Pick me up in the public liberry at quarter to six. That's right near mama's house."

"Good girl!" John said, nodding. Her spirits soared; she did not waver again, for the rest of that day.

But the next day was trying. Ellen went to church before breakfast, came home to put her best waist on a hanger in the cool tumbled bedroom, went downstairs chilly and hungry, in what her mother called a key-moaner, and blinked over her smoking coffee cup.

Mrs. Murphy had returned with her daughter for breakfast, Mart always slept very late on Sunday mornings, and his mother need not be home until ten o'clock on his account. She usually paid her married daughter a visit at this time.

She was a lean little Irishwoman with a tan, freckled face worn with years, ill health, griefs and worry. Her colorless features and faded eyes were framed in a limp widow's veil; she wore a bedraggled black dress, a worn but heavy coat, and about her lean throat a strip of lifeless, worn black fur. Of this she always spoke as "me boa." She was undergoing the tedious process of getting new teeth, her gums were empty and her mouth sank in forlornly; she was resentfully conscious that she had changed in appearance.

"What are ye doin' today, whatever, Ellen?" she asked, dipping her toast. "Don't do that, lovey,' she added to Flurry, who sat in a highchair, straining to reach the forbidden sugar.

"I don't know; nothing," Ellen answered indifferently. But her heart began to thump.

"I was thinkin' you might step over and set with grandpa, he's not very well, the way I could go to the Calavarian," her mother pursued. "That's at five, and you could stay and have a taste of dinner with us. It's queer, askin' your own to dinner," added Mrs. Murphy to her elder daughter complainingly. "Would anny one of youse ever be steppin' in to eat off us if I dint ask you of a night I'd pick?"

"You know Josuph and me'd always be living with you, mama," Lizzie-Kate said, warmly affectionate, "if it wasn't that he'd have to get such an early train on me——"

She set down a pot of fresh coffee and kissed the top of her mother's dingy bonnet. "If Josuph goes downtown I'll be over with the children right after lunch, and Ellen'll be in and sit with grandpa, so don't you worry!"

"Well, maybe you would, Lizzie-Kate," her mother responded, the more quickly mollified because she had not in the least believed what she was saying. "I lost my sister Agnes the day month before you were born," continued Mrs. Murphy in a high, slightly oratorical tone, "and to the old nurse I had—Aunt Grace we'd be calling her, and she no kin to anny of our blood whatever—to her I said, 'I've marked the young baby——'"

Neither daughter listened; they had heard all this many times. Ellen was concerned to know whether or not she stood committed to this dreadful program; she loved her grandfather, and she was his favorite, and old Tom, once she appeared, would be most unwilling to have her run away again.

"I thought maybe I'd go in and see Jule, and Immelda," she suggested presently. Both the other women looked at her in surprise.

"Jule said maybe she'd go to Trenton today and see Willie's aunt in the convent," Lizzie-Kate reminded her.

"Well, Immelda and Uncle Willie might be home," Ellen said, frightened but persistent.

"Well, I should think poor grandpa would come before Immelda Flint!" Mrs. Murphy said roundly. "Never have I ever heard annything the bet of that——"

"Isn't Clem coming to take you walking, like always?" Lizzie-Kate added innocently as Mrs. Murphy, who had never intended to finish her sentence, resumed her breakfast in portentous silence.

"Oh goodness—heavens—for the love of Saint Aloysius, *please* stop minding my business for five *minutes!*" Ellen almost shouted, jumping up, snatching



John Beatty,
twenty-four and handsome and rich.



"It's his old blackthorn he wants!" cried Ellen. Grandpa crowed in ecstasy as his old hands fondled it.

the heavy folds of the morning paper and flouncing into the comfortable, steam-heated little parlor, where she flung herself into a Morris chair.

Her mother and sister resumed an endless conversation calmly.

"Lookin' like death itself," Ellen heard her mother say, presumably of her grandfather, "with the skin like wax on him! And whin I think of yure papa, and poor Lilly," went on the old woman in a sort of singsong, "and me alive, that'd give my life for the either of them——"

Ellen rattled the sheets, her eyes resting upon the picture of a hairy spider in an enormous net, spread across a double sheet. In the filaments also were involved a young man in evening dress, a beautiful Turkish woman, an immense diamond ring, bags of gold and a pretty young American girl in a tailored suit.

She would read this later; now her thoughts were traveling in a troubled groove. The plan of going to Jule's seemed to be impracticable—and there was the grandpa complication. It was becoming harder every minute to treat the whole affair as an accidental arrangement.

On the other hand it was unthinkable that John should expect her, call at the little local library for her this afternoon and be disappointed. Ellen could imagine his resentment of any such treatment as that; her heart stood still at the mere thought of having him angry with her.

"Oh, darn it—darn it—*darn* it!" she whispered, half crying as she stood in a litter of comic supplements and sporting and dramatic and automotive sections of the newspaper, and stared drearily out at the dreary street. The spring morning was silent, dull and overcast. Now and then a chill breeze, heavy with rain and the smell of earth and leaves, moved restlessly through the world. From the parlor window Ellen saw her brother Mart in his new, thick overcoat, coming in the gate.

Mart was wizened, his hair thinning at the temples, his words almost all of the vernacular. He was a (*Continued on page 148*)

Adventurers—*Limited*

"I AM so weary," said Homer D. Vokes,
Of commonplace places and commonplace folks,
Dull middle-class men with dull middle-class wives
Who live uneventful, conventional lives
With middle-class incomes and middle-priced cars
And middle-class taste as to food and cigars;
'Main-Streeters' and 'Babbitts'
With unchanging habits,
Traditional thoughts and traditional ways;
The people who labor for most of their days
To get enough money
So that, in good time,
They may seek a sunny
And balmier clime,
Thus boosting the real estate business in Florida
By crowding each porch and each big hotel corridor"
(*Note*, by the Poet—
A bad rhyme? I know it!
But use *h* for *r* as a Hahvahd man would,
And you'll have a rhyme that is perfectly good).
"It's people like these, as all travelers know,
Who cause California's cities to grow,
And whom you will find in Bermuda, Nassau,
And down in Havana, when winter grows raw.
Nice people, kind people
But dully inclined people
With virtues at which one can't rightfully cavil,
But whom I should like to escape when I travel.

"And so I shall sail
On the Orient trail
Across the Pacific—and thus, as I plan,
I'll meet with a gayer, more venturesome clan
Of rovers and roamers who wander the seas
As footloose and free as the salt ocean breeze;
Adventurers, gypsies, tramps royal—the kind



Who long ago left all of Main Street behind."
(That Homer D. Vokes
Came of middle-class folks
Is one of life's whimsical cute little jokes—
A thing he'd forgotten or chose to live down
The best that he could in his Middle West town.)

Well, Homer D. Vokes started off on his trip,
And, climbing the gangway that led to his ship,
He noted that most of the crowd on the decks
Looked swagger and smart, and the feminine sex
Was well represented by ladies so fair
And with such a manner and poise debonair
That Homer said: "Gee,
This looks good to me,
This bunch is the sort I've been hoping to see.
A much-traveled outfit, with whom I shall find



Amusement and stimulus good for my mind."
The great whistle blew as a warning, and then
A deep voice repeated again and again,
"All ashore that is going ashore." Whereupon
The beautiful ladies were, suddenly, gone,
Gone—gone down the gangway, to stand on the dock
And wave at their friends on the boat.
Oh the shock
To Homer D. Vokes, when he saw that the throng
Of smart looking folks wasn't going along!

THUS somewhat bereft,
Young Homer D. Vokes
Surveyed what was left
Of the voyaging folks
And found, of the two or three hundred aboard,
Four-fifths seemed the commonplace sort he deplored,
A middle-class, Middle West, middle-aged bunch.
"Good night!" remarked Homer, and went down
to lunch.
But still, "There is hope," said our hero, "for I
Have lamped a few damsels who rank pretty high
In looks and in manner; and there are a few
Unusual masculine persons in view,
World travelers, doubtless, explorers and such,
Who've touched every port that a rover could touch."
The long ocean swell caught the vessel; it heeled,
It shuddered and pitched and it wallowed and
reeled,
The smart looking ladies, the keen-visaged men
Grew pale—went below, and were not seen again!

HOMER D. VOKES was an excellent sailor,
No storm ever made him perceptibly paler,
And thus he was able
To come to the table,
Partake of his food with the heartiest zest
And wander the ship, un-upset, undistressed.
"All ships are the same," was at length his decision,
Pronounced in a fashion of quiet derision.

By BERTON BRALEY

Illustrations by J. W. McGurk

(He knew all about it, of course, for he'd been
As far as Havana and clear back again.)
"All ships are the same, or at least so I've found.
There's always the high-powered exercise hound
Who walks the broad promenade deck round and round;
And there are the jays
Who spend all the days
Persistently trying with undismayed hope
To ring a small peg with some circles of rope;



Then there are the shuffleboard players—the game
Has always impressed me as fearfully tame,
But some people make it their all day employment
And seem to find something resembling enjoyment
In shoving those shuffleboards hither and yon
Or urging their partners 'Your turn now, come on!'
And there are the bridge players, silent as death,
Who frown if you talk except under your breath.
And—oh well, you know,
Wherever you go
Each ship has the same kind of drama to show."

Thus Homer D. Vokes
Inspected the folks
Bound westward to visit the glamourous East,
And hourly his wonderment grew and increased.
"For where," he exclaimed,
"Are the gypsies untamed,
The hunters and wanderers justly far-famed,
Whose talk is of jungle and veldt and frontier?
Where are they? The talk that I constantly hear
Is how San Diego has grown in a year,
What roads they are building in Dane County, Wis.;
How Kansas had better crops last year than this;
Whom Jimmie has married back home in St. Paul;
What Omaha spent on a new music hall;
How Henry Ford's railroad is running like fury;
How bootleggers thrive in St. Louis, Missouri;
Hotel rates in Davenport, South Bend, Moline,
'The mileage I made with my latest machine';
And other such subjects; they're all well enough,
But where is the picturesque Orient stuff?

"These people—they're just like the people at home;
That queer little bird with the round shiny dome
Who watches the bridge games but never cuts in,
Is some local banker from Osakis, Minn.
Those gossipy dowagers, fat, double-chinned,
Are wholesalers' spouses from Evansville, Ind.
Those spectacled girls with the voices so shrill
Are public school teachers from Effingham, Ill.
That skinny old maid who is dressed like a deb
Sells hats in some village like Sutherland, Neb.
That fussy dyspeptic with eyes like a fish
I'd peg as a lawyer from Ann Arbor, Mich.
I know 'em—they're types that could never be missed,
I don't need to look at the passenger list.

"World-rovers, indeed!
I never will heed—
No, never again—any stuff that I read
On 'meeting the people of worth and of note,'
I'm certain there aren't any such on *this* boat.
Ho hum and heigho,
A guy ought to know
The dope in the travel ads cannot be so;
'The gay social life
With which ships are rife'—
Gay! Say, every *pretty* girl's somebody's wife,
And those who aren't married
Have constantly tarried
Below in their cabins, or else could be seen
Reclining on steamer chairs, turning pale green;
I ask you, what chance
Is there for romance
When moonlight gleams over the ocean's expanse
If all the best bets in this passenger throng
Are seasick, or wed—with their husbands along?
So all that is left are the commonplace folks,
The middle-aged, middle-class, Middle West sort
Who haven't a bit of the spirit of sport,



Who talk the same talk and who make the same jokes
You hear upon Main Street—I'd hoped I would find
A passenger list of a different kind.
But oh, what's the use?" muttered Homer D. Vokes.

FIVE days on the water—then out of the blue
Rose Diamond Head's dark, rugged bulk to the view;
The surf tumbled whitely on Waikiki beach,
And, far as the eyes of the watchers could reach,

The Isle of Oahu gleamed lovely and green.
And lining the passes high up in the hills
And fringing blue waters of loveliest sheen
Lay fair Honolulu, the city that thrills
The heart with its beauty. The ocean was calm,
The air full of fragrance and sunshine and balm;
So out of their cabins and up from their chairs
The sick folk arose, quite forgetting their cares.



And pretty girls chatted
And keen-visaged men,
Well tailored, well hatted,
Were noticed again.
And "Ain't that the limit!" said Homer D. Vokes,
Addressing the Doctor who stood by his side,
"I'm getting off here, while these worth while folks
Whom I have not seen during all of the ride
At last have their sea legs—too late in the game
To cheer up the voyage. I'll say it's a shame."
Then Homer repeated, in substance, his wail
Regarding the "dull, poky crowd on the ship."
The Doctor heard gravely the pitiful tale,
And then he remarked with a smile on his lip:
"'Tain't always gold that has a glisten,
I'll put you wise, young fellow, listen.
The 'bird that watches bridge games—with the round and shiny dome'—
Is a famous orchid hunter, and New Guinea is his home;
Those gossipy old dowagers are missionaries' wives,
And in the tropic jungle they have spent and risked their lives.
Those girls you thought were teachers—that's exactly what they are,
They're going back to teach again—away off in Samar!
That skinny spinster lady in the flapper outfit dressed
Has climbed a thousand mountains in the East and in the West,
And she's gonna join a party that'll try Mount Everest;
The 'fussy old dyspeptic' whom you thought a legal light
Of the city of Ann Arbor—well, you scarcely pegged him right;
Ethnology's his business—in the studying of man
He's sauntered through the Congo and he's wandered Martaban,
From Spitzbergen to Borneo he's lived in various climes,
He's been around this little world some forty-seven times,
He speaks some twenty languages and fifty dialects,
He knows the lore of races and of nations and of sects;
And yet he'd rather talk about the small Mid-western town
Where, when his wanderings are done, he hopes to settle down.

"There's soldiers and adventurers and hunters on this boat
Who've lived more tales and novels than Rud Kipling ever wrote,
But they don't often spout 'em,
If you want to hear about 'em
You've gotta sort of lead 'em in a gentle coaxing style—
But once you get 'em started, boy, they'll hold you for a while!
Add up the total mileage that these 'dull old duds' have done,
And it would make the distance from this planet to the sun;
Get this in your cerebellum,
Write it neatly down on vellum,
Explorers and Adventurers, you can't most always tell 'em!
They don't wear signs to show you all the places they have traveled,
Nor print upon their shirt front all the miles that they've unraveled,
But they're an interesting gang, and if you didn't get
To learn the facts about 'em—then you've simply missed a bet."

Young Homer Vokes considered, and he blushed a rosy red.
"I sure have been a dumbbell and an utter boob," he said.



"But if this band of valiant souls who do not look the part
Are circumnavigators who have covered all the chart—
Then what, I humbly ask you, is this swagger crowd and smart
Which flits about the upper decks in all its bright array?"
The Doctor smiled a canny smile, and then he answered: "They?
Oh, they're a crowd of tourists from Sioux City, Ioway."

By IDA M. EVANS

The Story of a Spoiled Girl

Spare the Rod



Nona Garrity

Illustrations by
C. D. Williams

THE word *aristocrat* has an awkward sound from American mouths. It seems unsuited, like an orchid on a nickel-plated gas stove or a white satin cockade on a linen salesman's derby hat. Yet it has survived while Bastilles have fallen and white powdered wigs have been trailed in the dust. And on the single word hangs Nona Garrity's story.

One experiences difficulty in fixing a point to begin her story. Properly enough, it might be fixed before she was born and in a place her spoiled violet eyes never knew—the steerage where Sam Garrity smoked a short black cob pipe with his mind hard upon America and the fortune he could find and the family he might found there.

Sam Garrity had black hair and Mary Garrity had the same. Those who know their Mendel can explain why Nona had a brilliant, satiny, red-gold head that at seven years attracted attention in Chicago's crowded West Side streets.

"Swells," was Sam's synonym. "Our baby's got the looks," he grandiloquently said to her mother. "We'll marry her among the swells."

From the beginning the Garrity Iron Works knew steady growth. Sam had a small round vulgar head, but it was a wizard and masterful head in its way, and old world purpose has often found new world conditions kindly to fortune making.

It is likely enough that Hard Malloy was in that West Side kitchen more than once when Sam chose to make boastful prophecy. Hard's father and uncles had come over in the same steerage with Sam. He was a thick-muscled, heavy-featured boy who preferred twelve hours in a Garrity furnace room to nine-to-four at school. But he had gone to school a few grades above Nona and his precocious bullying fingers liked to handle her satin-like hair until one Sunday noon she stamped her foot and flung a plate of stew in his face and over his hands. Sam sent him home forthwith, with an order to keep his hands off her hair thereafter, and dried Nona's tears of temper with a dollar bill.

Mary Garrity complained to her in-laws and neighbors that Sam did not know how to raise a child and would not listen to her. "White shoes on week days and satin for Sundays! He's got no sense." But Sam chuckled and never explained to Mary just how powerfully his iron works had begun to loom in Chicago's industrial circles. Grandiloquently he waved aside her fretful fears when the first small flat was given up for a pretentious frame cottage which soon was exchanged for a larger, much bay-windowed house on Center Street.

Nona was only ten then and already too conscious of her eyes and hair; too conscious as well of the growing dollars of the iron

works. She had a rather loud laugh, too. Hearing it one evening on his way home and the next moment coming upon her at a street corner surrounded by young fellows of the neighborhood, with Hard Malloy among them, Sam Garrity thoughtfully scowled to himself.

Querulously Mary Garrity met him halfway. "Sure, she's getting talked about all over the neighborhood. Roller skating till ten o'clock at night when you're down at the works! But you're the one that's raising her."

Sam sent her away to boarding school when she was twelve. The last few days before going she strutted with pride up and down the street and showed Hard Malloy her new wrist watch. Gold, with tiny turquoises in the links. But she took to dormitory rules as a tomboy takes to her first pair of stays, with tears and sulkiness, and she dashed back with homesickness.

Obdurate to her wheedlings for once, Sam sent her to another school from which she was expelled in her second month for saying, "Make me, if you can!" to two different instructors. The third she airily left before Sam could be summoned by an outraged head because she had tied the rhetoric instructor's ten black cotton stockings, four soiled, to the fire escape to flutter in the morning breeze. From a fourth and a fifth she was requested to depart because her low-cut evening dresses, bought on her personal allowance from Sam, did not at all suit her fourteenth year.

It was a few months after her fifth home-coming, which Sam had disapprovingly allowed to be final, that Henry Banely, among other Chicagoans, put a finger into a Garrity contract. A lean enough finger. The Banely family had heirloom silver and a narrow old house on Elm Street, and it had watched State Street change from frame store buildings to twenty-stories of brick and stone, but its fortunes could bear bolstering.

Henry, whose neat white sideburns were not appendages to a stupid elderly face, wrote his son Jerrold, at the time in an Eastern law school: ". . . and you occurred to me. He's a fat little wide awake bullhead with twenty-two hundred dinner pails already hanging in his shops. He's got in with the B. & F. interurban folks. He agreed with me that your LL. B. might be useful around his office. He's not prejudiced against young blood in the management of the works. The opening you want——"

In the course of a year Jerrold Banely, a lean, serious young man with very white, blue veined wrists, very smooth black hair, a well rounded forehead and a pair of thin and remarkably self-contained lips, arrived at the Garrity works, which at the time sprawled in mushroom expansion, the offices in a new pressed brick side building, the huge chimneys' smoke calling forth protests from West Side residents.

Sam had just finished building the big stone house on the Lake Shore Drive; and Sam, the house and Nona, with her hair piled high on her immature head and a gaudy ermine-lined white velvet cape falling to her white satin slippers, had been headlined in all newspapers.

The front pages were spread out on a wide desk and Sam was gloating and smirking over them, in fact, when young Banely was shown in. But Sam pushed them aside fast enough and discussed iron.

Presently Jerrold "touched off" Nona, not for his father who had suddenly died, but for the ears of several young fellows at his club. Young Chicagoans of clubs and restaurants had begun to take amused, avid interest in Sam's daughter. She had made the headlines again—not many young women drove cars in those early days and hers had collided with a coal wagon and Nona had violently blamed the coal man.

"She struts into her father's offices like a burlesque actress," said Jerrold in disgust. "And he hands her money by the hatful. Some of the workmen misunderstand her—or understand her too well. One makes a point of lounging in the corridor while she's about and saying something at which the other men laugh as soon as she's strutted past."

Because of a certain loyalty to his employer, he did not add that when she had gone Sam had a habit of asking everyone within view, with a smirk on his face and in his voice: "Don't she get better looking every year? Well, I guess she got enough schooling."

A serious young man was Jerrold Banely, not altogether to be blamed for possessing his own code. From the beginning he separated Sam's weaknesses from his strength and had a curious faint liking for the little ambitious round-headed man, a liking that grew. He guessed that in the end Nona might bring Sam more discomfort than comfort.

He learned the name of the lounging young workman and was much annoyed when Hard Malloy began to scowl at him impudently, as if there were some strong reason for personal grudge. Hard's heavy schoolboy features had become heavier and unwholesome with full stature. Jerrold noticed, with disgust, that Nona giggled a good deal at times when she found Hard in her path and at other times paid no more attention to the fellow than to a lamp-post in a street.

Soon enough Jerrold was experiencing annoyance at Nona, even dislike of her. From Sam she had inherited a loud lack of finesse. Introduced to Jerrold by Sam, she had promptly invited him to come up to the house and see her some evening—any evening. Sam stood by and smirkingly seconded the invitation.

A week or two later she whirled over to the iron works in her new automobile to find out why he had not come. Behind her in the doorway Sam listened with interest to hear why, too. Jerrold knew of no particular reason for gushing courtesy to a half grown girl whose shoes and hats were too old for her. He said he was busy evenings. A month later Sam was regarding him with puzzled, half unfriendly round eyes and Nona flounced past his desk without troubling to say good day or any other kind of day.

However, because Sam's naïve insistent invitations were hard to withstand, he attended one party in the big new stone house whose turret, porte-cochère and brand new glass of conservatory roof had already become sightseers' goals on Chicago's most showy residential street.

Bright young newspapermen's goals, as well. There was a suave, glib, black coated line of these trailing, like hounds on scent, Nona's brilliant immature head, whose reddish gold was made more colorful by contrast with her low-cut black velvet dress and thin shoulders, to which she had too liberally applied liquid powder.

There were many young men of other occupations, too. Jerrold recognized club and restaurant friends. Also he saw a newcomer to Chicago, the Count de Culsac—so called—a well groomed person who wore a perpetual ingratiating smile and a monocle on his rather full face. Before the evening was over Nona, with a laugh that perceptibly got louder, was apparently leading the Count around as she would a docile dog.

The party was graced by too many musicians and flowers, too much champagne and a red velvet carpet stretched to the curb outside. Jerrold Banely left early, with a guess as to the future.

His guess was correct. She married the Count three months later. Jerrold Banely was not displeased. Then she returned from her eastern honeymoon and Sam saw no reason why she should not live right on at home with her husband and the children which she would probably have.

But neither Nona nor her titled husband had any unnecessary reticence. Their quarrels had right of way. When he learned that a Count—so called—may not prove the most comfortable ornament for a man's home, Sam reacted according to his nature.

Whatever may have been his hopes concerning Jerrold, the little masterful man had licked not ill pleased lips, after an interval, over the title Nona, sticking in an immature white thumb, had pulled out of the social plum cake. But there came a day when he stamped into his private office with a red, angry face and had little to say to anyone, and that little in grunts.

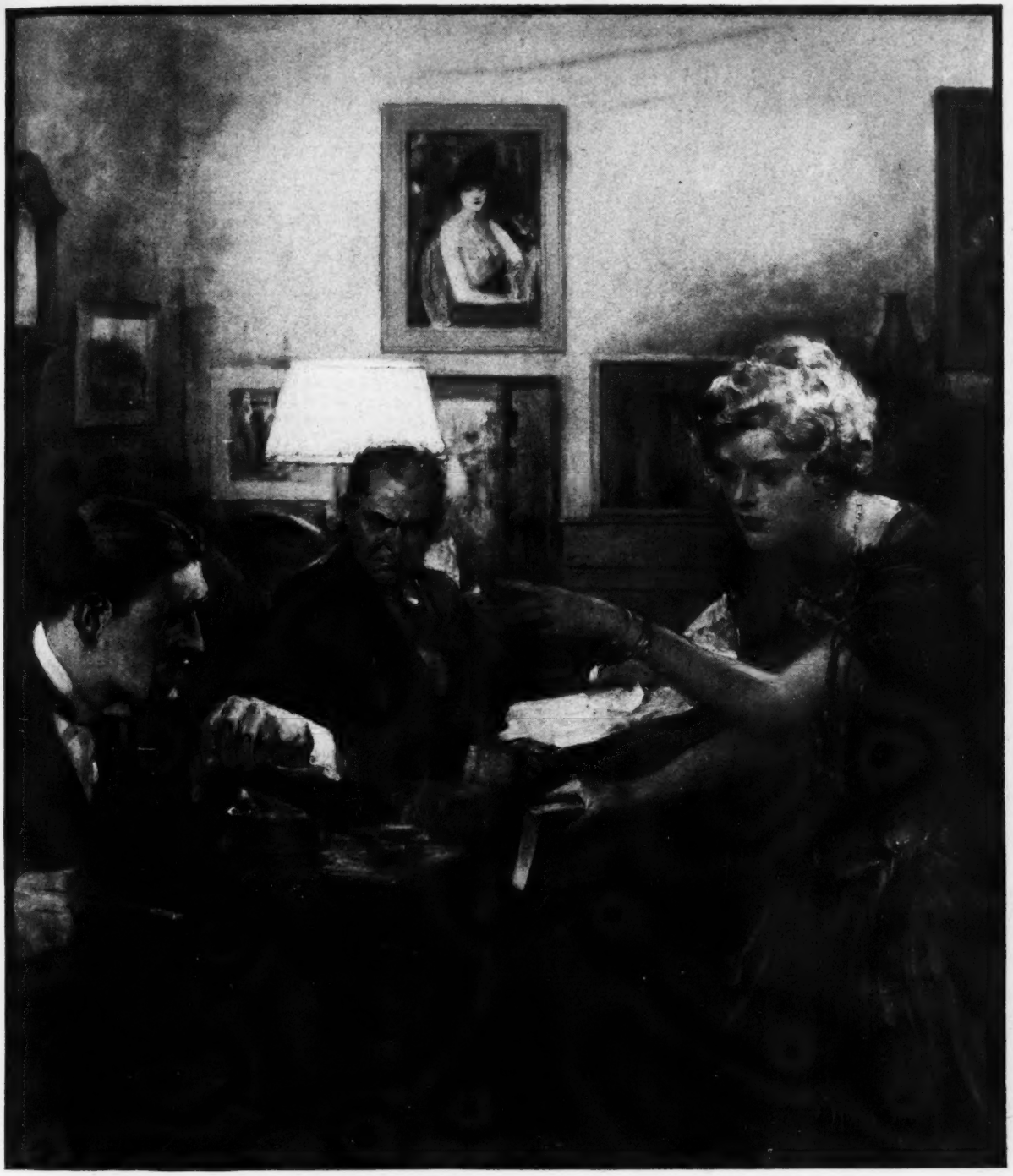
Nona and the Count went off on another trip, came back, went again, lived awhile at hotels. Nona came home without her husband, he followed, more hotel life. Headlines in the newspapers began to follow each other like black cawing birds to a spilled sack of white corn. What Nona thought about married life she was perfectly willing to tell any newspaper representative. The iron works saw her little in person. When she did come down she rudely ignored Jerrold Banely. That caused no great pain to him. Still, he was angrily moved to interference, unwisely, one day when he came upon Hard Malloy reading a newspaper paragraph aloud to a group of workmen. Hard's mouth was curled too enjoyably.

"Get to your work," Jerrold snapped. "This isn't noon hour."

"And you're not a foreman," spat back Hard. "Mind your business!"

Headlines hinted at a son-in-law's brutality and a father-in-law's closed check book. Then, abruptly, Nona ran away from a hotel and her husband with a vaudevillian monologuist whom she had met sometime, somewhere. With a stony face high in the air Sam ignored all men, including his employees, for many days. Then he began to sort his morning mail hastily.

Through the crowded, meteoric months Jerrold had not been unmoved by sympathy for Sam. But when a sudden business matter connected with the iron works called him to southern Missouri and Sam asked him to be message bearer to Nona, who, her father had ascertained through private detectives, was staying



Neither Nona nor her titled husband had any unnecessary reticence. Their quarrels had right of way.

in St. Louis at that time, Jerrold Banely was most unwilling. Such an errand!

However, the message, nine-tenths fury and threat and one-tenth helpless forgiveness, was hastily concocted and forced into his unwilling care. And for what followed its delivery both Nona and Jerrold Banely might have divided the blame.

It was hardly incumbent on Jerrold to add his own lump of advice to the message. For all his own connection with Sam, he had exchanged perhaps less than a hundred words directly with the girl herself.

But Nona angered him at the start—this in addition to the dislike which he actually felt for her. She refused to come down to the ladies' parlor to hear her father's message but had coolly bidden a grinning bellboy bring the bearer up to her room. In those days few women received men callers in their hotel bedrooms. But Nona, her brilliant hair pinned up untidily, her eyes violet lights of mockery, in a loose and unreticent orange-flowered kimono, sat carelessly on the edge of the bed, one small foot half dangling out of a silk slipper, and with an orange-wood stick cared for her finger nails while she listened to him.

Another girl was in the room, writing letters at the bureau. The monologuist was not in evidence.

Easy enough to guess why. A check book of the open variety was needed to palliate Nona's temper and eyes, perhaps. For any man.

Jerrold, standing in the middle of the room, stiffly asked her—because Sam had told him to ask and because after all she was the kind of girl to whom one could put the question—whether the fellow intended to marry her provided the Count could be prevailed upon to agree to a quiet annulment of marriage.



Nona and the other girl received Jerrold's advice with screams of laughter.

"O-oh!" Her mouth pouted into a whistle. Perhaps *she* didn't intend to marry the fellow! She had had one husband who hadn't worn. And the monologuist promised to imitate—*um-m*—perhaps it was safer for a woman and—*um-m*—wiser for a woman to—*um-m*——

"I think the wisest thing you could do would be to blow out your brains!" said Jerrold in his sudden anger and contempt.

He was under thirty, and he came of a family that had certain principles. The contempt was for the headlines in which she had already figured—and possibly some for Hard Malloy, who wore his unclean heart on his soiled and ribald sleeve. Perhaps some of the anger was because of remembrance of Sam miserably half slumped over his wide polished mahogany desk back in Chicago, stenographers fiercely shut out of the room while he concocted his message to a self-willed girl.

At the advice Nona screamed with laughter. She put down the orange-wood stick to place her hands to her slim sides while she shook with amusement.

The other girl, too, turned and joined in the laugh. A cheap actress apparently, with a thin, sulky, over-rouged face and thick hair something like Nona's, except that Nona's was naturally red-gold while the other's was not. Jerrold's contempt heightened. After all, whatever Sam's faults, he had enabled this girl of his to choose better company. But in her tastes she clearly followed the line of least resistance.

Jerrold flung angrily out of the cheap room and the hotel. To Sam he managed what report in civility he could.

Sam roared, "I'll kill him if she don't marry him!" And slammed away the evening papers when an office boy laid them on his desk.

He did not kill him.

And a week later Jerrold Banely, with a horror that was like ice enfolding his physical heart, learned that as an adviser he had been most successful.

Sam's check book had been kept stonily closed that week. At the end he got a telegram asking what disposal should be made of the body of his daughter Nona, who had left a note of farewell in St. Louis and a hotel bill of forty-six dollars.

Nona Garrity's story seemed to end when Sam, gray-faced, stony of speech, brought her back from a morgue in St. Louis and refused to allow her mother to open the coffin.

The revolver had been thirty-eight caliber and put to a temple. The scrubwomen of the hotel had had an ugly task. Without the note of farewell, Nona, might scarcely have been identified.

From somewhere in the South, considerably wilted in coming, there came a bunch of asters signed with the name of the girl with whom it seemed Nona had shared expenses that last week or two after the monologuist had returned to his wife in Elmira, New York.

But Nona's story did not end. It moldered, like a body in a grave.

And then, sixteen years later, with Sam's death, her story seemed only to have begun. It struggled out of its grave. It dragged its way into the courts. It spun over records. It flamed in the feud it caused anew between Jerrold Banely and Hard Malloy. Again it gathered enough headlines to have troubled an old broken-hearted man in his grave. But Jerrold, working frantically to undo a past officiousness, arguing with other lawyers, cajoling unwilling witnesses, shouting anathema at Hard—grinning, vengeful, determined Hard—cared little enough for headlines. Those mattered less than dead brown leaves on a tree.

In sixteen years much had happened. Natural events.

Mary Garrity had died. Not unwillingly.

Nona's husband, the so-called Count, was heard of at eastern moneyed resorts where foolish women, mostly middle-aged, abound.

Later he was killed in a motor accident.

The monologuist was killed on Flanders Field, thereby somewhat dignifying an undignified life.

Hard Malloy had not attended Nona's funeral, nor his work for ten days afterward, being dead drunk and put to bed by relatives. But later he married Minnie Jensen, of the iron works, a commonplace bit of flesh with thick ankles who stolidly enough bore his children, his beatings and his drinking bouts.

By sheer obstinate claim on old acquaintance he sullenly hung on to his foremanship with its regularly drunken pay nights. Any other than old somber Sam would have discharged him.

Possibly Sam Garrity was too indifferent of humor to discharge someone he had long known well.

The iron works prospered, and Sam's fortune bred in the fabulous way money can breed. That did not seem to give Sam joy. As time went on his old grayish round forehead fell in a little at the temples. Too, there came a seamed depression between his shaggy gray eyebrows, causing him to lose gradually his look of vigor.

He came of too sturdy old country stock to succumb at once to hurt. Owing to his physique, built on ancestry and hard labor as well in his young days, Sam's breaking was a slow, gradual process. But it was thorough. When he died he was sixty-one. The face under the silver-edged coffin glass looked to be that of a man of eighty-one years. It was a dour, frail, sunken face.

Jerrold, who was a pallbearer, looked down at it soberly.

The post-war wave of spiritualism had sometime before inundated the world. He could not help wondering if Sam now was aware, at last, of his share in Nona's death.

Somewhat he was glad that at last Sam had died and perhaps had learned the truth. Now, it need not matter so greatly—his officiousness. No one was living to whom it could matter. That was belated relief.

He himself had married a girl whom he had known since childhood. In the beginning he had been sure that he liked her well enough. But as the years went on he had conceived a curious small dislike for Leila's long thin soft white neck and her correct way of pronouncing the names of French and Belgian towns—this was during the war. Perhaps Sam Garrity had something to do with this feeling. Sam could not pronounce any of them, and Sam sat at the Banely dinner table once in a while and looked with misty eyes, for some reason, at his hostess. Once, so looking, the old man's spoon had wavered, spilling soup on Sam's very correct white shirt front.

Jerrold did not often ask Sam after that to dinner. Still, he was regretful when Leila died. He did not like to live alone and yet he did not care to marry another woman.



"The wisest thing you could do," said Jerrold in his sudden anger, "would be to blow your brains out."

In a depression which was physical as well as mental, Jerrold Banely came back from Sam Garrity's burying. The graveyard had been wind-chilled. It had been one of those raw, gloomy April days with which all Chicagoans are unpleasantly familiar. He was glad to get back beside the hissing steam radiators of his office suite.

His offices were downtown in a Loop building, not out at the iron works. Because of phenomenal growth, the iron works had twice been removed from congested territory and now were far out south.

The following week he was in much the same state of mind and it was the same chill kind of day when she was shown into his office.

All week he had been up to his neck in work. Much legal and managerial business had been complicated by Sam's short illness and sudden death. Also the huge estate was being prepared for probate.

Perhaps too the wording of Sam's will had had its effect. It disposed of nearly eighteen million dollars' worth of real estate, stocks, bonds and personal holdings, and it began in this melancholy fashion:

"Because I have neither wife nor living child to inherit what I have accumulated, I hereby bequeath"—there followed a long list of bequests to business friends and acquaintances, to church and charities, and to the numerous relatives that any prosperous man from Galway would have in America. Jerrold himself had not been omitted; he was given nearly half a million dollars' worth of stock—"in consideration of many years of unfailing assistance and kindness."

He did not really need the half-million. He did not care for it. Drumming his fingers on a desk, so he had somberly told Dawson, of Dawson, Hocker and Kane, who for twelve years had had charge of the more important Garrity legal work.

Toward noon this particular day he had instructed his stenographer to get Dawson in person on the telephone in regard to the case of the State *vs.* Garrity concerning an unused spur of track at Sixty-ninth Street.

In this case Jerrold thought it wise for Dawson to make his appearance in court instead of Hocker or Kane. The latter two were good men, but Dawson, the senior of a canny, white-haired trio, was curiously influential with certain judges. He had a markedly strong personality, and many on Middle Western benches, whether of Dawson's own or the opposing political party, accepted Thaddeus Dawson's word without his oath. He was one of those individuals, rare enough but still forming a body in a practical world, who are known not to be untruthful, having been convinced by God or by man that invariable truth is honorable, salutary in the long run, and very wise.

Sam Garrity had been for the most part a good judge of men, as most successful persons are, and in his industrial ménage he had leaned toward associates of integrity. He said that such people simplified business for him. Therefore, in what followed, the reputations of (*Continued on page 112*)



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This is F. ZIEGFELD, Junior, *at his desk*

I have seen him countless times striking this attitude as he awaits the arrival of potential "Ziegfeld Beauties" from the outer sanctum. "Ziggy" likes to pace to and fro while talking to candidates. The china elephant in the foreground was presented to him by John Ringling, the circus man, and there is a superstition among employees, fostered by Ziegfeld, against removing it from the office. On the walls and desk are innumerable pictures of his wife, Billie Burke. —O. O. McINTYRE

Ziggy

By O O. McINTYRE

TO THE theater public he is Florenz Ziegfeld, Junior. Broadway pretenders to wisdom call him "Flo." But to his handful of intimates he is "Ziggy."

He is the Rialto's enigma—Ziggy, the mercurial, glum and smileless "glorifier of the American girl."

During several years of intimate association as a sort of Boswell, I have seen him smile twice. Once when Irving Berlin missed a piano stool and again when his daughter called him by long distance telephone. I doubt if anyone ever heard him laugh a real, hearty laugh.

Ziggy appeared on the Rialto about twenty-five years ago. His office was under his hat. Nobody could ever find him then, and he is the most difficult man to find in New York today.

He is the most vacillating human being I ever saw. I have watched him shape one Follies after another. The rehearsals are a bedlam. No one apparently knows what is going on, least of all Ziggy. Each Follies, before the opening night, has been a potential "flop." Yet Ziggy has the habit of landing on his feet, and the première reveals a smooth performance.

And while he has his directors and coterie of theatrical advisers, Ziggy runs the show.

He began his showmanship with a whirlwind tour of the country, presenting Sandow, the strong man. From the proceeds of this quixotic adventure he garnered enough to spend five years in Paris and returned broke. Over there he had met Anna Held, a rather obscure chantress of the music halls. Ziggy brought her to America and with an avalanche of publicity, including the famous "milk bath," sent her hurtling to fame and fortune.

Since then he has been identified chiefly with the revue as typified by the Follies.

Ziggy is fifty-four years old. He is tall and straight as an arrow. His hair, which he parts in the middle, has turned iron-gray and he invariably wears shirts of an exotic lavender with collars to match. He has a whining voice like that of a spoiled child, and is addicted to exquisitely blended Parisian perfumes.

No millionaire in New York lives in greater splendor than Ziggy. His country home, Burkeley Crest, named for his wife, Billie Burke, the actress, is one of the show places of aristocratic Hastings-on-Hudson. He maintains a suite at the Ritz-Carlton and has a $20,000 a year apartment on Park Avenue a few blocks away, a residence on the Bois in Paris, and his Villa Firenze at Palm Beach. There are six Rolls-Royce cars in his garage aside from one especially built French model.

In earlier days he was a devoted patron of the gaming table and has been known to drop $50,000 at one sitting. Several times his forays at Monte Carlo caused a mild European sensation.

His profligacy at times is amusing. I once saw him depart for Palm Beach with his family. He had two private cars, four maids, a valet, a tutor, a nurse and 110 trunks. He took along a Shetland pony and two pet dogs for his seven year old daughter Patricia, who is the apple of his eye.

Ziggy has no office hours. He is as likely to come to his office in the New Amsterdam theater building at seven o'clock at night as he is at seven in the morning.

He is ruthless in breaking appointments. I remember one day when twelve men of some theatrical importance had been asked to come to his office at the same hour. While they cooled their heels in the outer office, Ziggy was selecting silk house robes in a Fifth Avenue shop. He never apologizes and rarely offends.

Despite his haphazard manner he has an uncanny way of keeping his finger on the pulse of his enterprises. He has a way, too, of becoming absorbed by a single and apparently unimportant idea.

I was in his office one day when "Sally" was playing in Boston. Ziggy had the fixed notion that one of the expensive costumes worn by Marilyn Miller, the star, needed refurbishing.

A Follies was in rehearsal and time was precious. He first wired Miss Miller, suggesting that the frock be sent to a cleaning establishment. Then he phoned the company manager. In succession, he then called the wardrobe mistress, the stage manager and Miss Miller herself on the telephone. And as an afterthought sent a telegram to the cleaning establishment and called the manager. That night a special envoy took a night train for Boston to see that his commission was executed.

Ziggy has perhaps paid the highest salaries, with few exceptions, of any producer on Broadway. One day he signed a contract that by a percentage arrangement gave a star in his constellation $8,000 a week. The next day he was fretting and fuming about one of the chorus girls who in his opinion was being paid five dollars a week too much.

He is as temperamental as a prima donna and as vain as a peacock. Any critic who slights his art is forever anathema. Ziggy will write him caustic letters and jeering telegrams.

There was a time when Ziggy and I came to the parting of our business relations. He had, knowing I was a late sleeper, an irritating habit of arousing me by telephone from Hastings at seven in the morning. I am not overly companionable "coming out of the ether" at that hour, and each of us was rather testy.

There was an exchange of curt epistles during the day referring to one another as amiable so-and-so's. Three days passed *incommunicado*. The fourth evening Ziggy rang up, making no reference to the late unpleasantness, and relations were resumed.

When, owing to the press of other duties, we severed our association pleasantly and permanently, I happened to be in Paris. He was also there and there was a note in my letter box regarding something he wished me to do. It was necessary to remind him that our business association had ceased.

Ziggy is childishly fretful and has mild delusions of grandeur. He thrives on the turgid puff of the press. Headlines and pictures concerning himself or his activities make him purr with delight, and yet in public he is as bashful as a country lout.

One night at a Follies opening he was standing in the wings. Eddie Cantor was being called back for about the tenth bow, and he grabbed Ziggy by the arm and yanked him before the sea of faces. Ziggy was in bed for three days afterward from the shock.

On another occasion he sailed for Europe. Photographers were at the pier and snapped him along with other celebrities. The ship news men interviewed him. What Park Row calls "a whale of a yarn" broke that night and all reference to Ziegfeld was omitted. After he arrived in London and had had time to read the New York newspapers, which didn't have a line about him, he sent me the following cable:

"Sorry you sneaked me out of New York."

To me that was the nearest to a sense of humor that Ziggy ever displayed.

He constantly grieves over fancied wrongs. Time after time he has achieved the first pages by announcing he had produced his last show; he was through with actors. And he believed it.

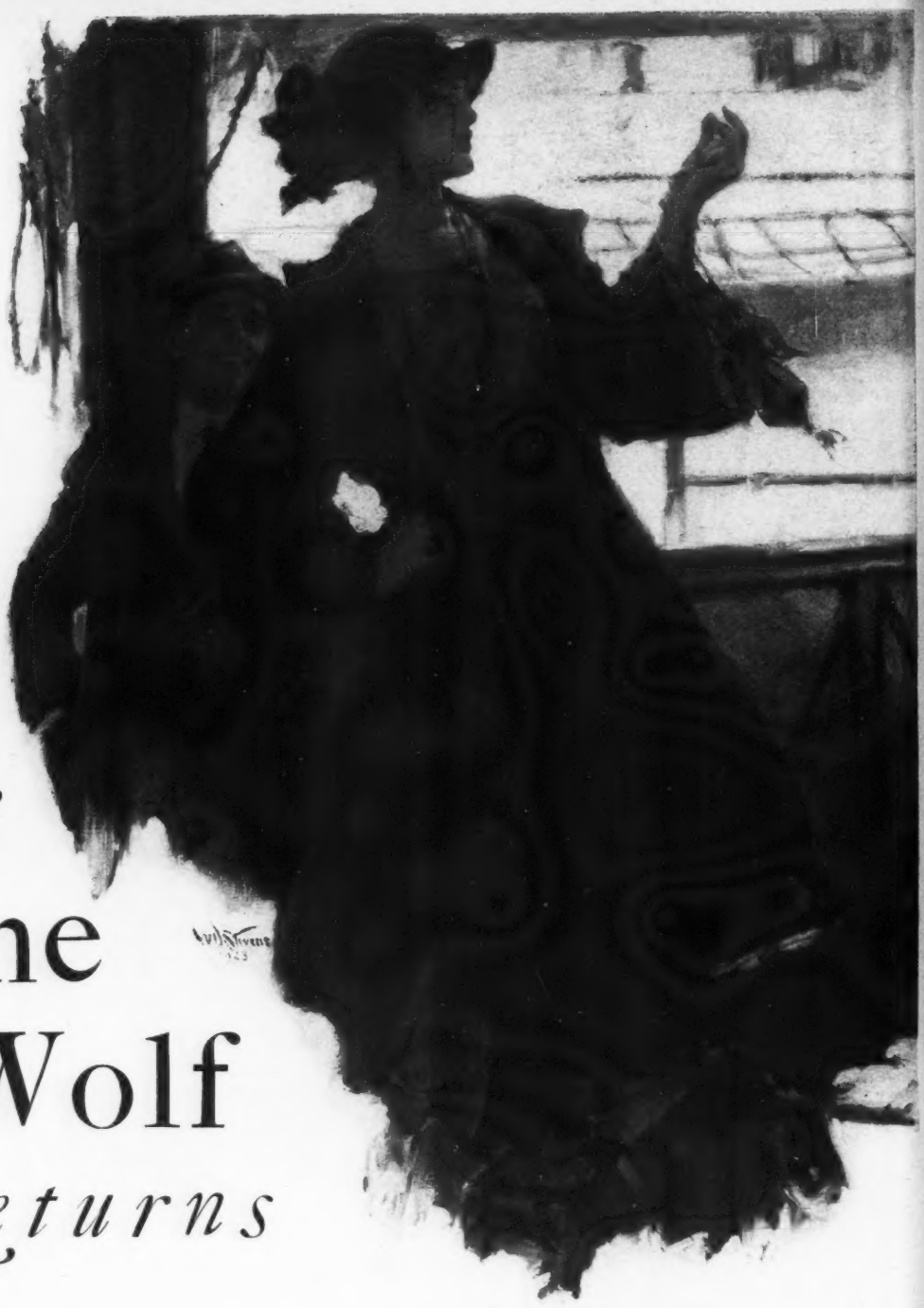
He thinks in terms of the newspaper headline. When he became a producer, the Sunday newspapers lost a great "idea man." He will, with his tongue in his cheek, forbid Follies girls to use cosmetics—for publicity purposes only—and the news is first-paged from coast to coast with acres of follow-up stories.

He is a prodigious user of the telegraph, cable and telephone. He has called me from Palm Beach by telephone three times in a half day. I have heard him dictate cables that ran into hundreds of dollars regarding some triviality.

Ziggy is harsh in disciplining the gay-hearted creatures who form the highlight of his revues; and yet when one of them is involved in some peccadillo, he is the first to rush to the defense.

He is one of the oddest characters the Rialto has ever seen. Despite the fact that he is a poseur, he stands supreme in his particular art of the theater. His gift for stage necromancy—beautiful girls melting into beautiful scenes with vivid splashes of color—is superb. His "blind spot" is humor.

Ziggy has at times the mind of the poet and seems untouched by the jangle of life about him. He is an æsthete concerning color, lighting and feminine beauty, yet the last time I saw him he was going to the World's "Serious," as he and Ring Lardner's friend Al pronounce it.



The Lone Wolf *Returns*

The Setting of the story is the New York of today and it concerns:

MICHAEL LANYARD, THE LONE WOLF, *once prince of European jewel thieves, now a member of the British Secret Service on leave of absence in America.*

EVE DE MONTALAIS, *whom he loves as he has never loved before—a woman of beauty, of charm, of wealth.*

MORPHEW, *powerful New York bootlegger and director of criminals.*

PAGAN, *a satellite of Morphew's.*

MALLISON, *gentleman crook and member of Morphew's crew.*

LIANE DELORME, *demi-mondaine and one-time Parisian underworld acquaintance of the Lone Wolf, now with Morphew's gang.*

MRS. FOLLIOTT MCFEE (FOLLY), *a society woman, piquant, rich.*

CRANE, *New York detective, an old friend of Lanyard's.*

The Beginning of the Story:

MICHAEL LANYARD is determined to make his new life so blameless that he can marry Eve de Montalais. But fate plays against him—in the form of Morphew, who is determined to make Lanyard a crook again.

Lanyard meets Morphew through Liane. They are at once pitted against each other. Escaping, with the aid of Crane, Morphew's first attempt to coerce him, and warning Folly of Morphew's character, Lanyard is drugged by Pagan; and when he recovers his senses next morning, he finds Folly's emeralds in his clothes. Were they "planted" on him, or did he really steal them while he was drugged? He cannot tell.

Bent on reprisal, he goes to Folly's house, hides upstairs, and there by chance comes in on a plot to blackmail Folly by having her caught in a compromising situation with Mallison. Lanyard, after managing to get word to Crane, attacks and

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE'S

New Mystery Novel

Illustrations by W. D. Stevens



Liane was deported, swearing in seven languages that she knew nothing about the Lone Wolf.

knocks down Mallison as he is about to make love to Folly; and Crane, arriving at the crucial moment, arrests Mallison's three accomplices and finds on Mallison himself Folly's stolen emeralds.

Morphew's next move follows quickly. Lanyard and Eve go to a Westchester Inn for supper. The proprietor is a Morphew henchman. Escaping in Eve's car, they have a blowout; and as Lanyard stands perplexed, a car bears down on them in front, and another, pursuing without lights, from the rear. Lanyard has just time to throw Eve off the road when he is hurled into darkness.

When he comes to himself, sick with pain, he is astounded to find himself aboard a ship, badly hurt from having been knocked against a ladder. Led to his berth, he is still further astounded to learn from the ship's surgeon that the time is seven months later than the motor accident. For seven months he has led a life he cannot remember. And what of Eve?

Liane enters his stateroom. She calls him endearing names.

Then Lanyard learns her version of all that has occurred. When he had recovered from the accident, she says, he parted from Eve—forever. Eve went to France. He, Lanyard, again became the Lone Wolf, terror of wealthy New Yorkers, the police hot on his trail. He lived with Liane for protection. He became her lover. In bravado, one night he stole the jewels of the Commissioner of Police, but bungled. He and Liane had to flee New York. Also, a flashlight, mechanically set off, had been taken of him committing a robbery.

Lanyard listens, finding all this strangely hard to believe. Now, says Liane, his identity has been discovered. He is to be watched while aboard ship, and arrested at Nassau.

There is a pounding at the stateroom door. As Liane opens it, Lanyard slips through the port window on to the deck. Next moment the watch witnesses the plunge of a dark body over the side. Someone cries in a seafaring whine, "*Man oo-verboard!*"

CHAPTER XVII

SEA-WISE Bahaman correspondents of American press services were of one mind concerning Lanyard's disappearance from the Port Royal, arguing that the known conditions of time and tide ruled it out of all consideration as a sane attempt at escape. The accounts they cabled north were accordingly published, for the most part, under headlines somewhat in this sense:

LONE WOLF SUICIDES AT SEA

Lanyard, these reports related, had gone overboard rather than submit to arrest, after dark of a moonless night, when the Port Royal was standing into Northeast Providence Channel, her position being approximately midway between its jaws. Thus, if he had dreamed to win to land either in the north, where the Hole-in-the-Wall Lighthouse sentinels the southernmost point of Great Abaco Island, or in the south, where Egg Island light warns of the perils lying off the northerly tip of Eleuthera, the fugitive had undertaken a ten mile pull against the drag of the strong offshore current which had been setting through the channel at the time; a task which must have thwarted the stoutest effort of the strongest swimmer, even assuming that the sharks with which those waters swarm had let him pass unmolested. Something which, the consensus maintained, in the case of Lanyard, the sharks indisputably hadn't.

That cry of "man overboard!" had brought the Port Royal to an immediate and a dead halt; the waters roundabout had been lavishly sown with ring buoys as well as with Coston lights; and guided by these uncanny flares a lifeboat had quartered the theater of the mystery for upwards of an hour before the steamer called it in and proceeded. Nevertheless the authorities who had boarded her at Nassau, in their disappointment indisposed to accept the suicide theory, had insisted on a thorough rummage of the vessel, which had accomplished little toward hushing the murmurs of dissatisfaction with which, at length, and empty handed, they took themselves ashore.

These doubters had at least one confrère of weathered judgment in New York who gave free tongue to his conviction that the Lone Wolf was one wise bird and a tough fish to drown. And the faith of this one in the will-to-live animating the hybrid monstrosity of his figure had good justification in the outcome



Lanyard, pinned down by no less than five huskies, turned his eyes for relief from the blinding glare

when, one night more than a month after the event of the alleged suicide, a glare beating directly into his face roused him from the slumbers of an honest man to find that some marauder had added the impudence of switching on the bedside lamp to the felonious injury of housebreaking.

One who in his time had done much to make life a misery to men of wicked ways, and more than once had figured as the target of an assassin's weapon, the householder had long been accustomed to sleep with a pistol ready to his hand. But his instinctive fumble for it drew a blank this time; so, with such composure as he could command, he turned attention to the agent of its confiscation.

This person had coolly drawn up a chair to the bedside and made himself at home in it, one of the detective's cigars between his teeth and a highball of the detective's precious pre-Prohibition Scotch in his hand testifying to amiable readiness to be sociable, provided his host had no real objection to advance.

A semi-blinded stare was met by a smile that flashed teeth of notable whiteness in a face deeply bronzed where it didn't boast a lush overgrowth of beard. This last was sparely shot with gray, and so was hair that also wanted shearing; but the rich complexion of the miscreant was clear, his eyes were luminous with vitality, he had in every particular the look of one who had communed long and profitably with the great outdoors—though without ever thinking to call it that. As for his costume, it was altogether shocking, consisting of a cotton shirt without a collar, a coat without definite shape or color, a pair of ragged trousers belted with an end of rope, and footgear that would have kindled the envy of a slapstick clown of the cinema.

"Well!" the detective summed up his scrutiny, "if that front didn't make you the spit of the Devil, I'd lay long odds you were none other than my poor dear pal, the late Mike Angelo Lanyardi."

"It isn't sporting to bet on a certainty," the guest severely pointed out. "And I'm sorry you think I'm late, my good Crane; but I'd rather far be that than never."

"It would be a whole lot healthier for you to be never, in this neck o' the woods. If you haven't got sense enough to stay put in your watery grave——"

"How shall an unquiet spirit withstand the temptation thus to revisit these watery glimpses of the moon?" Lanyard sipped his drink with unaffected relish. "Prime stuff, my friend! and I will be glad to fetch you its fellow if you'll only be nice and forget for a time you're a limb of the law whose sworn duty it is to pinch out of hand revisitants, like me, from another and a wetter world."

"The Devil himself couldn't twist the King's English into such ornery knots," Crane opined. "I'm convinced: it's the Lone Wolf who lurks behind those lovely whiskers."

"You may be right," Lanyard admitted. "Unhappily, I for one can't altogether share your certainty."

Crane made nothing of that, so let it pass.



and lay looking directly up into the apathetic mask of Morphew.

"Such being the case," he pursued, "a man-size slug of Scotch would be some solace to my conscience."

"On your promise to be peaceable?" Lanyard stipulated, rising.

"Speaking as one who has seen you act up when your sense of self-preservation was hitting on all six, I don't mind passing you my word you're in no danger of my starting any ruction without a gun."

"Or with one, I trust very truly."

"If you'd had the common decency to trust me at all, I wouldn't be missing my gat this minute."

"Common decency not being the same thing, one takes it, as common sense?"

"You don't have to worry," Crane insisted with an air of some aggrievance. "If I can't round you up without a gun, you can run loose and wild for all of me."

"On that understanding, then . . ." Lanyard tossed the weapon back to the bed: "Forgive a simple precaution not inspired by any real doubt of good disposition toward an old friend, or your sporting attitude toward a professional antagonist . . ."

The broad of his back was a shining mark for Crane as he strode away to an adjoining room, where he made a light, and from which he presently returned with a box of cigars and a musical glass.

Crane had not stirred. The pistol rested where it had fallen. Lanyard tendered the drink and the open box.

"Astonishing," he mused, "what a sound taste in cigars one finds prevalent among members of a venal and brutalized constabulary!"

He remarked in pained astonishment that the bed was quaking with Crane's silent mirth.

"Don't mind me!" the detective protested, "It's myself I'm giving the laugh, not you. I've been figuring for some time now you were about due to stage a gaudy resurrection; but this beats my craziest notions of what the show would be like. I'm a pretty old mule of a dick, and a tough audience for trick stuff, but I've got to hand it to you, Lanyard; I've never yet been able to dope out what your next dodge would be nor how you'd pull it. So, whenever you get all set to explain what the devil you mean by sitting there and looking like that—well, you needn't be afraid I'll walk out on you."

"You don't like my make-up?" Lanyard drew a long face over his vestments. "Do you know, I rather fancied it. These jibs seemed so suitable to my newly adopted calling. Behold in me, if you please, my dear Crane, a seafaring man fully three weeks of age."

"That leaves a couple to be accounted for, then, since the night you took to the big drink."

"There were two weeks before I became what I am," Lanyard confessed, "when, not to put too fine a point on it, I was purely and beautifully a beach comber in those so enchanting Bahamas."

"I've got a hunch this is going to be good." Crane set aside an empty glass and grinned luxuriously through cigar smoke. "At least I don't imagine you've got the cheek to think you stand any show of getting whatever it is you want out of me without coming through with a full account of yourself from then right up to now."

"A stipulation of *quid pro quo* is always reasonable and in order," Lanyard agreed. "Yet I am afraid you may find my story a poor exchange for what I wish to learn from you, my friend . . ."

"It's your risk. Shoot."

"You are wondering how I eluded the authorities at Nassau? That was too simple. On the other hand, one must admit one was dealing, aboard the Port Royal, with gentry of little experience and less imagination . . . When I left my stateroom by way of its window, I found myself with scant stomach for a long swim in black water; it needs the hot blood of youth to contemplate without a qualm adventures like that. There was a deck chair near-by, and in it somebody's steamer rug; I folded up the one in the other and cast them overboard. In the darkness they passed for the shape of a man to startled eyes on the main deck below; nobody questioned the alarm I raised of 'man overboard!'

"There was much excitement then; but other than the ship's officers nobody knew that the unfortunate was a notorious criminal trying to evade arrest—nobody else was looking for André Duchemin—and I was careful enough to make myself small. When the boat was lowered, all hands honored the performance with undivided attention—it was easy to take refuge in one of the lifeboats swung inboard on its davits on the opposite side of the deck; I wormed my way in under the canvas covering and lay snug till the Port Royal took the pilot aboard outside Nassau and with him the detectives. It was still quite dark; and as the bloodhounds swarmed up one side, the Lone Wolf dropped down the opposite, unseen. There were a number of vessels riding at anchor in the roadstead, and when I had put a good distance between myself and the Port Royal I picked out a little schooner of unkempt appearance, climbed aboard her while the anchor watch snored, and hid myself in her hold."

Lanyard paused to puff his cigar into a glow, and chuckled. "That was a sorry shift, out of the frying pan into the fire for the poor old Lone Wolf . . . The schooner turned out to be a rum-runner. Her owners had put into Nassau for a night's carouse. In the morning they came aboard, weighed anchor and set sail. When I reckoned the time ripe to declare myself, a jury of noble headaches sat on my case, decided that a stowaway with so lame a story could be nothing but a spy of the United States Internal Revenue Service; and, true to piratical tradition, sentenced me to be marooned on a desert isle. That very night the foul deed was done; the next sun rose to shine upon an outcast from humankind squatting forlornly on the beach of a desolate cay, God only knew where, and trying to recall his Robinson Crusoe . . .

"I had a thin time of it for several days, my friend! I lived frugally on the fruits of the land, when and if found, and such creatures of the shallow seas as I was able to snare with naked hands. The fruits were not sustaining, and the raw seafood made me wretchedly sick.

"The cay was one of an endless chain—little islets, some nothing more than rocks, some mere sand banks dry only at low tide, separated by narrow channels of no great depth. I made my laborious way from one to another; but when at length I did stumble across a settlement it was only a huddle of wattled huts inhabited by negro sponge-fishers, their wives and progeny, who spoke a patois unintelligible to my ears, lived in squalor indescribable, and discovered boundless contempt for a white man in such plight. For all that, they gave me cooked food of a kind into which I did not care to inquire too closely, being well content enough to have it stay on my stomach.

"Their headman had enough English to strike a bargain with me . . . I had fled in my shirt and trousers, the only valuable I possessed was a wrist watch in a gold case. Sea water had put it out of service, but the negro coveted it with great lust and agreed in return for it to convey me in his boat to another island on which there were white men. Thus it fell out that, some ten days after my dive into the harbor of Nassau, I found myself on a cay of good size which served one particular band of rum-runners as a secret rendezvous and depot.

"My condition at that juncture was so pitiable as to make my tale seem credible; I posed as a French sailor washed overboard from a passing vessel during a blow which had recently swept the islands. The rum-runners were a rough lot, but humane; they took me in, fed and clothed me, would have let me kill myself with drink had I been so minded, and raised no objection when I prayed for a chance to work my passage on the first vessel that put in to take on a cargo for delivery in the States. Having eaten their bread and salt, I shall not betray their confidence; it is enough that I was set ashore not too far from this city. And here I am."

Lanyard saluted the detective with his glass; and in an explosive grunt Crane proclaimed that he would be everlastingly damned.

"You went through all that to come back here and stick your fool head into the noose that's waiting for it!"

"My dear friend—I didn't like to disappoint your expectations . . ."

"Don't you realize what you're up against?—wanted for a dozen jobs pulled off in the last six months! a price of fifty thousand cold-drawn dollars on your head!"

"But by all accounts the Lone Wolf was drowned to death in the middle of Northeast Providence Channel on the night of the fifth of June."

"Don't suppose anybody takes any stock in that yarn today, do you?"

The stress on the adverb caused Lanyard's eyes to widen. "And why not?"

"See here!" Suddenly Crane bounced up in his bed and with every evidence of strong emotion leveled a bony forefinger; but second thought closed the lips that stormy indignation had opened, bewilderment blanked out the fire that had flamed up in his eyes, frustration slackened his arm; in mild despair he fell back upon his pillow. "I don't get you," he uttered feebly, "that's all; I just don't get you."

"But my dear sir, it is now and ever will be my ambition to make sure that you, in your official capacity, never do get me."

But the detective wasn't in a humor to be patient with persiflage. "I don't get you," he reiterated mulishly. "If you're aiming to give me some sort of a steer, I don't connect with the big idea, when your one best bet—and *I* know *you're* wise enough to know it—is to keep all the scenery you can between you and me all the time, and not come stalling around in fancy dress to give me an earful that don't matter a whoop if it ain't true. Because I tell you this, Lanyard"—Crane was again sitting up and brandishing an admonitory forefinger—"let me tell you this here and now, for your own good: As long as I believed in you, there wasn't much you could name I wouldn't have done for you; but the way things look now, unless you're prepared to come through with something more nourishing to my confidence than polished manners and a baby stare, you're monkeying with high explosive this very minute, because just as soon as you leave this flat and I'm no longer bound by my promise not to mix things up with you"—a wave of a disgusted hand designated the pistol whose return had put the detective on his honor—"I'm going to light out after you and camp on your trail night and day till I get you right—so help me!"

"Amen!" Lanyard chanted piously. "No—don't be angry, but believe I mean that in all seriousness. Had I not expected to find such fidelity to principle in you, that even friendship cannot corrupt, I should have held to my ancient rule and played a lone hand in this game of Blind Wolf's Buff. I am here tonight for a single purpose: to ask your aid and offer you mine in the business of bringing the Lone Wolf to book, whether he prove to be myself or some impostor trading on my old time reputation."

"So that's the song and dance, eh?"

Lanyard shrugged. "I must not resent your tone, matters being as they have been made to seem. But I shall persuade you of my sincerity before I bid you good night, and more, that grounds exist for reasonable doubt concerning my guilt of the crimes imputed to me; or . . . I will surrender to you forthwith and let the law take its course."

In a hard stare Crane wondered aloud: "You mean that, Lanyard?" But a smile was all his answer; and after another little pause the detective silently extended a hand which Lanyard leaned forward to grasp.

"Now lay 'em on the table, face up."

"I have every confidence in your charity," Lanyard responded, sitting back; "but what I shall tell you now will test it. On the night of the third of November last——"

"The night after you pulled that turn with Mallison at little Mrs. McFee's?"

"Precisely——"

"Night of the day you disappeared?"

"'Disappeared'?"

"Nobody I know has seen hair nor hide of you since."

"That's very interesting," Lanyard commented, making mental memoranda. "You knew nothing, then, of a motor accident on the Armonk Road in which I was involved on the night in question?"

"First I've heard of it."

"There was such an accident, notwithstanding, in which I sustained grave injuries; I bear a new scar upon my head, beneath the hair, that satisfies me at least one hurt was grave."

"Well!" Crane laughed shortly, "guess you ought to know if anybody."

"That's the very point; I ought to—but I don't."

"Mean to say you don't remember——"

"Between the moment when I was struck and thrown by a motor car that night in November and the moment when, on the morning of the fifth of June, I bumped my head badly, falling from a companion ladder on the Port Royal, I remember nothing. For all I know of my life between these dates, I am indebted to a lady who may or may not be a sacred vessel of the unbiased truth—Mademoiselle Delorme."

"Liane Delorme!" cried Crane. "Where in time did you meet up with that war horse?"

"On board the Port Royal."

"Funny! That dame sailed for France last February—by request—and specially requested not to come back, too."

"You are sure?"

"Made it my business to see her off. The Lone Wolf had just begun to be a regular pest about that time, and I thought maybe little Liane knew more than she was willing to let on. So we got the Government to put on the screws; it amounted to her being deported, though she was given to understand the Government's memory might go bad if hers got good. But she left swearing in seven languages, none of 'em ladylike, she didn't know the first thing about you and was a cruelly misjudged woman and all like that."

"Yet she must have returned, to have sailed on the Port Royal with me."

"Oh, there are a hundred different ways, all good, for an undesirable alien to sneak into this country—by rail from



Plastered against the stone, Lanyard inched around the corner and wriggled silently over the balcony.

Canada or Mexico, or through any port but New York, running next to no risk of being spotted and held up except by accident."

"You interest me more every minute. Pray bear in mind I have seen no newspapers, while you, I dare say, have read more than one report of my disappearance from the Port Royal . . . No doubt, then, you can tell me who claimed the honor of having recovered the necklace."

"What necklace?"

"The one I am credited with having stolen from the wife of your worthy chief of police."

"Guess you mean the Commissioner of Police." Frankly mistrustful examination of Lanyard's face ended in the generous verdict: "Somebody's been kidding you, son."

"I will not dispute that—I begin to be distressed in my endeavor to discriminate the statements of fact which have recently been made me from what would seem to have been the fictions of a lively fancy. I have, for example, on the one hand,

your word, as I understand it, that the good wife of the Police Commissioner did not, shortly prior to the sailing of the Port Royal, suffer the loss of a valuable diamond necklace by theft."

"Nor at any other time. Or if she did—and if he's got a wife—the Commish kept it darned quiet."

"On the other hand, I am suspected of having done much business in the Lone Wolf's well known line——"

"Sure are."

"During a period which began, I take it, about the first of the year——"

"Little before Christmas."

"And ended with my late but well timed decease."

"Thought I told you nobody in this burg takes any stock in that fairy tale."

"But you didn't answer my question: Why not?"

"Because all New York knows, if the Lone Wolf was drowned last June, his ghost goes prowling on."

"What are you telling me?"

"Just what you hear. When the news leaked out that you'd croaked in the Bahamas, everybody who had anything worth stealing drew a long breath and turned over to get a few winks of badly needed sleep. Right there was the wide open chance your ghost couldn't overlook without losing face in the spirit underworld. And didn't; no ghost ever walked that shook a livelier hoof. If it's any satisfaction to you, its latest manifestations have converted the entire Police Department of the City of New York into a posse of wild-eyed spiritualists."

"And you, my friend?"

Crane twinkled like a roguish wooden Indian. "Who, me? I ain't all converted yet. An hour ago I was wobbly, but now I see you sitting before me as large as life and twice as unnatural, I'm just on the fence. One thing I'm sure of—you aren't noticeably demised. But that isn't saying you aren't responsible for the performances that have been given in your name these last few weeks."

"While I was sustaining life on shellfish in the Bahamas?"

"That's your story. I don't say it ain't gospel; but you've got to admit you'd have told it, or something like it, if you had been in town here all the time. Not only that, but how do I know you aren't what they call psychic—a medium—able to swing a mean ectoplasm?"

"But—bear with me, my friend, remembering this to me is the gravest of questions—admit that anyone capable of trading on my posthumous reputation must have been equally capable of impersonating me while I was still presumed to be among the living."

"That's reasonable . . ."

Lanyard had a thoughtful moment. "Do me another favor," he resumed; "allow me to use your good offices to make another test of my information. Take that telephone on the table by your elbow, call the Hotel Walpole, ask for Madame de Montalais. If she is no longer stopping there, find out, if you can, when she left, and whether the management can give you her present address."

"Madame de Montalais . . ." Crane took the telephone instrument to his bosom and called for the Walpole, but while he waited for the connection made no secret of the spirit of inquisitiveness in which he was mulling over that strange new name. "If it's a fair question——"

"The lady with whom I dined at the Inn of the Green Woods an hour before my misfortune on the Armonk Road."

Before Crane could comment, the Walpole answered; and after some delay the hotel detective, none too well pleased to be waked up at three in the morning but obligingly bestirring himself on behalf of a colleague, reported that Madame de Montalais had "checked out" to sail for France on the ninth of March, leaving the forwarding address of Chateau de Montalais, near the town of Nant, in the Department of the Lozère.

Lanyard nodded doleful acknowledgment of this facer to hopes cruelly reanimated by the discovery that Liane Delorme had, in the course of their conference on board the Port Royal, and for reasons of her own that remained illegible, been guilty of more than one laches in respect of the truth. "That avenue is closed, then. I feared it would be. But give me a moment now to put my thoughts in order . . ."

More to cover his disconsolation than for the reason alleged, he bent forward with an elbow on a knee and a hand shading his eyes. "You tell me," he presently pursued, "no one you know has seen me in the flesh since we met at Folly McFee's . . ."

"Any number of reputable citizens have caught glimpses of you," Crane corrected, "and very much in the flesh, very busy raising particular blazes with their property rights."

"But nobody in fact who knew me personally, who could swear to my identity with the man who passed for me?"

"Nobody. Just the same, the descriptions they turned in were middling good portraits of the Lone Wolf in action. More than that, there's that flashlight photo——"

"I was coming to that; Liane mentioned it, and I have wondered . . . It was secured, I believe, when the Lone Wolf descended upon the domestic fold of the Stuyvesant Ashes?"

"It was so."

"Have you a copy at hand, by any chance?"

Crane grunted testily, drew a rusty leather wallet from beneath his pillow and from the papers with which it was stout sorted out an unmounted photographic print of postcard size. "Gaze on that," he recommended in grim humor, "and see if maybe it don't put a kick in the poor dear memory."

Lanyard hitched his chair nearer the light and with narrowed eyes bent over the print. But his first glance caused his heart to fail him; idle to challenge the fidelity of that likeness, as well deny the lineaments that looked out from one's shaving mirror every morning . . .

The man whom the flashlight had surprised was kneeling with an ear to a safe built in flush with a wall, his face turned squarely to the camera as he eavesdropped upon the hidden tumblers clicking and thumping in response to manipulation of the combination dial by his slender, clever fingers. The latter were neatly gloved in white kid, for the man wore formal evening clothes beneath an Inverness cloak of good theatrical effect. The hand that wasn't busy with the dial held an electric torch whose beam, of course, had been too weak to register in the intense glare of the flashlight explosion. On the rug between his knee and the wall lay an open leather case stocked with what appeared to be a compact kit of burglar's tools.

"Well," Crane urged, not without a shade of true professional malice, when Lanyard's silent contemplation of the photograph threatened to know no end, "how about it?"

Lanyard straightened up and smiled cheerfully. "Pretty thing," he said, "jolly well done . . . If you can find yourself another, I'd be grateful for the gift of this."

"You're much obliged. I can lay my hands on a gross or two any time I want. The Police Department struck 'em off by the thousand."

"Pity," Lanyard deplored; "such a curiosity really ought to be a rarity. Thus does commercial photography ring the death knell of art."

"But joking aside——" Crane began with some asperity.

"You ask too much," Lanyard interrupted. "Do you honestly expect me to gaze on this and keep a straight face?"

"If you want my honest opinion, I'll say it's no laughing matter for you."

"But do you tell me that as one who has given this photograph close and intelligent study?"

"What's the matter with it? Don't you think it does your fatal beauty justice?"

"But more—I am overcome by the appreciation which drives home of the dashing figure I cut of old in the popular eye. Prior to this, I have always imagined that the public took the gentleman cracksman with a grain of salt—holding his attitudinizing in romantic evening dress properly peculiar to his appearances on the stage and the cinema screen. And you, my dear Crane! a man of your wide acquaintance with the ways of crooks taking this blatant bit of imposition seriously!"

Crane's mouth tightened, his brows beetled combatively. "There are crooks and crooks. I never thought so badly of you as to suppose you worked like the rank and file."

"But like this!" Lanyard gave the print a derisive flick of finger nails. "Take my word for it, I was never such an ass."

"Never did a job in a full dress suit?"

"Never to my knowledge did I costume myself like a man in a play when deliberately setting out to open a safe. Furthermore"—Lanyard wrinkled a nose of scorn over the photograph—"never in my life have I been caught wearing a soft-bosomed shirt with a tail coat—an antic one cheerfully resigns to dancing men. By the bye—what ever did become of Mallison?"

"Jumped his bail," the detective growled, "along with the others you rounded up for me that night at Mrs. McFee's."

"And you have never been able to find him?"

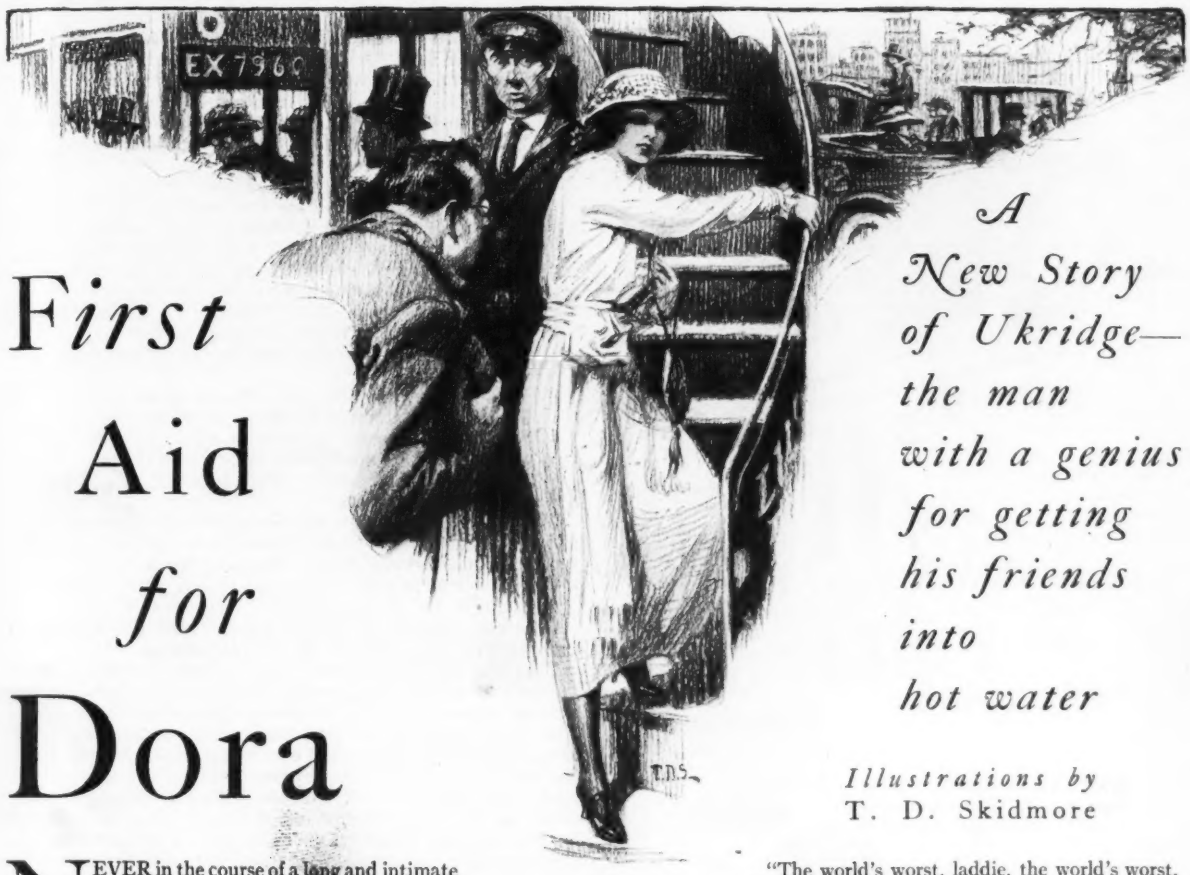
"Not a chance."

There was bitterness in that to win a quick, keen look from Lanyard; but Crane added nothing more than a grin half sheepish and half sullen.

"He must be shrewder than I thought, that one."

"I don't know . . . he's got brains (*Continued on page 172*)

By P. G. WODEHOUSE



First Aid *for* Dora

A New Story of Ukridge—the man with a genius for getting his friends into hot water

Illustrations by T. D. Skidmore

NEVER in the course of a long and intimate acquaintance having been shown any evidence to the contrary, I had always looked on Stanley Featherstonehaugh Ukridge, my boyhood chum, as a man ruggedly indifferent to the appeal of the opposite sex. I had assumed that, like so many financial giants, he had no time for dalliance with women, other and deeper matters, I supposed, keeping that great brain permanently occupied. It was a surprise, therefore, when, passing down Shaftesbury Avenue one Wednesday evening in June at the hour when matinée audiences were leaving the theaters, I came upon him assisting a girl in a white dress to mount an omnibus.

So far as this simple ceremony could be rendered impressive, Ukridge made it so. His manner was a blend of courtliness and devotion; and if his mackintosh had been a shade less yellow and his hat a trifle less disreputable, he would have looked just like Sir Walter Raleigh.

The bus moved on, Ukridge waved, and I proceeded to make inquiries. I felt that I was an interested party. There had been a distinctly "object matrimony" look about the back of his neck, it seemed to me; and the prospect of having to support a Mrs. Ukridge and keep a flock of little Ukridges in socks and shirts perturbed me.

"Who was that?" I asked.

"Oh, hullo, laddie," said Ukridge, turning. "Where did you spring from? If you had come a moment earlier, I'd have introduced you to Dora." The bus was lumbering out of sight into Piccadilly Circus, and the white figure on top turned and gave a final wave. "That was Dora Mason," said Ukridge, having flapped a large hand in reply. "She's my aunt's secretary-companion. I used to see a bit of her from time to time when I was living at Wimbledon. Old Tuppy gave me a couple of seats for that show at the Apollo, so I thought it would be a kindly act to ask her along. I'm sorry for that girl. Sorry for her, old horse."

"What's the matter with her?"

"Hers is a gray life. She has few pleasures. It's an act of charity to give her a little treat now and then. Think of it! Nothing to do all day but brush the Pekingese and type out my aunt's rotten novels."

"Does your aunt write novels?"

"The world's worst, laddie, the world's worst. She's been steeped to the gills in literature ever since I can remember. They've just made her president of the Pen and Ink Club. As a matter of fact, it was her novels that did me in when I lived with her. She used to send me to bed with the beastly things and ask me questions about them at breakfast. Absolutely without exaggeration, laddie, at breakfast! It was a dog's life and I'm glad it's over. Flesh and blood couldn't stand the strain. Well, knowing my aunt, I don't mind telling you that my heart bleeds for poor little Dora. I know what a foul time she has, and I feel a better, finer man for having given her this passing gleam of sunshine. I wish I could have done more for her."

"Well, you might have stood her tea after the theater."

"Not within the sphere of practical politics, laddie. Unless you can sneak out without paying, which is dashed difficult to do with these cashiers watching the door like weasels, tea even at an A.B.C. shop punches the pocketbook pretty hard, and at the moment I'm down to the scrapings. But I'll tell you what, I don't mind joining you in a cup, if you were thinking of it."

"I wasn't."

"Come, come! A little more of the good old spirit of hospitality, old horse."

"Why do you wear that beastly mackintosh in midsummer?"

"Don't evade the point, laddie. I can see at a glance that you need tea. You're looking pale and fagged."

"Doctors say that tea is bad for the nerves."

"Yes, possibly there's something in that. Then I'll tell you what," said Ukridge, never too proud to yield a point, "we'll make it a whisky and soda instead. Come along over to the Criterion."

It was a few days after this that the Derby was run, and a horse of the name of Gunga Din finished third. This did not interest the great bulk of the intelligentsia to any marked extent, the animal having started at a hundred to three, but it meant much to me, for I had drawn his name in the sweepstake at my club. After a monotonous series of blanks stretching back to the first year of my membership, this seemed to me the outstanding event of the century, and I celebrated my triumph by



With a passionate cry I leaped from my seat, accompanied by a rich smell of camphor.

an informal dinner to a few friends. It was some small consolation to me later to remember that I had wanted to include Ukridge in the party, but failed to get hold of him. Dark hours were to follow, but at least Ukridge did not go through them bursting with my meat.

There is no form of spiritual exaltation so poignant as that which comes from winning even a third prize in a sweepstake. So tremendous was the moral uplift that, when eleven o'clock arrived, it seemed silly to sit talking in a club and still sillier to go to bed. I suggested spaciously that we should all go off and dress and resume the revels at my expense half an hour later at Mario's, where, it being an extension night, there would be music and dancing till three. We scattered in cabs to our various homes.

How seldom in this life do we receive any premonition of impending disaster! I hummed a gay air as I entered the house in Ebury Street where I lodged, and not even the usually quelling sight of Bowles, my landlord, in the hall as I came in could quench my bonhomie. Generally a meeting with Bowles had the effect on me which the interior of a cathedral has on the devout, but tonight I was superior to this weakness.

"Ah, Bowles," I cried chummily, only just stopping myself from adding "honest fellow!" "Hullo, Bowles! I say, Bowles, I drew Gunga Din in the club sweep."

"Indeed, sir?"

"Yes. He came in third, you know."

"So I see by the evening paper, sir. I congratulate you."

"Thank you, Bowles, thank you."

"Mr. Ukridge called earlier in the evening, sir," said Bowles.

"Did he? Sorry I was out. I was trying to get hold of him. Did he want anything in particular?"

"Your dress clothes, sir."

"My dress clothes, eh?" I laughed genially. "Extraordinary fellow! You never know . . ." A ghastly thought smote me like a blow. A cold wind seemed to shudder through the hall. "He didn't *get* them, did he?" I quavered.

"Why, yes, sir."

"Got my dress clothes?" I muttered thickly, clutching for support at the hat stand.

"He said it would be all right, sir," said Bowles, with the sickening tolerance which he always exhibited for all that Ukridge said or did. One of the leading mysteries of my life was my landlord's amazing attitude towards this blighter. He fawned on the man. A splendid fellow like myself had to go about in a state of hushed reverence towards Bowles, while a human blot like Ukridge could bellow at him over the banisters without the slightest rebuke. It was one of those things which make one laugh cynically when people talk about the equality of man.

"He got my dress clothes?" I mumbled.

"Mr. Ukridge said that he knew you would be glad to let him have them, as you would not be requiring them tonight."

"But I do require them, darn it!" I shouted, lost to all proper feeling. Never before had I lost my temper in Bowles's presence. "I'm giving half a dozen men supper at Mario's in a quarter of an hour." Bowles clicked his tongue sympathetically. "What am I going to do?"

"Perhaps if you would allow me to lend you mine, sir?"

"Yours?"

"I have a very nice suit. It was given to me by his lordship the late Earl of Oxted, in whose employment I was for many years. I fancy it would do very well on you, sir. His lordship was about your height, though perhaps a little slenderer. Shall I fetch it, sir? I have it in a trunk downstairs."

The obligations of hospitality are sacred. In fifteen minutes' time six jovial men would be assembling at Mario's, and what would they do, lacking a host? I nodded feebly.

"It's very kind of you," I managed to say.

"Not at all, sir. It is a pleasure."

If he was speaking the truth, I was glad of it. It was nice to think that the affair brought pleasure to someone.

That the late Earl of Oxted had indeed been a somewhat slenderer man than myself became manifest to me from the first pulling on of the trousers. Hitherto I had always admired the slim, small-boned type of aristocrat, but it was not long before I was wishing that Bowles had been in the employment of someone who had gone in a little more heartily for starchy foods. And I regretted, moreover, that the fashion of wearing a velvet collar on an evening coat, if it had to come in at all, had not lasted a few years longer. Dim as the light in my bedroom was, it was strong enough to make me wince as I looked in the mirror.

And I was aware of a curious odor.

"Isn't this room a trifle stuffy, Bowles?"

"No, sir. I think not."

"Don't you notice an odd smell?"

"No, sir. But I have a somewhat heavy cold. If you are ready, sir, I will call a cab."

Moth balls! That was the scent I had detected. It swept upon me like a wave in the cab. It accompanied me like a fog all the way to Mario's and burst out in its full fragrance when I entered the place and removed my overcoat. The cloakroom waiter sniffed in a startled way as he gave me my check, one or two people standing near hastened to remove themselves from my immediate neighborhood, and my friends when I joined them expressed themselves with friend-like candor. With a solid unanimity they told me frankly that it was only the fact that I was paying for the supper that enabled them to tolerate my presence.

The leper-like feeling induced by this uncharitable attitude caused me after the conclusion of the meal to withdraw to the balcony to smoke in solitude. My guests were dancing merrily, but such pleasures were not for me. Besides, my velvet collar had already excited ribald comment, and I am a sensitive man. Crouched in a lonely corner of the balcony, surrounded by the outcasts who were not allowed on the lower floor because they were not dressed, I chewed a cigar and watched the revels with a jaundiced eye.

The space reserved for dancing was crowded, and couples either revolved warily or ruthlessly bumped a passage for themselves, using their partners as battering rams. Prominent among the ruthless bumpers was a big man who was giving a realistic imitation of a steam plough. He danced strongly and energetically, and when he struck the line something had to give.

From the very first, something about this man had seemed familiar; but owing to his peculiar crouching manner of dancing, which he seemed to have modeled on the ring style of Mr. James J. Jeffries, it was not immediately that I was able to see his face. But presently, as the music stopped and he straightened himself to clap his hands for an encore, his foul features were revealed to me.

It was Ukridge. Ukridge, blast him, with my dress clothes fitting him so perfectly and with such unwrinkled smoothness that he might have stepped straight out of one of Ouida's novels. Until that moment I had never fully realized the meaning of the expression "faultless evening dress." With a passionate cry I leaped from my seat and, accompanied by a rich smell of camphor, bounded for the stairs. Like Hamlet on a less impressive occasion, I wanted to slay this man when he was full of bread, with all his crimes broad-blown, as flush as May, at drinking, swearing, or about some act that had no relish of salvation in it.

"But, laddie," said Ukridge, backed into a corner of the lobby apart from the throng, "be reasonable."

I cleansed my bosom of a good deal of that perilous stuff that weighs upon the heart.

"How could I guess that you would want the things? Look at it from my position, old horse. I knew you, laddie—a good, true friend who would be delighted to lend a pal his dress clothes any time when he didn't need them himself, and you weren't there when I called, so I couldn't ask you, so I naturally simply borrowed them. It was all just one of those little misunderstandings which can't be helped. And, as it luckily turns out, you had a spare suit, so everything was all right after all."

"You don't think this poisonous fancy dress is mine, do you?"

"Isn't it?" said Ukridge, astonished.

"It belongs to Bowles. He lent it to me."

"And most extraordinarily well you look in it, laddie," said Ukridge. "Upon my Sam, you look like a duke or something."

"And smell like a second-hand clothes store."

"Nonsense, my dear old son, nonsense. A mere faint suggestion of some rather pleasant antiseptic. Nothing more. I like it. It's invigorating. Honestly, old man, it's really remarkable what an air that suit gives you. Distinguished. That's the word I was searching for. You look distinguished. All the girls are saying so. When you came in just now to speak to me, I heard one of them whisper 'Who is it?' That shows you."

"More likely 'What is it?' "

"Ha ha!" bellowed Ukridge, seeking to cajole me with sycophantic mirth. "Dashed good! Deuced good! Not 'Who is it?' but 'What is it?' It beats me how you think of these things. Golly, if I had a brain like yours . . . But now, old son, if you don't mind, I really must be getting back to poor little Dora. She'll be wondering what has become of me."

The significance of these words had the effect of making me forget my just wrath for a moment.

"Are you here with that girl you took to the theater the other afternoon?"

"Yes. I happened to win a trifle on the Derby, so I thought it would be the decent thing to ask her out for an evening's pleasure. Hers is a gray life, laddie, a gray life."

"It must be, seeing you so much."

"A little personal, old horse," said Ukridge reprovingly. "A trifle bitter. But I know you don't mean it. Yours is a heart of gold, really. If I've said that once, I've said it a hundred times. Always saying it. Rugged exterior but heart of gold. My very words. Well, good by for the present, laddie. I'll look in tomorrow and return these things. I'm sorry there was any misunderstanding about them, but it makes up for everything, doesn't it, to feel that you've helped brighten life for a poor little downtrodden thing who has few pleasures?"

"Just one last word," I said. "One final remark."

"Yes?"

"I'm sitting in that corner of the balcony over there," I said. "I mention the fact so that you can look out for yourself. If you come dancing underneath there, I shall drop a plate on you. And if it kills you, so much the better. I'm a poor downtrodden little thing and I have very few pleasures."

Owing to a mawkish respect for the conventions, for which I reproach myself, I did not actually perform this service to humanity. With the exception of throwing a roll at him—which missed him but most fortunately hit the member of my supper party who had sniffed with the most noticeable offensiveness at my camphorated costume—I took no punitive measures against Ukridge that night. But his demeanor, when he called at my rooms next day, could not have been more crushed if I had dropped a pound of lead on him. He strode into my sitting room with the somber tread of the man who in a conflict with fate has received the loser's end. I had been passing in my mind a number of good snappy things to say to him, but his appearance touched me to such an extent that I held them in. To abuse this man would have been like dancing on a tomb.

"For heaven's sake what's the matter?" I asked. "You look like a toad under the harrow."

He sat down creakingly and lighted one of my cigars.

"Poor little Dora!"

"What about her?"

"She's got the push!"

"The push? From your aunt's, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

Ukridge sighed heavily.

"Most unfortunate business, old horse, and largely my fault. I thought the whole thing was perfectly safe. You see, my aunt goes to bed at half-past ten every night, so it seemed to me that if Dora slipped out at eleven and left a window open behind her she could sneak back all right when we got home from Mario's. But what happened? Some dashed officious ass," said Ukridge



It was Ukridge. Ukridge, blast him, with my dress clothes. Like Hamlet, I wanted to slay this man when he was full of bread.

with honest warmth, "went and locked the confounded window. I don't know who it was. I suspect the butler. He has a nasty habit of going round the place late at night and shutting things. Upon my Sam, it's a little hard! If only people would leave things alone and not go snooping about . . ."

"What happened?"

"Why, it was the scullery window which we'd left open, and when we got back at four o'clock this morning the infernal thing was shut as tight as an egg. Things looked pretty rocky, but Dora remembered that her bedroom window was always open, so we bucked up again for a bit. Her room's on the second floor, but I knew where there was a ladder, so I went and got it, and she was just hopping up as merry as dammit when somebody flashed a great beastly lantern on us, and there was a policeman, wanting to know what the game was. The whole trouble with the police force of London, laddie, the thing that makes them a hissing and a byword, is that they're snoopers to a man. Zeal, I suppose they call it. Why they can't attend to their own affairs is more than I can understand. Dozens of murders going on all the time, probably, all over Wimbledon, and all this bloke would do was stand and wiggle his infernal lantern and ask what the game was. Wouldn't be satisfied with a plain statement that it was all right. Insisted on rousing the house to have us identified."

Ukridge paused, a reminiscent look of pain on his expressive face.

"And then?" I said.

"We were," said Ukridge briefly.

"What?"

"Identified. By my aunt. In a dressing gown and a revolver. And the long and the short of it is, Dora has got the sack."

I could not find it in my heart to blame his aunt for what he evidently considered a high-handed and tyrannical outrage. If I were a maiden lady of regular views, I should relieve myself of the services of any secretary-companion who returned to roost only a few short hours in advance of the milk. But as Ukridge plainly desired sympathy rather than an austere pronouncement on the relations of employer and employed, I threw him a couple of tuts, which seemed to soothe him a little. He turned to the practical side of the matter.

"What's to be done?"

"I admit I don't see what you can do."

"But I must do something. I've lost the poor little thing her job, and I must try to get it back. It's a rotten sort of job, but it's her bread and butter. Do you think George Tupper would biff round and have a chat with my aunt if I asked him?"

"I suppose he would. He's the best hearted man in the world. But I doubt if he'll be able to do much."

"Nonsense, laddie," said Ukridge, his unconquerable optimism rising bravely from the depths. "I have the utmost confidence in old Tuppy. A man in a million. And he's such a dashed respectable sort of bloke that he might have her jumping through hoops and shamming dead before she knew what was happening to her. You never know. Yes, I'll try old Tuppy. I'll go and see him now."

"I should."

"Just lend me a trifle for a cab, old son, and I shall be able to get to the Foreign Office before one o'clock. I mean to say, even if nothing comes of it, I shall be able to get a lunch out of him. And I need refreshment, laddie, need it sorely. The whole business has shaken me very much."



The fearful woman had been watching me entangle myself like a fly on fly paper.

It was three days after this that, stirred by a pleasant scent of bacon and coffee, I hurried my dressing and, proceeding to my sitting room, found that Ukridge had dropped in to take breakfast with me, as was often his companionable practice. He seemed thoroughly cheerful again and was plying knife and fork briskly like the good trencherman he was.

"Morning, old horse," he said agreeably.

"Good morning."

"Devilish good bacon, this. As good as I've ever bitten. Bowles is cooking you some more."

"That's nice. I'll have a cup of coffee, if you don't mind my making myself at home while I'm waiting." I started to open the letters by my plate and became aware that my guest was eying me with a stare of intense penetration through his pince-nez, which were all crooked as usual. "What's the matter?"

"Matter?"

"Why," I said, "are you looking at me like a fish with lung trouble?"

"Was I?" He took a sip of coffee with an overdone carelessness. "Matter of fact, old son, I was rather interested. I see you've had a letter from my aunt."

"What!"

I had picked up the last envelope. It was addressed in a strong feminine hand, strange to me. I now tore it open. It was even as Ukridge had said. Dated the previous day and headed "Heath House, Wimbledon Common," the letter ran as follows:

Dear Sir:

I shall be happy to see you if you will call at this address the day after tomorrow (Friday) at four-thirty.

Yours faithfully,
Julia Ukridge

I could make nothing of this. My morning mail, whether pleasant or the reverse, whether bringing a bill from a tradesman or a check from an editor, had had till now the uniform quality of being plain, straightforward and easy to understand; but this communication baffled me.

How Ukridge's aunt had become aware of my existence and why a call from me should ameliorate her lot were problems beyond my unraveling, and I brooded over it as an Egyptologist might over some newly discovered hieroglyphic.

"What does she say?" inquired Ukridge.

"She wants me to call at half-past four tomorrow afternoon."

"Splendid!" cried Ukridge. "I knew she would bite."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

Ukridge reached across the table and patted me affectionately on the shoulder. The movement involved the upsetting of a full cup of coffee, but I suppose he meant well. He sank back again in his chair and adjusted his pince-nez in order to get a better view of me. I seemed to fill him with honest joy, and he suddenly burst into a spirited eulogy, rather like some minstrel of old delivering an extempore boost of his chieftain and employer.

"Laddie," said Ukridge, "if there's one thing about you that I've always admired, it's your readiness to help a pal. One of the most admirable qualities a bloke can possess, and nobody has it to a greater extent than you. You're practically unique in that way. I've had men come up to me and ask me about you. 'What sort of a chap is he?' they say. 'One of the very best,' I reply. 'A fellow you can rely on. A man who would die rather than let you down. A bloke who would go through fire and water to do a pal a good turn. A bird with a heart of gold and a nature as true as steel.'"

"Yes, I'm a splendid fellow," I agreed, slightly perplexed by this panegyric. "Get on."

"I am getting on, old horse," said Ukridge with faint reproach. "What I'm trying to say is that I knew you would be delighted to tackle this little job for me. It wasn't necessary to ask you. I *knew*."

A grim foreboding of an awful doom crept over me, as it had done so often before in my association with my friend Ukridge.

"Will you kindly tell me what confounded thing you've let me in for now?"

Ukridge deprecated my warmth with a wave of his fork. He spoke soothingly and with a winning persuasiveness. He practically cooed.

"It's nothing, laddie. Practically nothing. Just a simple little act of kindness which you will thank me for putting in your way. It's like this. As I ought to have foreseen from the first, that ass Tuppy proved a broken reed. In that matter of Dora, you know. Got no result whatever. He went to see my aunt the day before yesterday and asked her to take Dora on again, and she gave him the miss-in-baulk. I'm not surprised. I never had any confidence in Tuppy. It was a mistake ever sending him. It's no good trying frontal attack in a delicate business like this. What you need is strategy. You want to think what is the enemy's weak side and then attack from that angle. Now, what is my aunt's weak side, laddie? Her weak side, what is it? Now think. Reflect, old horse."

"From the sound of her voice the only time I ever got near her, I should say she hadn't one."

"That's where you make your error, old son. Butter her up about her beastly novels, and a child could eat out of her hand. When Tuppy let me down, I just lighted a pipe and had a good think. And then suddenly I got it. I went to a pal of mine, a thorough sportsman—you don't know him; I must introduce you some day—and he wrote my aunt a letter from you, asking if you could come and interview her for Woman's Sphere. It's a weekly paper which I happen to know she takes in.

"Now listen, laddie. Don't interrupt for a moment. I want you to get the devilish shrewdness of this. You go and interview her, and she's all over you. Tickled to death. Of course, you'll have to do a good deal of young disciple stuff, but you won't mind that. After you've soft-soaped her till she's purring like a dynamo, you get up to go.

"'Well,' you say, 'this has been the proudest occasion of my life, meeting one whose work I have so long admired.' And she says, 'The pleasure is mine, old horse.' And you slop over each other a bit more. Then you say sort of casually, as if it had just occurred to you, 'Oh, by the way, I believe my cousin,—or sister? No, better make it cousin—'I believe my cousin, Miss Dora Mason, is your secretary, isn't she?' 'She isn't any such darn thing,' replies my aunt. 'I sacked her three days ago.' That's your cue, laddie. Your face falls, you register concern, you're frightfully cut up. You start in to ask her to let Dora come back. And you're such pals by this time that she can refuse you nothing. And there you are! My dear old son, you can take it from me that if you only keep your head and do the young disciple stuff properly the thing can't fail. It's an ironclad scheme. There isn't a flaw in it."

"There is one."

"I think you're wrong. I've gone over the thing very carefully. What is it?"

"The flaw is that I'm not going anywhere near your infernal aunt. So you can trot back to your forger chum and tell him he's wasted a good sheet of letter paper."

A pair of pince-nez tinkled into a plate. Two pained eyes blinked at me across the table. Stanley Featherstonehaugh Ukridge was wounded to the quick. "You don't mean to say you're backing out?" he said in a low, quivering voice.



"Murders going on all the time, probably, all over Wimbledon, laddie, and all this bloke would do was wiggle his infernal lantern and ask what the game was."

"I was never in."

"Laddie," said Ukridge weightily, resting an elbow on his last slice of bacon, "I want to ask you one question. Just one simple question. Have you ever let me down? Has there been one occasion in our long friendship when I have relied upon you and been deceived? Not one!"

"Everything's got to have a beginning. I'm starting now."

"But think of her. Dora! Poor little Dora. Think of poor little Dora."

"If this business teaches her to keep away from you, it will be a blessing in the end."

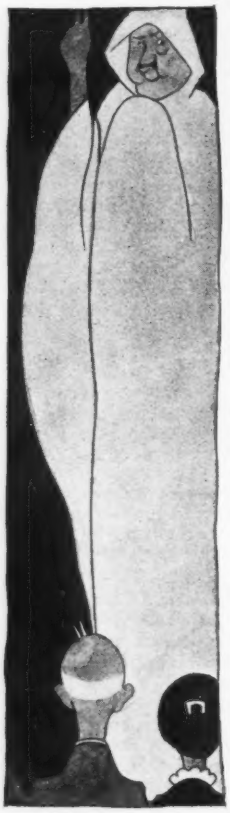
"But, laddie . . ."

I suppose there is some fatal weakness in my character, or else the brand of bacon which Bowles cooked possessed a peculiarly mellowing quality. All I know is that, after being adamant for a good ten minutes, I finished breakfast committed to a task from which my soul revolted. After all, as Ukridge said, it was rough on the girl. Chivalry is chivalry. We must strive to lend a helping hand as we go through this world of ours, and all that sort of thing. Four o'clock on the following afternoon found me entering a cab and giving the driver the address of Heath House, Wimbledon Common.

My emotions on entering Heath House were such as I would have felt had I been keeping a tryst with a dentist who by some strange freak happened also to be a duke. From the moment when a butler of super-Bowles dignity opened the door and after regarding me with ill concealed dislike started to conduct me down a long hall, I was in the grip of both fear and humility. Heath House was one of the stately homes of Wimbledon—how beautifully they stand, as the poet says—and after the humble drabness of Ebury Street, it frankly overawed me. Its keynote was an extreme neatness which seemed to sneer at my squashy collar and reproach my baggy trouser leg. The farther I penetrated over the polished floor, the more vividly was it brought home to me that I was one of the submerged tenth and could have done with a hair cut. I had not been aware when I left home that my hair was unusually (*Continued on page 130*)

STORIES THAT HAVE MADE ME LAUGH

SUPERSTITION grows and wanes in cycles. One doesn't hear so much nowadays about the peril of sitting down thirteen at table, principally because if one does any entertaining at all and has anything of a stock of Scotch, there is hardly room for either superstition or a couple of waitresses, even in that dining room of Barney Bernard's friend who said it was so large tnat he could sit down in it thirty-two people to dinner, God forbid.



Spiritualistic séances have increased of late, however. London Tit Bits mentions one held in Hampstead the other day where the professor in charge asked if anybody had any particular shade with whom he would like to converse.

"Well," said one of the audience, "I have often thought that I should like to speak with dear old Cardinal Newman."

"We'll see what we can do, sir," the professor replied. "It all depends upon the mood of the medium."

Lights were lowered, and soon a figure clothed in a white gown emerged from the darkest corner. In order to impress the audience with the genuineness of the materialization, the alleged cardinal advanced, extended his arms and in an impressive tone exclaimed:

"Benedictine!"

WITHIN the last few months the New York papers were displaying advertisements of a play which appeared to be caviare to the general, although the phrase almost loses its meaning in a city where there are a million or two native-born Russians, who will not forego their caviare so long as delicatessen store keepers can add lampblack to salted herring roe and get away with it successfully. I do not mean to imply that this particular play was that sort of caviare, but the manager who was producing it frantically advertised that it was *not* a play for morons, hoping to flatter the New York theatergoers into buying tickets.

Whether or not the scheme was successful, it nevertheless reminds me of a story which appeared in Harper's some time ago. A little girl called Janie was sent from the Orphans' Home to the State Home for the Feeble-Minded but was returned to the Orphans' Home because the doctor's examination had proved her to be merely subnormal.

Two of the inmates of the Orphans' Home were discussing the incident afterward.

"Janie was sent away to be an idiot," one of them said, "but she couldn't pass and had to come back."

UNDER the general head of "The Old Ones Are the Best," the Journal of the American Medical Association prints a lot of good stories that most of us have forgotten. For instance, there is the one about the dignified lady who goes into the big music store in New York and asks to see books of the operas. She is referred to a certain counter, behind which is standing one of those highly obliging music store clerks who have a couple of good teeth down front and fairly writhe with amiability.

"Mikado libretto," says the lady shortly.

"Pardle me?" the clerk says, not understanding the question.

"Mikado libretto," the lady repeats severely.

The amiable clerk shakes his head.

"Me no speakee Italiana," he says.

THERE is a whole literature of stories about the behavior of aged spinsters during the invasion of a foreign army, and here is a variation of the basic narrative which appears in the American Legion Weekly.

Two train robbers held up a transcontinental limited the other day. One of the robbers was tall and the other short, and the tall one was the less chivalrous.



"Listen, Ed," he said to the short one after they had the passengers lined up, "first we'll rob all the gents and then we'll kiss all the girls."

"No, pardner," the short robber protested gallantly. "We'll rob the gents, but we'll leave the ladies alone."

Here enters the spinster of uncertain age.

"You mind your own business," she snapped at the short robber. "The big man is running this train robbery."

THERE is a type of optimist who when he is suffering pain refuses to visit a physician for fear the doctor will tell him that he is sick. B. Rashkind the real estater was of this cheery disposition. He met a friend the other day, and the friend remarked on his doleful appearance.

"What's the matter, Rashkind?" the friend asked. "You look something terrible."

"I should *say!*" Rashkind exclaimed. "I think I've lost my pocketbook."

"What do you mean—you *think!*" the friend said. "Ain't you looked for it?"

"Sure I looked!" Rashkind replied. "I looked in all my pockets except the left-hand hip pocket of my pants.'

"Well, why don't you look there?" the friend demanded.

"Because if it ain't in my left-hand hip pocket," Rashkind said, "I'll drop dead."

IT SEEMS to me that some months ago I told about A. Neil Lyons's medical friend who when his patient complained that it hurt to take a long, deep breath, advised him to take a short, shallow breath. The Passing Show of London now tells a story about a doctor who was called up in the middle of the night over the telephone.



"I can't sleep, doctor," the voice says. "Can you do anything for me?"

"Hold the wire," the doctor says, "and I'll sing you a lullaby."

OWING to the shortage of foreign labor, correspondence courses are being given in bricklaying and masonry. An apprenticeship of three years is now being condensed into a course of ten lessons by mail, probably supplemented by one or two lectures over the telephone.

The result is apparent in a row of houses recently constructed over on Long Island by a speculative builder. He was showing the

By MONTAGUE GLASS

Illustrations by
Rea Irvin

newly completed row to a prospective purchaser, and his foreman of construction was exhibiting the house next door. They stood on either side of the party wall between the front parlors of the two houses while the builder enlarged on the splendid structural qualities of the masonry.

"Solid as a rock!" he exclaimed. "Here! I'll show you what I mean."

He faced the party wall and without raising his voice said: "Bill!"

"Yes, sir?" the foreman said from the other side of the party wall.

"Can you hear me?" the builder inquired.

"Yes," Bill replied.

"Can you *see* me?" the builder asked.

"Not very plainly," Bill said.

The builder turned proudly to his prospective customer. "Now *that*," he said, slapping the plaster, "is what *I* call a wall."



THE late Mr. W. Bourke Cockran said that an Irish witness cannot be trusted to testify to a conversation in the exact words of the people holding it. He will tell the truth as he recollects it, but his ear is inaccurate. For instance, before the disestablishment of the Church of Ireland, the doorkeeper of an Irish Episcopal palace was a witness at the trial of a case in a county court. A housemaid was suing the wife of an Irish bishop for wrongful discharge because of the maid's alleged cruelty to a dog.

The doorkeeper was asked to relate just what the maid said and what the Bishop's wife said, and he replied as follows:

"I seen Kit Sal, the housemaid, and her ladyship, an' I wondered what was on her, for sure she was nearly cryin' with rage.

"'What call had ye to kick the dog?' says her ladyship. 'Ye big shtump!'

"'She was afther snapping at me,' says Kit.

"'Well indeed,' says her ladyship, 'the dog had good reason, an' as far as that goes,' says her ladyship, 'I declare to God,' says she, 'I wish she'd dhrank yer blood!'"



MALCOLM McLEOD says that in his native town of Scotstown, Quebec, there lived a man named Colin Campbell MacNabb, who was not precisely an all-round athlete, but invariably entered his name for all the events in the local Highland games on the chance that he would capture one or two prizes of more value than the combined entrance fees, which were commuted at one dollar for the lot. He manfully tossed the caber and ran in the distance races in the hope of coming out twenty-five cents ahead of his day's expenses; but in the mile race it was apparent to his most fervent admirers that he was not half trying. In fact, there were only eight runners and Colin Campbell MacNabb finished eighth.

"Mon," one of his friends asked, "why do ye no run faster?"

"Run faster," the all-round athlete exclaimed scornfully, "an' me resair'rving myself for the bagpipe competition!"

THE executive department of the Vaudeville Trust has sent out notices to all performers appearing in its theaters that it will not permit any humorous allusion to Prohibition in monologues, songs or sketches. But it still permits humorous allusions to drunkenness, and with its kind permission I will tell the story Louis Sherwin told me about the dinner given by the Saint George Society in New York to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of 1897.

A well known after dinner speaker had been secured to make the speech of the evening, which was to include a résumé of all the notable events of the Victorian era. It was understood also that the speech would be studded with humorous and interesting anecdotes of the personalities surrounding the throne. Soldiers, statesmen and artists were to be discussed in the course of what was unquestionably going to be an important contribution to after-dinner oratory. The toastmaster had limited the other speakers to three minutes apiece, thus clearing the decks for possibly an hour and a half or a two hour talk from the principal speaker.

In the meantime, the principal speaker had been nerving himself for the labor before him. He had begun with a groundwork of seven or eight cocktails, and upon this he had erected a solid superstructure of several brandies and sodas with plateresque decorations of Scotch, Irish and rye. By the time the toastmaster had concluded the preliminary program, the principal speaker of the evening carried within himself a cargo of assorted liquor in bulk and variety almost as large as that of the entire Sandy Hook rum fleet.

Outwardly, however, he remained quite unchanged, except that he appeared to be just a little more dignified than during the earlier and dryer part of the evening. The toastmaster therefore said among other things in introducing him:

"He will discourse to you not only of the prelates, captains and chief men of her realm, but of that gracious lady who rules over the land that the greatest Macedonian could not conquer, and over a continent of which Columbus never dreamed—in short, a monarch of every sea, and of nations in every zone. For the rest, gentlemen, I leave it to Mr. Blank, our principal speaker of the evening."



The toastmaster allowed his hand to fall gently on Mr. Blank's left shoulder and then sat down with a proud smile, while Mr. Blank in a loud anticipatory burst of applause managed to disengage himself from his chair. He raised his glass on high and swallowed once or twice convulsively.

"Gellmen!" he said, and teetered backwards and forwards for a moment. He brought himself up with a jerk which entirely emptied the glass, and then endeavored by frowning severely to sort out a few ideas. Nothing came of it, however, but a tremendous hiccup. At last he poised himself for a real flight of oratory, and delivered the whole of his speech before subsiding under the table.

"Gellmen!" he said. "The Queel, Go' blessha!"

Spare the Rod

(*Continued from page 95*)

Thaddeus Dawson, Timothy Hocker, Henry Kane and Jerrold Banely had much to do. All to do, in fact. It was a case of characters being strong underpinning for reputations. For that much, the dead Sam was responsible.

Even while his stenographer was telephoning Dawson, the elderly lawyer's note was brought in to Jerrold. Scribbled on a piece of paper, her name accompanied the note. She had no card to send in to Jerrold Banely. She had had none for Dawson.

Jerrold read the scribbled name and at first he was startled. Then, before reading Dawson's accompanying note, he reflected with a shrug at his own jumpy nerves that names are often duplicated in large connecting families. Probably this was a thirty-fourth or -fifth cousin of Sam or Mary Garrity's, come to get her nibble at the great cheese of estate.

Then he read the noncommittal note from Dawson, whom she had sought first. His fingers stiffened on the surprising sheet of paper.

He had her shown into the anteroom.

She came in and took the chair to which he gestured her on the other side of his desk. She was a thin, unattractive woman in her middle or late thirties. She was shabbily, even penuriously, clothed.

Unostentatiously she seated herself, as women do who are used to being directed where to sit or stand. She sat quietly, as women wage earners sit when they need not stand for an interval. Her hands, with broken nails and red knuckles, lay folded in her lap; as the poorer working-women's hands are sometimes folded when not engaged at bread-earning work.

Her light colored hair, of no particularly vivid hue, was visible a little under a small weather-discolored hat. She had violet eyes, it is true. But it was a lack-lusterish violet of no loveliness. Her finger-ends were roughened. Her skin was dullish—the skin of a woman who has nought to do with daily beautifying baths or creams or scents; who goes to bed in weariness and haste after her daily toil and mornings arises in weariness and haste to get to her daily toil.

Her feet were not large. Originally they might have been small, slender. But they were encased in the enlarging shapeless shoes which are the natural wear of flabby soles, fallen arches and flat pocketbooks

Her mouth alone had significance. And not for any hint of insolence or laughter, or scarlet color. But for its flat listlessness of corners, which signified plainly that by one individual at least life had been acknowledged master. A relentless master.

As any person on whom he had never before laid eyes Jerrold Banely did not recognize her. He did not believe her story. Not on that day nor many days to come. He believed, and said as much to her, that she was an impostor with a silly tale which was brazenly contrived. He was shaken from his ordinary composure, but he honestly did not recognize her.

"I am no impostor," she said nervously. "Have I changed so much as that?"

"Why did you not come forward before?"

Haltingly she began to explain. "I—I did not intend ever to come. I had vowed —but I—I was sick a good deal this last year or two. I have never been able to earn much." Her voice dragged, like slow machinery. "And he is dead now, and there is so much of the money. And —and it is my right to have it if I choose."

Not knowing what else to say, being skeptical if shaken, he said stiffly, "It is your right if you are telling the truth."

"Surely there will be plenty who can identify me!"

Within two hours Jerrold Banely was with Dawson and Hocker. Not within an hour because, shaken, he had found it necessary to remain by himself for a while to try to sift her claim. He said to himself that it was a preposterous claim. Even in sixteen years surely a person could not change in looks so much!

"I do not recognize her at all," brusquely he told Dawson and Hocker, and later Kane when the third came into the room with interested ears. "It is true that another girl was in the room. Of about the same build and hair, although I do not recall her very well. She was a cheap thing. I recall that. Not in Nona's class. Dyed hair. Cigarette in mouth."

While the three other lawyers listened in silence, he added slowly: "It is true that Sam told me that after one look he dared not again let his eyes down on what was left of the face and head. The hotel people said that the room was a ghastly mess."

"There was a note, I believe?" This from Hocker.

"Signed, your worthless daughter Nona," put in Dawson, "and asking Sam to put her in the ground for the worms and forget her. Rather a flippant note. But proof of suicidal intent."

"She claims," went on Jerrold Banely with knitted forehead, "that the other girl, Viva St. Clair, had been jilted by some fellow and despondent over that as well as a lack of professional engagement. She came back from a walk to find her dead and hotel and police authorities filling the room. She had gone out to walk off her own despondency. She was sickened by sudden sight of a strand of radiant hair in a smear of blood and brains. It was so startlingly like her own hair. The thought came to her"—and because of certain memories Jerrold Banely averted his gaze from the others' eyes— "that perhaps Sam and everyone else would say it had been a good riddance if she were the dead one. Stepping out into the corridor for a moment, action following recklessly on impulsive thought, she scribbled the note and managed unnoticed to drop it on the bureau where ten seconds later it was picked up by a policeman."

"And the hotel people did not know the two girls apart?" skeptically asked Hocker, who was fat and fifty-eight and a terror to witnesses when he cross-questioned them.

"She says they had been there only a week. She herself was registered under an assumed name. Viva St. Clair, possessing a much poorer wardrobe, wore her clothes much of the time."

"But where was this other girl during the inquest? Was she not in sight at all when her friend's father came down to get the body?" put in Dawson skeptically.

"She says that she used the plea of a professional engagement in Kansas City to get permission from the police to leave town at once—before Sam or anyone could arrive."

"H'm."

Kane, who was sixty and rather slow of speech, remarked that when any rich man dies claimants for his fortune buzz like flies to a green carcass.

"And eighteen millions is a tempting sum," said Dawson cynically. "I for one will have to be handed strong proofs of her identity."

"Quite likely she is Viva St. Clair," shrugged Hocker.

"You are the only one of us four who ever was at all familiar with Sam's daughter's face," said Dawson to Jerrold. "I myself never saw her. She was before this firm's connection with the iron works. So, if you don't recognize her——"

"As I have said, I don't," said Jerrold. "Still——" He frowned at the floor. "She says she tried the stage; at small pay and irregularly. She couldn't make a go of that. Hadn't the footlights knack, in spite of her looks. Afterward, with a sick spell or two, she slipped down the wage scale; to clerking, table waiting, factory work of the unskilled sort. She said she had no particular talent, no training. Sam had not raised her to work. At highest, she never earned over fifteen dollars a week, and that spasmodically; she went as low as four dollars."

"So she told us, although at less length," shrugged Dawson. "In Springfield, Missouri, Kansas City, Denver. Her story to me seems elaborate but a waste of effort."

In Dawson's large, well appointed private office the four men in a body two days later interviewed her; Jerrold sitting to the fore beside Dawson, but Dawson as ablest doing most of the questioning.

Humbly and quickly she answered questions, not disguising in the slightest that she was avidly eager to get immediate possession of some of Sam's money.

"I am so tired I can't work much longer, I think. I am not clever enough to make a living, except by drudgery. All I want is enough so that I can rest and—and not starve." She added listlessly: "I have not poor Viva's courage. I've tried twice. But I couldn't do it."

Irritably to himself Jerrold Banely said that it was impossible that the years had been so hard that they had turned a boisterous, insolent girl into a faded woman who plucked at her coat and whimpered merely for bread and shelter.

The full old intelligent face of Dawson was not cruel as he kept it turned toward her. But he put his questions with driving force. Name in full, date of birth, birthplace, street and number, the names of Sam's and Mary Garrity's parents and grandparents oversea, their birthplaces, marriage dates, years of death.

She answered all his questions readily.

"As you could easily be enabled from a dozen sources to do," he commented dryly.

With husky, eager voice, she gave small and big incidents of her early life. The growth of the iron works, the early humble flat on the West Side, the pretentious cottage as Sam's capital increased; public school until she was twelve; her report

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cards, her childish feuds and friendships; then boarding school, her clothes and jewelry supplied by Sam in too extravagant measure.

She went on to tell of the building of the big stone house on the Lake Shore Drive; her rooms all gray and gold—three interior decorating firms had been called at her whim; Sam's bullying of the workmen because the house was not ready for her fifteenth birthday; her splurging gaiety the following year; her marriage with the Count—Sam's jubilance at first and violent disapproval later; the resplendent wedding cake, photographed for the newspapers, the horde of caterers; the Count's brutality; her last escapade and its result.

"All of which," commented Dawson, "might be gleaned from a dozen newspaper files. Or—from a roommate of a transient fortnight!"

She flushed. It was an unattractive flush. It had not faded from her face, and silence occupied the room when a secretary ushered in Hard Malloy. Dawson, Hocker and Kane were not slow men. With three casual questions the day before, Kane had learned which employee at the iron works would be the most likely to remember Nona Garrity's face and form.

Now Dawson put to Hard some plausible question concerning a quest for the present address of a Jennie Malloy, who was Hard's sixth cousin and had been Sam's ninth and was mentioned in the will.

While ostensibly he fumbled with probate memoranda on his wide desk, he kept Hard waiting two or three minutes. Hard's youthful bad temper had been succeeded by middle-aged sullenness. Untimidly he glanced about the large room, gave Jerrold an indifferent flicker of old dislike, looked squarely at the woman sitting with the four men—and gave no indication of ever having seen her in his life before. But she, when he had left the room, half rose from her chair.

"That was Hard Malloy!" she stated tremulously.

"Whose father," said Dawson, "came from Galway with Sam Garrity; who went to public school for several years only three grades ahead of Sam Garrity's daughter; who fought half the men at the Garrity foundries over her reputation; who got drunk and disorderly the night of her wedding and the following day was fined one hundred dollars in a West Side police court; and—who did not recognize you."

Dawson spoke evenly. However, he punctuated the sentences with small driving pauses.

She said slowly: "No. He did not know me. And—and he looked straight at me."

Dawson said, "Straight at you."

Her hands sought each other in tight hold. The four men saw. She spoke uncertainly.

"I had not thought of Hard in a long time. I did not even guess that he would be employed at the works any more. But—I would think that he would know me."

"I would think so, too," said Dawson.

She pushed her hat up a little and her eyes went in appeal to four pairs in turn. She craned her neck so that her forehead was in better light. A small, almost invisible claw-shaped scar was revealed.

"When the big house was going up," she began huskily, "one Sunday afternoon I climbed on a scaffolding, against the head carpenter's order. I fell, landing among some tools. Hard was there—he was going to knock down the man who had left a hammer on that spot."

Jerrold Banely remembered abruptly that there had been talk because Sam had given double wages for Sunday work that the house might be rushed to completion.

Smoothly Dawson put another query.

"It took resolution, did it not, to live in penury, at hard toil, when you must have realized that you could return home at any time? Sam Garrity, you must have known, was not the man to hold out against an only and repentant daughter."

Her hands were folded tightly in her lap.

"Yes. It took resolution. I regretted—often enough. But a streak of stubbornness, stronger than my own will, would not let me go back to him after he so readily accepted another girl's body as mine." Her mouth and throat worked as if holding back sobs. "Her fingers were shorter than mine—if he had looked carefully."

Jerrold Banely put in brusquely: "It was impossible for him to look carefully. If you saw her body, you know that."

"He might have been more sure," she repeated tremulously. "And then—then I truly began to believe that since he thought he had buried me, that it was better to let him always think so."

"But it must have taken uncommon resolution," repeated Dawson. His voice was skeptical.

"Yes. It—it took that." There abruptly came over her face, dull-skinned and haggard as it was, a strong, stubborn expression and for a moment four men thought that they caught a startling resemblance. So strongly, so stubbornly, Sam Garrity could fix his old, dour, coarser featured face. But the fourfold impression was too fleeting to have legal force.

Hocker put a question.

"Didn't you have any feeling for your mother—assuming that she was your mother—that you could leave her in ignorance? Bring the worst grief unwarrantably upon her——"

She shook her head.

"She was fond enough of me. But she liked not to be worried. She was religious—when anything unpleasant happened. She blamed my father all the time for spoiling me—she used to throw all my escapades up to him." Eyes were dully far away, past the four men. "I knew she had got over me within the year."

Well, that answer was a point in her favor. They knew that Mary Garrity had been a slow minded, querulous woman, given to blaming Sam for the fact that Nona's life had offset any possible pleasure from Sam's prosperity. She had been mere background to two stronger natures.

Still, it was not that day that Jerrold Banely began to believe her story.

He could not say just when he began to hold belief. Just when conviction came. But little by little a knowledge of her truth crept into his mind. It was as if a picture taken years back and kept in a dark room all the long while had been at last allowed development. She was vastly changed from the vital young thing who had won his contemptuous dislike. But as the days went on and she continued humbly but with a forlorn persistency to press her claim, seeking him alone when finally Dawson and the others dismissed her with finality, he knew her.

Assuredly she was Nona Garrity. A dull unlikeness of a former vivid personality, but she was Nona. As the days went on, absolute certainty came gradually to him, as the sandy outline of a beach comes out slowly with the tide's recession.

As if to bolster waning disbelief, he continued for a while to discuss her claim doubtingly with Dawson and the other two lawyers.

As theatric, Dawson put aside her low toned statement one day that she would not have come forward had Sam not died.

"I thought I could feel him around me," she said, eyes on the floor of the office, "even before I read in a newspaper that he had died. And it seemed to me he—he had found out at last. And was more grieved even than when he was alive and believed he had buried me."

Theatric, repeated Dawson when she had gone that day. Jerrold Banely was silent. He wondered.

Then came the incident which clinched belief in his mind. She let slip at one interview that she was working. In a ten cent store. She had managed to get her fare to Chicago, but she could not manage even seven days of idleness. Jerrold Banely was curiously disturbed. If she *were* Nona—— He had never been in a ten cent store in his life and he never expected to be, but he had often passed their noisy swinging doors, and had seen their windows of horribly cheap wares.

So, a few days later, he offered her financial help. He could not help doing so, whether or not in legal eyes he unwisely were offering stilts to a lame claim.

"No!" she said at once with offense.

"But I'd——"

"No man except my father has ever paid a dollar for food or clothing for me," she said with a touch of old passionate temper. "In all my life!" Her hands were tensely folded. "I can say that at least."

The bit of insolent passion died—like a brief breeze on a humid day. Tamely enough, as if in apology to one of those in power who must not be offended by her, she murmured, "I want just what is mine. If I can have it."

Unlikely action on a Viva St. Clair's part. Jerrold Banely got to work. Affected by his previous assertion of nonrecognition, the other three men were still inclined to be skeptical. But later, although they decided not for a while to stand publicly behind him, they gave him secret support. He had his own skill in persuasion.

And in the beginning it seemed not difficult to prove or disprove her story. There were numerous relatives, servants, workmen, acquaintances of childhood and boarding school days, who could be summoned to identify her.

He made out a long list of his own memory. She added names. Her unattractive fingers trembled as they wrote name after name. She was eager and unsteady of pronunciation.

From first interview, no reference was made by Jerrold or by her to any past meeting or link between their two selves. Alone or in the presence of Dawson and the other two lawyers, they were as impersonal as if he had no other connection with her life than his long business association with the iron works.

But he left Hard Malloy's name off his



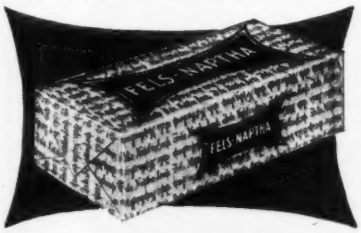
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Wash all your clothes, even the fine dainty baby garments, with this perfect combination of *good* soap and *real* naptha.

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THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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list without comment, and she did not include it on hers. He told himself that that alone went far to prove her identity. Viva St. Clair, any other well informed impostor, would not have omitted Hard's name. Even Dawson agreed to that.

At the beginning it was deemed best to work as quietly as possible. A few relatives were summoned first. Whatever Dawson and the other lawyers had expected, Nona sat numbly in her chair when one by one these refused to admit recognition and fixed cold, glassy eyes upon her.

"Don't you remember me, Cousin Molly?" she exclaimed incredulously. "I used to sneak over to your kitchen for cookies—before we moved from Center Street—you baked such big raisin cookies!"

"I never saw much of my niece after Sam sent her off to boarding schools." A large untidy woman spoke with unforgetting malice. "Too good for her aunts and her cousins she got with her automobile and diamond rings when she was only fourteen. But I guess I would know her if she was alive. She's dead. You're not her, I'll swear to."

Cousin Molly was not alone in instant, positive opinion. A clan of Garrity kin united vociferously to deny her, so that at last she stared up in dull alarm at the men who were handling her cause.

Jerrold Banely was greatly surprised. Dawson, however, was less impressed. "To be expected," he shrugged. "If her story is true, the will is rendered absolutely void. Therefore they lose their bequests. Human nature snarls at another paw reaching for its coconut."

Wider search was instituted; public school and boarding school acquaintances.

Dawson and the other two men raised their eyebrows once or twice at the expense of the search. They raised them again when Jerrold Banely made to them no mention of the expense but proceeded to draw upon his own pocketbook. They exchanged old men's long, canny glances when Jerrold awkwardly requested them not to disabuse the claimant's mind of the naïve belief that the legal firm was attending to this outlay of funds.

After a while four men became thoughtful, but not over a question of expense. There had come upon them all that sense of annoyance that is experienced by a checkmated chess expert.

It was true that some individuals located were willing to swear almost to anything, they hinted. Some spoke outright of a consideration. But Dawson had emphatically warned Jerrold that he must pick his witnesses, his oath-takers, as he would gems for a silver chalice. One worthless testifier, one proven perjurer in the chair, and the purest case can stink to a court.

"It's only a question of days till the heirs get together and throw up a large fund to protect themselves against her. And it'll be venomous protection."

The warning sent Jerrold to Hard Malloy sooner than he might have gone. But it cannot be denied that in the back of his head Hard had stood as a last resource—with pride put aside for expediency.

Spring had gone and a hot, stifling summer was going. Jerrold had foregone his own usual summer vacation to Canadian cool woods. Perhaps because she kept on in the hot, narrow State Street store. He had taken pains never to get an intimate view of the North Side street where she had found a cheap room. But lately she had somewhat shamedly accepted several luncheon invitations from him, and almost feverishly she ordered, he took note, little but iced dishes.

Still, it was a pleasant enough afternoon when he went out to the iron works to interview Hard.

At sight of him, Hard came forward from a group of stokers with bare sweat-and-soot-grimed chests. Leading the way, Hard silently walked with him through the length of two machinery-filled rooms to a side door which gave on a side courtyard.

He led the way to the center of the courtyard. Jerrold did not notice till later that the spot was admirably suited to privacy. Conversation there could not be accidentally or purposely overheard. No one could unseen approach them. No corners or windows were near enough to hide eavesdropper or dictagraph.

He began rather affably, "Hard, do you remember a woman in Dawson's office some time back when you happened to——"

Hard put his large grease-caked hands on his hips, arms akimbo, and for some reason he grinned.

"Yep."

"And—would you know Nona Garrity if you saw her—if she was alive?"

"If Nona Garrity had been dead a hundred years I'd know her. If her hair was white, her features blasted off by dynamite, her face shriveled by a thousand and one centuries, I'd recognize her. *That* was her. I tumbled right away"—his grin was ugly—"why I'd been sent for by old white-nosed Dawson."

"Ah!" Jerrold could not repress the exclamation of pleasure.

"If any of you four had noticed," went on Hard, "you'd seen me have to reach twice for the door knob when I went out."

"You are sure of your recognition of her?"

"As sure"—Hard again grinned unpleasantly—"as that my wife Minnie is going to give me another brat next month."

"You see, she did not kill herself after all——"

"Some stunt! I wouldn't 'a' thought that Nona had the nerve to pull this off." His voice suggested a curious under resonance of passion.

Jerrold hesitated when next he spoke. He desired to be skillful of probe.

"Is—are there any means by which you could substantiate your recognition?"

"There sure is," said Hard coolly. "She's got a tiny scar on her right temple—just at the hair line. Claw-shaped. I was on hand the day she got the hurt. I could describe the hammer—and the man it belonged to. He's dead, by the way. I recall the head carpenter who jawed him for leaving the hammer there. White front teeth that head carpenter had—they're under French sod now. I wiped away the blood while old Sam yelled like mad for her mother, doctors and an ambulance. She had on a pink and white checkered silk school dress."

"Well——" Jerrold was conscious of absurd relief. Simple enough now. He felt slipping from him a load which had been carried for—it might have been sixteen years. "Well, this is worth hearing."

"She wants Sam's dough?"

"Not unnaturally."

Hard's unpleasant grin turned into an unpleasant laugh. A workman, passing, looked at him. Hard waited until the man had gone out of earshot.

A hint of misgiving came to Jerrold.

"Well—she'll whistle for it as far as my help is needed," said Hard. "My memory is too good—where she is concerned."

Consternation swept the other man.

"Why—look here, man—you surely don't mean——"

"I mean just that. No one could realize how this chance tickles me. I've hated her for years—dead or alive." He grinned and turned to go back to his work.

Jerrold caught with expostulation at his bare, grease-caked forearm.

"You can't do this! Decency—common honesty—you've surely got that?"

"Not where she is concerned. She spoiled my life. Got into my blood before I knew it. Little good looking cocky brat that she was. Selfish to the core—like Sam himself." His passion mounted suddenly. "And I hope wherever *he* is, beside hot coals or a harp, he knows that I'm not helping her to ease. He put in his word against me—didn't want so common a son-in-law. Dead as a doornail, he may be annoyed at me now!"

His venom was ominous. Jerrold Banely tried not to accept it as ominous.

"I don't think you understand," he said. "She's a tired and broken woman, at the end of her resources of mind and body."

"I hope she breaks. I hope she drops of want."

His listener reflected that it would not be wise to tell Hard his opinion of him. Later he might be worked upon and induced——

Hard was mind reader. He laughed aloud again, unpleasantly.

"Maybe I'm that sort! But I guess I'd stack up with a few other men born of women. Sam, say. Or you yourself. I remember when your sense of decency wasn't so strong but you could turn up your thin blue-blooded nose at her when she was offered you, although you wasn't too fine minded at the same time to accept a side chair in Sam's office——"

"That's not true! Sam Garrity wanted me in his employ for reasons unconnected with his daughter. A business doesn't run without an influx of young, aggressive, *sober* blood."

"Sam liked corned beef and finger bowls on his table at the same time," sneered Hard. "Besides, Nona herself once bragged to me——"

"That can't be true," declared the other with passion. "There was nothing——"

"For her to brag about?" Hard shrugged. "But at the time"—with a chuckle—"she didn't know that. And one night on my way to a dance I met her on a street corner and I asked her—well, never mind what I asked her; she had a way of half parting her pink lips at a man, even when she was ten, till he lost his hold on himself—and she laughed at me and said Sam had picked out for her the one young man she wanted. Said she certainly fell for her father's taste in son-in-laws."

"Bosh! Anyhow, this is unnecessary—"

"Maybe it is. But I've got a chance I enjoy."

"You don't understand! She has worked for years at——"

"Other women have worked."

"You can't put a race horse to the plow without seeing it winded," protested



"Conspicuous nose pores grow larger if neglected"

You cannot conceal Conspicuous nose pores— *but you can reduce them*

BY a special treatment you can reduce conspicuous nose pores.

On your face the pores are larger than on other parts of the body. On the nose, especially, there are more fat glands than elsewhere.

Unless your skin is in an active condition, the fat sometimes accumulates and hardens in these glands, with the result that the pores become enlarged.

Don't let your skin suffer from this very noticeable fault. Begin tonight to use the following treatment, and see what a simple thing it is to correct this trouble.

WRING a cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive.* Then finish by rubbing your nose for a few seconds with a piece of ice.

Supplement this treatment with the regular daily use of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Before long you will see how this treatment gradually reduces the enlarged pores until they are inconspicuous.



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Jerrold, with increasing fear. "She's faded, without beauty——"

"Bah! Give her six months with money to pay for beauty baths, creams and finery and she'd have back a cocky share of her looks. I won't help her to anything. You needn't waste your time on me." A figure of vengefulness, he walked back to work.

Jerrold repeated most of the conversation to Dawson. Dawson summoned Hard to his office. Hard said with every show of truth: "Oh no indeed, Mr. Dawson! I told Mr. Banely that I was positive Nona Garrity was rightfully buried. This woman must be an impostor."

Without saying anything to anyone, Jerrold thereupon sought Hard again. He had the extreme mortification of reporting to Dawson that he had made a mistake. Hard had contemptuously refused money and had promised viciously to testify in a crowded court room that he had been offered a good many thousand dollars by Banely for recognition of Nona.

There was something of the war horse about Thaddeus Dawson. His nostrils twitched with wrath. "I'm sorry you proffered money. But we'll jerk him on the stand anyhow. And if I can fasten perjury on to him, may his Heavenly Judge have mercy on him. No Cook County judge will."

But as the months went on Hard Malloy loomed in the case as the rock on which it might split.

Publicity began to gather in a cloud. Jerrold made what use he could of it. Advertisements were flamboyantly inserted for workmen and servants of Sam Garrity.

In the end a handful of individuals was culled. Dawson plainly regarded the handful with more misgiving than liking. A scrubwoman in her sixties and garrulously unsound, a plasterer, two cousins who somehow had been overlooked in the bequest list, one boarding schoolmate and a great-uncle from an old men's home.

"The plasterer," said Dawson disapprovingly, "has a moonshine breath at eight o'clock in the morning. The two cousins, it can be proved, never saw Sam's envied daughter after her fifteenth birthday—and their monetary hopes shine in their incautious faces. The boarding school friend wears imitation jade earrings; I understand she's been a divorcee three times and I'm afraid to look up more of her history. The great-uncle spoke feelingly before an overfilled office of the limited privileges of his home."

Jerrold Banely raised a curiously impassive face from a cluttered desk.

"I go on the stand, remember. And there is your reputation as sandbag."

"'Sandbag?' H'm." Dawson grunted. "Best word."

It was Hocker who asked Nona herself to try to change Malloy's attitude. Shabby, dull-eyed, she shook her head in refusal. In his years of association with Sam, Jerrold Banely recalled several similar incidents of Sam's stubborn pride on occasion. But that of course was not meat for a finicky court decision. Moreover, he did not dislike her show of pride, low voiced and forlorn as it was.

Naturally, as Dawson had predicted, a fund was gathered to fight her claim. A hundred named in the will got together and engaged an impressive array of legal talent to combat her story and her witnesses. Dawson drew his old eyebrows together imperceptibly when on the first day he beheld the court room. He deemed it advisable to fire his loudest guns at the start. Some people are dazed by noise. Between thirty and forty of the older workmen from the foundries were called in order. Whereupon three shrewd opposing lawyers were made aware that Dawson, Hocker and Kane believed in their side of the case.

Several days were consumed in taking testimony from the men from the iron works, and court stenographers used up a great deal of white paper with the net result that six middle-aged men with gnarled fingers would not say positively that the claimant was not Nona Garrity. Still, to their minds she did not seem to be the small, vivid-haired child whom they had known once. The opposing lawyers smiled imperceptibly at Dawson, Hocker and Kane, all three of whom, with Jerrold Banely, took pains to be in the court room each day from beginning to close.

Hard Malloy also took pains to be constantly in the court room. He stared a good deal at Nona sitting silently and shabbily in her chair. She returned his look soberly once or twice.

The plasterer, the scrubwoman, the two cousins, the great-uncle and the jade earringed boarding schoolmate gave their testimony. At their close, one opposing legal brother smiled broadly at Dawson.

Dawson of course did not call Hard Malloy as witness for his side. But he got hold of him in cross-questioning. Dawson shot his questions rapidly in forceful voice.

Hard had his cool, forceful answers out almost before Dawson could frame the questions.

No, he couldn't identify this woman as Sam Garrity's daughter. No, there was not the slightest resemblance to Nona Garrity. No, he could not identify any scar on her temple. No, he had not been present one Sunday while the big house was going up. No, he did not remember under carpenter or head carpenter. No, he did not remember Sam's yells for her mother, doctors and ambulance. That particular Sunday——

Come to think—Hard seemed to speak with sincerity and quite without venom—that particular Sunday, May 19, 19—— which claimant gave as the date—his glance went coolly down to the shabby figure—had been his nineteenth birthday. He recalled spending that birthday with a crowd of fellows on the Des Plaines river. Their names? Why, he didn't remember all of 'em.

Dawson permitted him to step down from the chair. Stepping coolly down, Hard tried to catch Jerrold Banely's eye, but failed. Jerrold sat quietly beside Hocker at a table.

Dawson called Jerrold Banely to the stand almost at once. Hard, lounging on a bench, grinned imperceptibly as Jerrold stepped up. But his grin was replaced by unbelief and a flush of rage as Dawson questioned and the witness replied.

Thaddeus Dawson to Jerrold Banely repeated in effect many of the exact questions that he had recently put to Hard Malloy. It is true that he did not repeat them exact word for exact word. And two of the opposing lawyers looked across intently at Dawson, one sitting up straighter in his chair. But both settled back, as if warily to await developments. A national treaty has been set aside for a comma. Decisions of the Supreme Court have hung on a preposition of two letters. But Thaddeus Dawson was hardly the man to make himself ridiculous with a small error.

Jerrold Banely's replies were not Hard Malloy's, being worded quite differently. Yes, he could identify this woman—almost he said girl—as Sam Garrity's only daughter. Yes, he had known her intimately sixteen years before.

Yes, he was aware of the scar on her temple. Yes, of his own positive knowledge he could describe the circumstances of her hurt resulting in this scar. It occurred during the building of the big stone house on the Drive. Yes, he could describe, of his knowledge, the head carpenter's white front teeth. He could testify, of his knowledge, concerning Sam Garrity's yells for Nona's mother, doctors, ambulance. Nona had worn a pink and white checkered silk school dress.

Like the smooth thrust of a powerful prow into deep water was the old resonant voice of Dawson. Quiet and sincere was Jerrold Banely's voice in his replies. And Hard Malloy had not the fine training of mind to take note of a slight difference in phrasing; he did not dream of the legal importance that may hang on a comma, a preposition or a participle. He rose from his bench and he suddenly shouted, losing all restraint and purpling with rage:

"Why, you're a liar! You're a perjurer!"

Dawson turned about his large old white head as if in mild amazement. In the chair Jerrold Banely lifted his eyebrows as if in challenge to Hard. And Hard Malloy had been a drinking man for years. Violently he shouted:

"Perjured yourself—that's what you've done! By God, I'll do time myself to prove it on you!"

"What is the matter, Mr. Malloy?" suavely demanded Dawson. "If Mr. Banely was on the spot that Sunday——"

"He wasn't!"

"Were you?"

"Yes!" in another shout.

Three opposing lawyers exchanged a glance as—as if unitedly they held a mammoth hot potato. After a while Jerrold Banely took pains to explain to a trapped man that it would be wise in the future for him to acquire a nicer ear. "'Of my own knowledge——'" Jerrold repeated ironically. "I had my fund of knowledge; I got it from you, Hard. Partly. But I'll tell you this: I've got the stamina to spend a few years behind the bars—if I chose. But you haven't."

Presently: "They'll appeal of course," murmured Hocker under his breath to Kane.

"Bet you an apple to a core they don't," said Kane, who had been watching Cousin Molly's flustered eyes.

In her seat Nona turned with dilated, hope-filled eyes toward—not Dawson, nor the others, but Jerrold Banely.

"I—I can't thank you," she was murmuring with voice that rose and then wavered.

"I think you can," he said decidedly. "In time!"

He recalled with pleasure Hard's sulky statement which had to do with a few months and dollars and a woman's face and hair. Not only pictures on canvas need gentleness and skill for restoration when time and tarnish have obliterated beauty.

What the outdoor life of girls today is teaching all women

Why their skin

does not coarsen or lose its freshness in spite of the way they treat it



When girls started on their headlong career of swimming, golfing, riding and motoring, they were warned they would eternally ruin their complexions.

But they just did not. After several years of sports and parties the modern girl still has the kind of complexion men bow to, fascinatingly fresh and smooth.

Because, as she would say, she goes in for taking care of it.

This is one thing the modern girl has proved for women once and for all time. Give it the *two indispensable things* on which a skin keeps young and smooth, and your skin will be fresh and lovely for years.

The exquisite cleansing. The delicate, yet sure protection—Women who use daily the two entirely different creams which Pond's developed for these two needs of the skin, say that no other method leaves them so free from worry about the weather, or gives them the same wonderful feeling that their complexion is *exactly right.* No wonder that women use millions of jars every year of these two creams — Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream!

TRY THIS FAMOUS METHOD

Every night. With the finger tips apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. The very fine oil in it is able to penetrate every pore. Let it stay on a minute—now wipe it off with a soft cloth. *Do this twice.* The black on the cloth shows you how carefully this cream cleanses. Your skin looks fresh and is beautifully supple.

Then in the morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly over your whole face. Now if you wish, rouge—powder. How smooth and velvety your face feels to your hand. The appearance of your skin for the whole day will prove to you how wonderful for your skin these two creams are.

Use this method regularly to counteract every day's exposure to dirt and weather. And after any special exposure, a motor or railroad trip, give your skin a special daytime cleansing and freshening. Begin tonight. The Pond's Extract Company.



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Elizabeth Hines says: "Pond's Two Creams can be depended on to keep the skin fresh and smooth."



removes coarsening dirt—restores suppleness
defies exposure—finishes and holds the powder

EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS



Read about the method many modern girls use to keep their skin always so delightfully smooth and young

Defy the troubles that mar your skin

Give it the two things that every skin must have to be fresh and smooth

Sunburn, Windburn, Chapping

The daily repetition of weather damage does more to age your skin than any other single factor. But the process is so gradual that you do not notice it until your skin has definitely coarsened. Do not let this happen. For the insidious everyday exposure that attacks every woman, use the same method that would save your skin from the excessive damage of a long motor ride or a day on the beach. Keep your skin properly oiled by a nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Then always in the morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. It forms a delicate but sure protection. This method will prevent your skin from drying out, will keep it smooth and young.

Premature Wrinkles, Scaling, Peeling

These are the troubles of a dry skin. To avoid them you must protect yourself from all exposure — keep your skin soft day and night. Cleanse with plenty of Pond's Cold Cream nightly and leave some on over night. This will give your skin the oil it needs so badly and keep it from scaling and peeling. Then it will not develop little lines that grow into wrinkles.

But do not let the exposure of the day undo the results of this nightly oiling. Every morning smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream liberally to prevent your skin from drying out again. Carry a tube with you on motor trips to counteract their drying influence.

Accumulation of dirt and oil in the pores

This is the trouble of an oily skin. Oil accumulates in your glands and attracts dirt and bacteria—dust that blows into your face when motoring, or the daily soot of city streets. Your complexion is dulled, disfigured. It has an oily shine. For this condition you need specially careful cleansings. Pond's Cold Cream is so light it penetrates the glands and takes out excess oil and dirt together. Cleanse this way every night and always after any motor or railroad trip. Then every morning smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. You can use plenty of it because it has no oil. It will keep your face fresh right through the day. With these two creams you will avoid a dull muddy skin.

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Dolls

(*Continued from page 73*)

turn me out now and remake half a pic ure. How he will weep over that!"

The audience had faded, reluctantly.

It was all very well for Mickey.

Mickey had no sense anyway.

But they knew something of Ma Variel's power and temper.

"I suppose you think you were very funny," said Mignon. It was plain now that she was too inexperienced, too untrained, to be a worthy opponent. "But I think you're just hateful—hateful."

Partly from anger, partly from sheer terror at the revelation dawning upon her, Mignon sank down, cross-legged, upon the stone floor, buried her head on the rag doll and began to cry.

Her curls caught the morning sun and shone like the shimmer of autumn wheat fields. Her clutching fingers closed about the toes of her futile little Mary Janes.

"Oh now, don't do that," said Mickey O'Toole, and quite naturally went and sat down on the floor beside her. "I say, don't cry. There isn't anything to cry about, really. Here, stop it! I'd no idea you could cry like that."

Mignon raised her head and looked him straight in the eyes.

"Why do you hate me so?" she asked. "Why does everybody hate me so? Oh dear. Oh dear."

"Bless your heart, you silly little thing," said Mickey O'Toole. "I don't bother to hate you. I just think you make an awful idiot of yourself most of the time."

Mignon gasped.

"Does everybody think that?"

"Well, I dare say there are lots of people don't think about you at all. But a lot of them think that."

"Why?"

Mickey looked long into her eyes. They were dumb eyes, but they were very pitiful. Almost like the eyes of a puppy who has been kicked and doesn't know why.

"Well," he said at last, "I dare say it's on account of your mother. She's not popular. Maybe it's only because she loves you, but she certainly tramples on everybody. You're not so bad, if you'd only go about your business. You can act. But you're not the most important thing on this planet by a darn sight. To be frank with you, my dear, since we're talking man to man, you're an upstage, conceited, dumb little brat. That's what you are."

Mignon was nodding her head, in exact imitation of her biggest French doll.

"I—I didn't know," she said.

"Think a minute," said Mickey. "What's the good of going around saying your mamma doesn't allow you to associate with picture people? Your mother may be a most estimable lady, but she used to be a second-rate dancer on the small time vaudeville and everybody knows it. They'd all forget it quick enough if she didn't act like she was Queen Victoria reincarnated. What's the good of cutting poor little tramps that never had a chance or a break of luck, but who've got more brains and more heart and more honest woman emotion than you'll ever have? What's the use of making it so hard for everybody? *I* don't care, but most leading men that play in a picture with you get sort of tired of having their left hind ear photographed exclusively. And you know, Mignon, you're a big girl now. It's such a lot of apple sauce for you to pretend you think storks bring the babies. It is really. How old are you?"

"Sixteen."

"Behave, behave! How old are you?"

"Most twenty."

"Can you imagine that? What's there to be so ashamed of about being twenty that you try to hide it all the time? Oh, what a lot of apple sauce!"

Mignon trembled a little. "I guess," she began confusedly, "I guess you don't know what it's like to be—be an infant prodigy. With mamma. Oh, I was treated fine. But—it's sort of a funny way to grow up. It—makes you different from other people. When you've never done anything in your whole life just—because you wanted to—but always for the people watching you. It—it's funny."

She stammered and wiped the tears away with the skirt of the rag doll. "I remember once we were in a town near a park. I ran away to the park and played with the children." Her eyes grew wistful. "They didn't like me either because I didn't know how to play. One little boy pushed me down and cut my lip. But I didn't care. That was the only time I ever played with children.

"Mothers are—fine—but I guess it's funny I always thought I'd like a papa. Maybe he'd have carried me on his shoulder and—made me a coaster. You get awful tired of just *dolls*."

She stopped, inarticulate. Ashamed of her speech. Unable to describe or explain any more of the old hurt.

But Mickey O'Toole of the Irish imagination looked into her round face and her round, wet eyes and saw all that she could never tell.

The endless procession of hotels that were never home. The gushing throngs of admirers. The little dark dressing rooms, on days when the shouts of youngsters rang from every dusty hillside and every wave-washed beach.

The glare of the footlights in tired baby eyes.

He saw a lonely, puzzled baby, all by herself in the Terrible Land of Grown-ups. He could almost hear the precise flavor of her speech and the horror of her "cute sayings."

Robbed of her mud pies. Robbed of her broken window panes and her bruised, mother-kissed knees. Robbed of that sacred privacy of childhood.

But oh, most of all, beyond everything else in the world, robbed of her playmates. Of those other children who alone could have answered the incessant cry of her lonely baby heart.

Poor little mummer! Like all those other poor little mummers he saw daily about the studios, precocious, too well behaved, unchildlike little creatures, doing their tricks like monkeys on a hand organ.

He thought of Baby Mignon, flapping her tiny wings like a pink butterfly on a wheel, and then he thought of that gentle Friend who understood better than all others the delicacy of the child soul, and who said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." And his heart came into his throat.

And she had been bound to serve out years in the slavery of this false childhood. She couldn't even grow up. She had been wrapped and pinched into that nightmare of stage childhood, as the feet of Chinese maidens are wrapped and pinched to stunt their growth.

Unconsciously he put his arm about her, and quite as unconsciously she relaxed against him. Gently he began to sway back and forth, as though he were rocking a baby to sleep, patting her shoulder with regular, tender pats.

"There, there," he said softly. "I understand. Don't you worry."

"Mickey," said Mignon Variel softly, "what ought I to do first, do you think?"

"Let's throw this away," said Mickey O'Toole. And he tossed the rag doll over the cement wall.

III

MIGNON crept noiselessly up the heavily padded staircase.

She was trembling with fright, yet she was warm with exultation.

Only a sense of pride for Mickey helped her to bite back a scream as the light flashed on in the upper hallway.

Rigid, ominous, Ma Variel stood there. "Where have you been?"

Mignon tried to speak; but her lips trembled so that she could not.

"Where have you been?" her mother repeated.

Neither moved for a long minute.

Then the older woman put out a hand. "Come here, Mignon."

Like a frightened child, Mignon Variel, the greatest of screen ingénues, crept up the few remaining steps.

"It's eleven o'clock," said the harsh, choked voice. "Where have you been?"

Quite against her will, Mignon began to sob. "I haven't been anywhere," she said. "I haven't done anything I shouldn't. I just went out to dinner with Mickey, that's all, and we danced. We went to the Ambassador. It was all right, mamma."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because—oh, mamma, you know you wouldn't have let me go alone! I'm—oh, mamma, I love you. But I wanted to go out alone, just once, like other girls. Just once——"

"So that's what he's put into your head, is it? This guttersnipe. This shanty-Irish blackguard. This bleary-eyed seducer of babies. You're easy prey, you and your fortune, for such a scheming vampire as him. But he's forgotten—what is it they call me in Hollywood?—Ma Variel. He's forgotten Ma Variel."

Suddenly her face hardened. One hand reached out and clutched at the mass of golden curls, coiled with exquisite beauty on top of the round young head. Bound there with a thin silver ribbon.

And this time the girl screamed, aloud,



The story time will tell

IS your skin as soft and glowingly lovely as you would like it to be? And will it be as fresh and naturally beautiful a few years from now?

The way you care for it *now* will tell the story. Soap and water cleansing alone is not enough. Neither is the use of cold creams which are absorbed by the skin. These leave the skin too oily.

There is a new and better way to preserve the natural beauty of your complexion. Squibb's Cold Cream makes it possible. This delicately perfumed cold cream frees the skin from every particle of dust and dirt. It aids in the removal of unsightly blackheads and blemishes. But it is not absorbed. Rub it on the skin gently every night. Then wipe off with a soft cloth. Your skin will glow with all its natural loveliness!

You may get this better cold cream at your druggist's—in convenient tubes or in larger jars for the dressing table.

Every ingredient used in Squibb's Cold Cream is rigidly tested by the Squibb Laboratories to insure its purity and reliability.

Also Squibb's Talcum

You will find Squibb's Talcum—Violet, Carnation and Unscented—another product as distinctly superior as Squibb's Cold Cream. It is made from the finest Italian talc, bolted through silk, and is unusually smooth and soft. Sold by reliable druggists everywhere.

SQUIBB



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as that ruthless, heavy hand tore down the glistening mop and let the famous curls fall about the shrinking shoulders.

"So—putting your hair on top of your head. Your pretty hair that makes you look so young and sweet and different. I've spoiled you, Mignon, I've spoiled you. But you're all I've got in the world, and you'll have to reckon with me if you start this sort of thing. You and this low, common actor you've chosen to disgrace yourself with. Come in here."

Mignon fought for self-control as she followed the heavy-moving figure into the big, luxurious bedroom, where a fire burned on the white tile hearth.

"Take that dress off and go to bed," said her mother, pouring milk into a tiny electric kettle, "and have your hot milk and be asleep before midnight, like a young girl should."

"Please, mamma, I haven't disgraced myself. It's only that I wanted to be like other girls—just once—and have a good time——"

"Like other girls, eh? Like these Hollywood trollops? Chasing around with this man and that and getting common and losing their looks and ruining their reputations. You don't know what a girl's up against that does that, my dear. You just stop and think a minute and you'll know how fortunate you've been all these years with a mother to fight every battle for you and stand in front of you and think for you. I've had some hard times, my fine young lady, and if I'm hard now, that's the reason. What do you know about the world? And your Mickey would be a fine one to depend on——"

"Oh, mamma, please don't say anything against Mickey! He's been so dear and kind——"

Ma Variel towered above her as she slipped trembling between the silken, scented sheets. Towered impressive and terrible.

"Kind, has he? I don't doubt it. As he's been kind to every cheap extra girl and low-down female on the lot. Common, that's what he is. A drunkard. A gutter drunkard. Mixed up with all kinds of cheap women. What d'you know about men, you poor, innocent baby? Answer me that. It takes years and hard knocks to teach a woman most of them are rotten. A clowning, simpering, worthless puppy, that's what he is."

She held out the glass of hot milk. Mignon took it and raised it to her lips. Part of it spilled on the rare lace of her gown and on the brocaded satin coverlet.

With steady hands, Ma Variel wiped the drops away.

"But, mamma, everybody likes Mickey."

"Everybody? The riffraff and kittle-cattle of Hollywood. Why shouldn't they like him? He's one of 'em. He drinks with them and carouses with them and makes love to them, sure enough. You, that I've kept above all that—is that what you want, Mignon?"

"I—no, no. But mamma, that isn't all there is. There's some decent young fun for a girl, isn't there? Not always to be cooped up, nor posing. Nor playing with dolls. I want a little freedom."

"Freedom? To do what? Ruin yourself. You listen to me. Ever since the day they gave you to me in the hospital, a little, wizened, ugly brat, squalling with fear and hunger, you've been all I had in the world. I hated your father because he made a fool of me just like this man would make a fool out of you. I hated him because he run off and left you—not because he left me. For twenty years I've fought and thought and forgot I was anything but your mother. For twenty years I haven't had a feeling or a thought outside of you, and I've kept you a sweet, pure child and now——"

Both women were sobbing, but the mother went on in an abysmal tide of emotion. "Now you want to leave me. You go off with the first young snip that comes along. You forget everything I've done and sacrificed for you. You deceive me, your mother, for a man you don't know anything about. That you never saw until a month ago. You want to ruin the career I've built up for you and tarnish the good name I've kept for you in this rotten business. You want to give him the money I've schemed and lied and fought for you to earn. My goodness, Mignon, haven't you got everything in the world a girl could want? Don't I give you everything?"

Ma Variel, in a tenderness that was cyclonic, swept the trembling child to her breast.

All the passion of all the ages lay in her quivering, tear-stained, fear-ridden face. The passion of motherhood and of fatherhood; of possession and of service; of worship and of jealousy. The passion of a woman to whom a child has been husband and lover and work and reward and religion for many years.

A fierceness of possession swept her, that would have taken this child back into her very blood before giving her to another.

The blanket of it fell, smothering, on Mignon Variel. The thrill of Mickey's presence vanished. The inspiration of her new self faded.

The other cone of that passionate, selfish, material mother-love suffocated her.

She sobbed, once or twice. Nodded wearily. And fell into an exhausted sleep of childhood.

Her mother sat there, hour after hour, holding her against her breast in ecstasy.

IV

On a certain day in June when the oranges hung on the velvet trees like colored balls on a Christmas tree and the fields were a mass of yellow mustard bloom, Mickey O'Toole and Mignon Variel went to Santa Ana and were married.

For weeks the battle had raged.

Hollywood, amazed and amused, had watched with mingled chuckles and thrills.

Each step of the drama had been known to the eager colony.

They knew, for instance, the exact hour when Ma Variel ordered Mickey from the house and forbade him ever to return.

They knew, almost to a word, what took place in Sam Hartfeltz's office when she blacklisted him at the Hart studio, and every other studio where she or Hartfeltz had any influence.

But public sympathy was with Mickey. There were a number of people in Hollywood who had old scores against Ma Variel. Mickey didn't lack influential supporters.

They knew, too, about the time that Mignon actually climbed out of an upstairs window in the dead of night for a stolen motor ride. And some versions declared that she had left a cleverly conceived dummy in her bed.

There were rumors of terrific scenes in the Variel household. There were rumors that Mignon had actually defied her mother on occasion—but not for long. And that in the end Ma Variel had turned Mignon over her knee and spanked her soundly with a hairbrush.

Here and there it was said that Ma Variel had stooped to the deepest trickery to compromise and ruin Mickey.

The whole staff knew, and nearly burst with excitement, when Red—an adventurous and impertinent prop boy—smuggled notes to Mignon under her mother's very nose.

Altogether, Hollywood hadn't had so much fun in a long time.

When Mignon arrived at the studio, under guard, and was marched to her dressing bungalow entirely surrounded by watchful eyes, they decided it was almost as good as one of the old time romances, when kings hid haughty princesses within impregnable towers to keep them from the arms of low-born lovers.

After all, in her way Mignon was a princess.

The wedding was a surprise to no one.

Only the details were exciting.

And exciting they certainly were.

After days of failure, it was understood that Mickey had thought out the plan.

Mignon was working on a big county fair set. And, after losing herself among the vast throng of extra people, she had slipped through a side gate into a waiting touring car, and made a wild dash for Santa Ana, where Mickey awaited her.

And so Mignon Variel, who earned a quarter of a million dollars a year and whose face was known in every land under the sun, was married by a justice of the peace, in a county courthouse, in a calico dress and a straw hat with a hole in it. And while the sandals hid her toes, they could not hide the bare whiteness of her ankles.

She still wore, too, the grease paint of her screen make-up.

In two hours she was back on the set.

And because there had been another figure mingling with the extras, in a calico dress and a straw hat, Ma Variel hadn't missed her.

The secret held for three days.

And then it broke with a dull thud in the morning papers. Eight-column headlines, myriad photographs and much elegant description.

Fortunately Mickey, who was not sleeping well, awoke in the dawn and read his paper early. So that just as Mignon, dizzy from the shock of that screaming black type, was staring into her mother's eyes across untouched grapefruit, the bridegroom walked in.

"Hello, mother," said young Mickey O'Toole with a grin. "'Tis not the way I would have announced it to you, but you've got Mignon so scared of you there was no other way without frightening her to death."

Ma Variel did not look well in negligee and she knew it. If it takes ten generations to make a man look like a gentleman in evening clothes, it takes twenty to make a woman look like a lady in a pink negligee.

"I am sorry for that rose"

THEY had been walking in the garden—a riot of color—in the lazy hush of a summer day. Suddenly the man bent over a bush of roses, exquisite in their hue of delicate pink. At each in turn he looked, turning upward the little blushing faces, till at last he found the most perfect of them all.

The girl stood watching him, wondering at his careful scrutiny. The man cut the rose and gave it to her. She took it laughingly and pinned it in her hair, close to her glowing cheek. He caught his breath as he looked at her, then at the rose and back again to the softly flushing beauty of her face.

"Do you know," he said, "I am sorry for that rose—it must be so unhappy."

"But why?" she asked, not understanding what he meant. He smiled at her with loving tenderness.

"Because it suffers by comparison."



Laughingly she pinned it in her hair

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

To obtain Instant Beauty use the three preparations of the Pompeian Beauty Trio together. For greatest care has been used in harmonizing all the Pompeian preparations, that they may give the most natural effect.

Day Cream is a vanishing cream that is absorbed by the skin and will not reappear in an unpleasant gloss. It makes a foundation for powder and rouge on which they will stay unusually long; softens the skin and protects it against sun, wind, and dust.

The Beauty Powder is so soft and fine that it goes on smoothly and evenly. It adheres so well that frequent repowdering is unnecessary.

Pompeian Bloom, a rouge which is absolutely harmless, comes in all the required shades—light, medium, dark and orange tint. It will not crumble, yet comes off easily on the puff.

Remember: first, Day Cream, next the Beauty Powder, then a touch of Bloom, and over all another light coating of the Powder.

Pompeian Lip Stick adds another little touch to the toilette, that is both effective and beneficial. It deepens the natural color of the lips and prevents their chapping.

Pompeian Day Cream (*vanishing*)	60c *per jar*
Pompeian Beauty Powder	60c *per box*
Pompeian Bloom (*the rouge*)	60c *per box*
Pompeian Lip Stick	25c *each*
Pompeian Fragrance	30c *a can*
Pompeian Night Cream (New style jar)	60c *per jar*

The MARY PICKFORD Panel

and four Pompeian samples sent to you for 10 cents

Mary Pickford, the world's most adored woman, has again honored Pompeian Beauty Preparations by granting the exclusive use of her portrait for the new 1923 Pompeian Beauty Panel. The beauty and charm of Miss Pickford are faithfully portrayed in the dainty colors of this panel. Size 28 x 7½ inches.

For 10 cents we will send you all of these:

1. The 1923 Mary Pickford Pompeian Beauty Panel as described above. (Would cost from 50c to 75c in an art store.)
2. Sample of Pompeian Day Cream (vanishing).
3. Sample of Pompeian Beauty Powder.
4. Sample of Pompeian Bloom (non-breaking rouge).
5. Sample of Pompeian Night Cream.



Pompeian Laboratories, 2036 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
Also Made in Canada

Pompeian

Day Cream Beauty Powder Bloom

© 1923, The Pompeian Co.

The Care of the Skin in Summer

By Mme. Jeannette

About this time of the year, women begin to realize that they look "different" in their dancing frocks and formal clothes. This is generally due to the damage done by sun and wind.

It is always harmful to suffer wind- or sun-burn; every such experience is an added hurt to the texture of the skin. When the skin is wind- or sun-burned, much of the natural oil is burned out and the skin becomes unhealthily dry. An intense contraction of the upper skin (epidermis) takes place and should be scientifically treated to stimulate the natural oils, and supply others till the condition is overcome.

Summer Precautions

Before going out and before powdering the face it is the part of wisdom to use Pompeian Day Cream. This delightful preparation is delicately fragrant and forms a protective foundation for the daytime toilette. It is a vanishing cream, and disappears almost entirely, leaving an invisible film that is healthy for the skin, and forms an excellent base for the application of the powder and rouge. After using, you will find that your powder goes on more smoothly, and stays on longer.

Don't Touch Water to a New Sunburn

If you acquire a wind- or sun-burn, be sure to use quantities of Pompeian Night Cream as soon as possible. It slightly relaxes the contracted skin, and has a very soothing effect as well. Let the cream stay on the burned parts a few minutes, then gently remove with a soft cloth. If it is night you should leave as much of the cream on as you can comfortably. If burned early in the day, you should use the same treatment and follow it with an application of Day Cream and Powder.

Correct Powder for Tanned Skins

Your usual white or flesh-toned powders will look ghastly over a browned skin. Rachel shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder is a rich cream tone of powder, excellent for tanned skin, and can be used as lavishly as you normally use any other shade without detection.

The Final Touch of Beauty

In summer, when all nature's coloring is richer, it is imperative that the lips have the appearance of health. The effective way is the use of Pompeian Lip Stick. It has healing quality, and adds just the right amount of healthy color.

Jeannette

Specialiste de Beauté

TEAR OFF, SIGN AND SEND

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2036 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1923 Art Panel of Mary Pickford, and the four samples named in offer.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Flesh shade powder sent unless you write another below

He found it in Valparaiso

Then he headed north and found it up near the "jumping-off place"

No matter what part of the world you may find yourself in, few things make you feel more at home than to walk into a store and discover your favorite smoking tobacco for sale.

With your favorite tobacco in your favorite pipe, life is worth living in almost any corner of the globe.

This thought was inspired by the following letter from Mr. Bromley, an Edgeworth smoker from Fort Wayne, Ind.:

Larus & Brother Co.,
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

In some of your advertisements from time to time I have noticed letters from different users of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco and I wondered if anyone ever had a more varied experience than I have had.

When in Valparaiso, South America, I could get it; and when I was as far north as a man could well go without going to the "jumping-off place," I could get Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed.

I have an old briar that I have had for ten years and it never had a crumb of any but Edgeworth in it.

If that isn't going some, "you tell me."

Yours truly,
(Signed) W. E. Bromley.

If Mr. Bromley makes frequent skips from continent to continent, his record of keeping all tobacco but Edgeworth out of his briar is indeed noteworthy.



But as a rule Edgeworth smokers, wherever they are, generally manage to find a way to get Edgeworth, for they don't feel as if they are really smoking unless the tobacco comes from a little blue can.

If you are not an Edgeworth smoker, send your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 61 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

You will receive almost immediately free samples of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed. Then you can judge for yourself what you think about this tobacco that so many smokers claim gives complete pipe-satisfaction.

If you will include the name and address of your regular tobacco dealer, your courtesy will be appreciated.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

"Get out of my house," she said briefly. "Quick. And don't ever come back or I'll set the dogs on you."

"All right, dear," said Mickey. "Come on, Mignon. The car's outside."

Mignon half rose. "Sit down," said her mother. "You get out of this house and let my daughter alone."

"Oh no," said Mickey. "Can't do that. Sorry. She happens to be my wife, you know. And you remember that the jolly old Bible says you should forsake your father and mother and cleave unto your husband. Mignon, come here."

His tone was quiet, but for the first time an actual panic seized Ma Variel, for it was as cool and steady and purposeful as it was quiet.

Mignon went to his side. "Please, mamma ——" she began.

"Never mind, dear," said her husband. "You two women have had enough chance at managing this thing. What you actually need is a man in the family. I let you come back once, now I'm going to run it my way. Mother, let me tell you a few things. Mignon is married to me. She's of marrying age and it's legal. And the law is quite squiffy about people trying to separate husbands and wives. It is, really. In fact, they do all sorts of unpleasant things to you in this State if they find it out.

"I may not be much good, but I'm a better man than you are. Because I'm willing to concede that Mignon is a woman and a human being with a few rights of her own. Mignon loves you a lot, and there isn't any reason why we shouldn't all live happily together. If we can't—you'll have to get used to living alone."

Ma Variel rose and there was a flash of fire in her eyes.

"And if you try any rough stuff," said young Mickey O'Toole, "much as I'd hate to do it, I should just naturally be forced to hand you a good stiff wallop on the jaw. Because that's the only kind of language a selfish old Biddy like you understands. There are too darn many mothers like you around Hollywood.

"Now Mignon and I are going honeymooning."

"If you go," said Ma Variel, "you'll never get a cent of my money. You'll take her in the clothes she's got on."

"I'd take her in less than that," said her son-in-law. "Of course when my wife's twenty-one you'll have to make an accounting to her of all the money's she's earned. She's got a right to that. And don't call me a fortune hunter. Because I know I'm not one and my opinion is the only one I really value. So I'm certainly not going to let Mignon's money interfere in our happiness."

The very air quivered.

The butler, coming in with hot toast, glanced at the three motionless figures and retreated hastily.

"Now, mother"—Mickey smiled engagingly—"now's the time for you to pull that great old classic about not having lost a daughter but gained a son. You've no idea what a lot of help I'm going to be to Mignon. She'll never have to depend just on you for her thinking again."

Ma Variel rang a bell. She was panting for breath now.

A trim, white-capped maid came down the stairs.

"Pack my things," said Ma Variel, her voice cracking like a whip, "and have Agnes pack Miss Mignon's. We're going to Coronado for a few days."

"You mean"—Mickey was puzzled but pleasant—"you mean all of us?"

"I mean I think you're a filthy little blackmailer, and if you've got this poor, ignorant child in your clutches so she can't get out—I'm going along."

"On our honeymoon? Oh, I assure you, mother darling, you'll feel frightfully in the way. Awfully, awfully *de trop*. Really you will. Ever been on anybody else's honeymoon?"

"Shut up," said Ma Variel. "I'm going with my daughter. She's never spent a night away from me since she was born."

"I know, dear, and they couldn't have Prohibition either," explained Mickey, "Isn't there an old proverb about there being a first time for everything? Mother, I think you're a great old girl. I respect you as a worthy antagonist. I suspect, moreover, that we have a lot in common. You're going to love me before you get through. But I cannot, I really cannot, take you on my honeymoon. In fact, if I had wanted you on my honeymoon I'd have married you. You'll have a honeymoon of your own yet, don't you stew, ma."

It is no exaggeration to say that Ma Variel choked.

She made one step forward and Mignon shrank. "You little fool——" she cried.

"Easy on," said Mickey, and his eyes were cool and dangerous. "You're speaking to my wife, you know. And a woman."

"I'm her mother——" said Gertrude Variel.

"I know, dear," said Mickey, "and motherhood is a beautiful thing if you don't abuse it. You can go right on being her mother, but you aren't going to be a war lord any more."

"Then go—go, both of you. I never want to see you again," said Ma Variel. "Oh, Mignon, my baby—you won't leave me like this? You'll kill me—my baby—you can't leave your mamma like this——"

She had broken. She was pleading now.

"Mamma!" Mignon O'Toole held out her arms.

But a firm masculine hand circled her wrists. "That's a good way to feel about it," said Mickey quietly. "You just think it all over while we're gone and get your place in the scheme of things worked out in your head. And when we get through having a nice, long, glorious honeymoon—Mignon'll come back to work. And we'll probably see a lot of you then."

V

DRAMA gets into the blood.

Ma Variel had not intended to be sitting in front of the fire, rocking that biggest doll of Mignon's, when her daughter came back.

But she was.

And when she saw the golden curls and the dimples and the round young face alive with happiness, her dramatic instinct made her begin to weep and to hold out the doll as she cried: "Oh, Mignon, it's the baby doll you used to love so much. The one you always played with."

Mrs. Mickey O'Toole walked straight across the big, empty drawing room to her mother's side.



4-passenger Phaeton, $2450

Built as Beauty Deserves—

Superb Workmanship—Fine Performance—Long Life

HOW all your youthful instincts draw you to the Paige 4-passenger Phaeton! The trim lines, with a hint of dash, mark its fine breeding. You will always be proud of it. In sheer performance it will exceed your fondest dreams. Steering ease for the frailest hand. And so gentle the Paige clutch that stalling or jerking never occurs.

Restful body positions with low-set seats and ample foot room, make comfortable riding. Rear springs more than 5 feet long laugh at rough roads—wheelbase of 131 inches adds to travel ease. No thought here of fatigue. The steering column is adjustable to your driving position. Compartments and pockets provide space for traveling accessories—2 lock-equipped "cubby holes" safely carry valued articles. And for long tours—a folding rack in the rear accommodates heavy luggage.

The Paige 70 H. P. motor, with the silence and smoothness of perfect lubrication, performs eagerly at 2 miles an hour or 70, throttle-controlled. Rare, indeed, is your need for gear shifting. The slight pressure of a dainty foot taps a ready flow of power to master all road conditions. Motor life is increased and its youthful vigor retained by the Paige high-pressure oiling system.

Bodies, too, are soundly built. No body squeaks or rattles mar the performance of your Paige—double strips of patent leather keep metal from touching metal or wood. Substantial finishing is in conformity with the precise mechanical workmanship—not a piece of imitation leather in your Paige.

For years you can confidently expect the Paige to retain its fine performance, silence, comfort. Its high standard is unexcelled. Long life in such a car is certain. Such satisfaction is the thing to buy.

Paige is the only manufacturer of finest quality cars with a tremendous volume in smaller cars the size and price of the Paige-built Jewett. This enormous volume reduces overhead by hundreds of dollars on each Paige car. This is your saving when you buy your Paige.

Standard equipment on Paige includes: two extra cord tires, tubes, rims and covers, mounted forward on the running boards; spring bumpers front and rear; snubbers; stop-light; folding luggage carrier; motometer; Waltham clock, gasoline gauge and cigar lighter on the dash; automatic windshield wiper; sun visor; rear-view mirror; transmission lock. These are a part of the extra value in the Paige.

7-passenger Phaeton $2450
4-passenger Phaeton $2450
3-passenger Roadster $2695
5-passenger Brougham $2850

PAIGE

5-passenger Touring Sedan $3235
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(313-B)

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA



"Rotten roads? I should say they WERE rotten! And slippery—! We nearly skidded into the ditch twice."

"You ought to use Kelly Cords, old man. They'd save you a lot of worry."

THERE is scarcely a car owner who has not heard motorist friends praise Kelly Cords. Yet it is hard for a man to realize, until he has learned from experience, that any tire can be so surefooted on all kinds of roads and in all kinds of weather as the Kelly Cord is; or that any tire can give such long mileage under all conditions as the Kelly Cord does. It costs *no more* to buy a Kelly.

She took the doll in firm, vigorous young hands and with one swift movement brought its china head down against the brick mantel.

The tinkle-tinkle on the hearth was like the shattering of a fallen idol.

"I don't want any more dolls, mamma," said Mignon O'Toole. "I want a baby. And I'm going to have one."

Her mother stood up, swaying. Every vestige of color and expression drained from her face.

And then slowly, cunningly, a very little smile began to creep about her set lips. It was the first time she had smiled since, in open battle, she had been vanquished by her son-in-law.

"Well," she said at last, and her voice was humble, "you may feel awfully independent and sassy right now, but I expect you'll need your mother quite considerable when it comes to having a baby."

"I expect I will, mamma," said Mignon softly.

The great love story is the simple love story, because it touches you and me: Arthur Somers Roche has one in August COSMOPOLITAN

The Voisin Mystery

(*Continued from page 51*)

strength. It was Doctor Spilsbury's opinion that the murder had been committed in Voisin's kitchen.

"Now I want to draw your attention to the conduct of the Frenchwoman. At the police station Voisin and Madame Roche were confronted with Mr. and Mrs. Rouse. At sight of the brooch made of three gilt three-penny pieces, which the Frenchwoman wore, Mrs. Rouse fell into great agitation.

" 'You have on her brooch!' the little woman cried.

"Madame Roche looked steadily at Mrs. Rouse, unmoved apparently by this accusation. Meanwhile, the charge of 'wilful murder' was being entered against Voisin and Madame Roche. Naturally this charge was made in English. Hearing these words, which were unintelligible to her, Madame Roche asked to have them translated into French. When the words 'wilful murder' were translated, the Frenchwoman whitened, her lips writhed and her eyes shone with a rush of anger. She turned in her rage, not on the police who made the charge, but against Voisin.

" 'You have deceived me!' she cried at him. 'Wretch! You have deceived me!'

"The Frenchman shrugged. 'It is unfortunate,' he said to her.

"Then Voisin turned from the angry Frenchwoman to Inspector Wensley. 'Madame Roche is not concerned in this crime at all,' he said to the Inspector in a tone of explanation. 'She has no knowledge of it. The crime was committed at Madame Gerard's rooms.'

" 'What do you mean by that?' the Inspector demanded of him.

"But to this Voisin made no answer.

" 'Is there any statement which you would like to make?' the Inspector inquired of him.

Where was your office towel last week?

You never question a ScotTissue Towel. You never wonder who used it last—or how long it has been on the rack or what else it was washed with—or whether it is damp or dry.

You *know* that every ScotTissue Towel you reach for is fresh, clean, individual—that it is dry, thirsty, soft—that you are the only one to use it—that you can wash your hands or face as often as you wish, and *always* have a fresh towel.

Especially in warm weather, will you enjoy the refreshing, cooling, comforting feel of these quick-drying Thirsty Fibres—found only in ScotTissue Towels.

Whether you buy towels for your personal use or whether you buy them in larger quantities for the use of others, you will find ScotTissue prices as attractive as you find the towels comfortable and pleasant to use.

Send us your order or write us for price per carton of 150 towels or per case of 25 cartons (3750 towels). Less in larger quantities of 5, 10 and 25 case shipments. If you need fixtures we have them moderately priced to meet all requirements.

Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

New York Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco

Don't confuse ScotTissue Towels with harsh, non-absorbent paper towels. Remember, it isn't Thirsty Fibre unless it bears the name ScotTissue.



Every ScotTissue Towel contains millions of soft Thirsty Fibres, which absorb four times their weight in water. They make ScotTissue the quickest-drying, most satisfactory towels made.

Scot Tissue Towels

for "Clean Hands in Business"

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"'Yes,' said Voisin after an instant's reflection, 'I will make a statement. It was not once that I went to Madame Gerard's rooms after the air raid; it was several times. The first time was at eleven o'clock on the morning after the raid. The door was locked. I opened it with my key. The floor was covered with blood. On the kitchen table was a package wrapped in an old jacket. I went to it. I pulled open the folds of the jacket. Inside were the head and hands of Madame Gerard. I stood in horror. For five minutes I stood there stupefied.

"'I had last seen Madame Gerard the afternoon before, when she had told me that she was going to Southampton. Now I perceived that a trap had been laid for me. I alone in London had a key to those rooms. Madame Gerard had been murdered and it had been arranged that suspicion should fall upon me. I washed up the blood. I wrapped the head and hands again in the jacket. I covered the bundle with the rug off the bed, and I brought it away with me. There was no reason why I should do harm to Madame Gerard. The satchel which was found in her rooms was one which I lent her when she went to France. She found it too small and so she did not use it. I know nothing about the body which was found in Regent Square.'

"'What enemy have you who would wish to make you suspected of Madame Gerard's death?' the Inspector asked.

"The Frenchman refused to make any answer to this question."

"He was convicted?" I inquired.

"Yes," said Sir Basil. "The case, as you can imagine, had attracted great attention. Crowds of reporters for English and French papers had attended the inquest. Columns had been published about it. On the day of the trial the court room was thronged. Voisin met quietly the gaze of all these people. On the first day of the trial, Madame Roche's very able counsel, Mr. Huntly Jenkins, asked the discharge of his client on the ground that there was no evidence connecting her with the crime. It had already been shown in the trial that Madame Roche had lived with Voisin only a few months, that she came to live with him, in fact, only eight days before Madame Gerard returned from her visit to France. It was shown also that there was no rivalry between the women, for Voisin, having transferred his affections or at any rate found a second object for them, had not let Madame Gerard know of Madame Roche's existence. A few days later Voisin was convicted. The jury was out only fifteen minutes. After the verdict of 'guilty' had been translated for Voisin, he was asked if he had anything to say.

"'I have to say,' he replied quietly, 'that I am innocent of this crime.'"

"He said nothing more than that?"

"No," replied Sir Basil. "Often when a condemned man draws near his end, he volunteers a statement or confession. Voisin did not do that. The last moments particularly are moments of great strain. It is not until he stands within sixty seconds of eternity that the public executioner makes his appearance. The pinioning takes perhaps three seconds; the procession, headed by the chaplain with his book, is already formed outside the cell. The condemned man, taking his place in it with a Warden upon each side, moves forward to the solemn words of the burial service. He moves generally as if he were in a dream. Before he awakens from that dream he is standing on the trap, the white linen cap is drawn swiftly over his face, and the words 'dust to dust' mix with the sounds of the falling trap. Voisin went through those moments with the same self-possession he had shown during his trial. He had nothing to say."

"Because he was guilty," I declared.

"Doesn't it seem to you," Sir Basil asked, "that the case is full of discrepancies? Of inconsistencies? Full of unanswered questions? Voisin had the right to take the witness stand in his own defense. The case was going against him; it could hardly have been made worse. Why did he not take the stand?"

"I don't know."

"After Madame Roche had been acquitted, she also became available as a witness. Why was she not put on the stand to attempt to reconcile some of the conflicting statements?"

"I don't know."

"Doesn't it seem likely that it was because they feared that some fact not developed by the evidence might become plain? Then too, what do you make of the two scenes of murder, one at fifty Munster Square and the other at one hundred and one Charlotte Street? You certainly don't accept Voisin's explanation as to that. Above all, what did Madame Roche mean by crying out at Voisin in the police station, 'You have deceived me'?"

"She may have referred to his statement that he had butchered a calf."

"Madame Roche would have known whether he had butchered a calf."

"It may have had reference to Madame Gerard's brooch which she was wearing. He may have told her he had bought it."

"The brooch may have been worn rather as a trophy."

"A trophy?"

"Yes; as the Indian wears the scalp of his dead enemy."

"I don't know what you mean," I said. "Voisin dismembered Madame Gerard's body."

"Yes, we'll agree on that. Voisin dismembered Madame Gerard's body. But we have considered the circumstances under which it was dismembered on the first theory of Scotland Yard, which was that the murderer chose the night of the air raid for his crime. Let us consider them now in accordance with my final theory."

"What was that?" I asked.

"That the night of the air raid was chosen by the victim."

"By the victim!" I said, bewildered. "You mean that Madame Gerard herself chose the night of the air raid as the one on which she would be murdered?"

"Not consciously," said Sir Basil, "but by her actions. Let us reconstruct the facts of the crime on the assumption. Madame Gerard is in her rooms. The alarm sounds and she runs out of the house in the direction of the subway station near Charlotte Street, in which she intends to seek safety. To reach it she must pass near Voisin's home. She thinks of Voisin. During the absence of her husband she has given her affection to him. Is he safe? Has he heard the warning? At any rate, in this time of danger she would wish to be with him. She turns aside and rushes to his house, from which in answer to the alarm the other inhabitants have fled. She drags open the door. Here, to her amazement, is another woman, a woman whom she does not know. The two women confront one another.

"A good detective," Sir Basil interrupted himself, "is not a man who knows everything, as fiction writers and even the newspapers would have us believe. He is one who knows how to obtain and make use of the knowledge of experts. The important testimony in this case was that of the medical examiner. Don't forget that Doctor Spilsbury gave as his opinion that Madame Gerard had been killed in Voisin's kitchen and that she had been struck repeatedly upon the head by a blunt instrument in the hands of a person of no great physical strength."

"You mean," I exclaimed, "that Madame Roche killed Madame Gerard?"

Sir Basil waited for me.

"Good Lord!" I ejaculated. "You mean that Madame Roche was the murderer and that Voisin, because it had been done in a quarrel between the two women over his love, promised her immunity! That to protect her Voisin concocted an elaborate scheme to make it appear that Madame Gerard had been murdered in her own rooms. That Madame Gerard's head and hands were to have been delivered at her rooms under the guise of a sack of potatoes. That Voisin had commenced to carry out this scheme when he was interrupted by the unexpected identification of Madame Gerard's body. That Madame Roche, when she found herself in spite of Voisin's promises included in the charge of wilful murder turned on him in rage and cried out, 'You have deceived me!' And that the Frenchman, with a perverted sense of chivalry, went to his death rather than break the promise of immunity which he had made to his mistress!"

"We could not prove that," Sir Basil answered, "but that is my belief."

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First Aid for Dora

(*Continued from page 109*)

long, but now I seemed to be festooned by a matted and offensive growth. A patch on my left shoe which had had rather a comfortable look in Ebury Street stood out like a blot on the landscape.

No, I was not at my ease; and when I reflected that in a few moments I was to meet Ukridge's aunt, that legendary figure, face to face, a sort of wistful admiration filled me for the beauty of the nature of one who would go through all this to help a girl he had never even met. There was no doubt about it—the facts spoke for themselves—I was one of the finest fellows I had ever known. Nevertheless, there was no getting away from it, my trousers did bag at the knee.

"Mr. Corcoran," announced the butler, opening the drawing room door. He spoke with just that intonation of voice that seemed to disclaim all responsibility. If I had an appointment, he intimated, it was his duty, however repulsive, to show me in; but, that done, he disassociated himself entirely from the whole affair.

There were two women and six Pekingese dogs in the room. The Pekes I had met before, during their brief undergraduate days at Ukridge's dog college, but they did not appear to recognize me. The occasion when they had lunched at my expense seemed to have passed from their minds. One by one they came up, sniffed, and then moved away as if my bouquet had disappointed them. They gave the impression that they saw eye to eye with the butler in his estimate of the young visitor. I was left to face the two women.

Of these—reading from right to left—one was a tall, angular, hawk-faced female with a stony eye. The other, to whom I gave but a passing glance at the moment, was small and, so it seemed to me, pleasant looking. She had bright hair faintly powdered with gray and mild eyes of a china-blue. She reminded me of the better class of cat. I took her to be some casual caller who had looked in for a cup of tea. It was the hawk on whom I riveted my attention. She was looking at me with a piercing and unpleasant stare, and I thought how exactly she resembled the picture I had formed of her in my mind from Ukridge's conversation.

"Miss Ukridge?" I said, sliding on a rug towards her and feeling like some novice whose manager, against his personal wishes, has fixed him up with a match with the heavyweight champion.

"I am Miss Ukridge," said the other woman. "Miss Watterson, Mr. Corcoran."

It was a shock but, the moment of surprise over, I began to feel something approaching mental comfort for the first time since I had entered this house of slippery rugs and supercilious butlers. Somehow I had got the impression from Ukridge that his aunt was a sort of stage aunt, all stiff satin and raised eyebrows. This half-portion with the mild blue eyes I felt that I could tackle. It passed my comprehension why Ukridge should ever have found her intimidating.

"I hope you will not mind if we have our little talk before Miss Watterson," she said with a charming smile. "She has come to arrange the details of the Pen and Ink Club dance which we are giving shortly. She will keep quite quiet and not interrupt. You don't mind?"

"Not at all, not at all," I said in my attractive way. It is not exaggerating to say that at this moment I felt debonair. "Not at all, not at all. Oh, not at all."

"Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you, thank you."

The hawk moved over to the window, leaving us to ourselves.

"Now we are quite cozy," said Ukridge's aunt.

"Yes, yes," I agreed. Dash it, I liked this woman.

"Tell me, Mr. Corcoran," said Ukridge's aunt, "are you on the staff of Woman's Sphere? It is one of my favorite papers. I read it every week."

"The outside staff."

"What do you mean by the outside staff?"

"Well, I don't actually work in the office, but the editor gives me occasional jobs."

"I see. Who is the editor now?"

I began to feel slightly less debonair. She was just making conversation, of course, to put me at my ease, but I wished she would stop asking me these questions. I searched desperately in my mind for a name—any name; but as usual on these occasions every name in the English language had passed from me.

"Of course. I remember now," said Ukridge's aunt, to my profound relief. "It's Mr. Jevons, isn't it? I met him one night at dinner."

"Jevons," I burbled. "That's right. Jevons."

"A tall man with a light mustache."

"Well, fairly tall," I said judicially.

"And he sent you here to interview me?"

"Yes."

"Well, which of my novels do you wish me to talk about?"

I relaxed with a delightful sense of relief. I felt on solid ground at last. And then it suddenly came to me that Ukridge in his woollen-headed way had omitted to mention the name of a single one of this woman's books.

"Er—oh, all of them," I said hurriedly.

"I see. My general literary work."

"Exactly," I said. My feeling towards her now was one of positive affection.

She leaned back in her chair with her finger tips together, a pretty look of meditation on her face.

"Do you think it would interest the readers of Woman's Sphere to know which novel of mine is my own favorite?"

"I am sure it would."

"Of course," said Ukridge's aunt, "it is not easy for an author to answer a question like that. You see, one has moods in which first one book and then another appeals to one."

"Quite," I replied. "Quite."

"Which of my books do *you* like best, Mr. Corcoran?"

There swept over me the trapped feeling one gets in nightmares. From six baskets the six Pekingese stared at me unwinkingly.

"Er—oh, all of them," I heard a croaking voice reply. My voice, presumably, though I did not recognize it.

"How delightful!" said Ukridge's aunt. "Now, I really do call that delightful. One or two of the critics have said that my work



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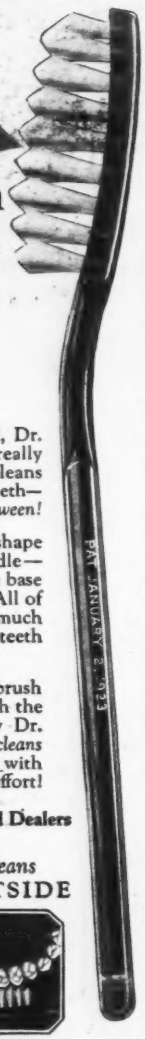
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was uneven. It is so nice to meet someone who doesn't agree with them. Personally, I think my favorite is 'The Heart of Adelaide.' "

I nodded my approval of this sound choice. The muscles which had humped themselves stiffly on my back began to crawl back into place again. I found it possible to breathe.

"Yes," I said, frowning thoughtfully, "I suppose 'The Heart of Adelaide' is the best thing you have written. It has such human appeal," I added, playing it safe.

"Have you read it, Mr. Corcoran?"

"Oh, yes!"

"And you really enjoyed it?"

"Tremendously."

"You don't think it is a fair criticism to say that it is a little broad in parts?"

"Most unfair." I began to see my way. I do not know why, but I had been assuming that her novels must be the sort you find in seaside libraries. Evidently they belonged to the other class of female novels, the sort which libraries ban. "Of course," I said, "it is written honestly, fearlessly, shows life as it is. But broad? No, no!"

"That scene in the conservatory?"

"Best thing in the book," I said stoutly.

A pleased smile played about her mouth. Ukridge had been right. Praise her work, and a child could eat out of her hand. I found myself wishing that I had really read the thing so that I could have gone into more detail and made her still happier.

"I'm so glad you like it," she said. "Really, it is most encouraging."

"Oh, no," I murmured modestly.

"Oh, but it is. Because I have only just started to write it, you see. I finished chapter one this morning."

She was still smiling so engagingly that for a moment the full horror of these words did not penetrate my consciousness.

" 'The Heart of Adelaide' is my next novel. The scene in the conservatory, which you like so much, comes towards the middle of it. I was not expecting to write it till about the end of next month. How odd that you should know all about it!"

I had got it now all right, and it was like sitting down on the empty space where there should have been a chair. Somehow the fact that she was so pleasant about it all served to deepen my discomfiture. In the course of an active life I have frequently felt a fool, but never such a fool as I felt then. The fearful woman had been playing with me, leading me on, watching me entangle myself like a fly on fly paper. And suddenly I perceived that I had erred in thinking of her eyes as mild. A hard gleam had come into them. They were like a couple of blue gimlets. She looked like a cat that has caught a mouse, and it was revealed to me in one sickening age-long instant why Ukridge went in fear of her. There was that about her which would have intimidated the Sheik.

"It seems so odd, too," she tinkled on, "that you should have come to interview me for Woman's Sphere. Because they published an interview with me only the week before last. I thought it so strange that I rang up my friend Miss Watterson, who is the editress, and asked her if there had not been some mistake. And she said she had never heard of you. *Have you ever heard of Mr. Corcoran, Muriel?*"

"Never," said the hawk, fixing me with a revolted eye.

"How strange!" said Ukridge's aunt. "But then the whole thing is so strange . . . Oh, must you go, Mr. Corcoran?"

My mind was in a slightly chaotic condition, but on that one point it was crystal-clear. Yes, I must go. Through the door, if I could find it; failing that, through the window. And anybody who tried to stop me would do well to have a care.

"You will remember me to Mr. Jevons when you see him, won't you?" said Ukridge's aunt.

I was fumbling at the handle.

"And Mr. Corcoran." She was still smiling amiably, but there had come into her voice a note like that which it had had on a certain memorable occasion when summoning Ukridge to his doom from the unseen interior of his Sheep's Cray cottage. "Will you please tell my nephew Stanley that I should be glad if he would send no more of his friends to see me? Good afternoon."

I suppose that at some point in the proceedings my hostess must have rung a bell, for out in the passage I found my old chum the butler. With the uncanny telepathy of his species he appeared aware that I was leaving under what might be called a cloud, for his manner had taken on a warder-like grimness. His hand looked as if it was itching to grasp me by the shoulder; and when we reached the front door he eyed the pavement wistfully, as if thinking what a splendid spot it would be for me to hit with a thud.

"Nice day," I said with the feverish instinct to babble which comes to strong men in their agony.

He scorned to reply, and as I tottered down the sunlit street I was conscious of his gaze following me.

"A very vicious specimen," I could fancy him saying. "And mainly due to my prudence and foresight that he hasn't got away with the spoons."

It was a warm afternoon, but to such an extent had the recent happenings churned up my emotions that I walked the whole way back to Ebury Street with a rapidity which caused more languid pedestrians to regard me with a pitying contempt. Reaching my sitting room in an advanced state of solubility and fatigue, I found Ukridge stretched upon the sofa.

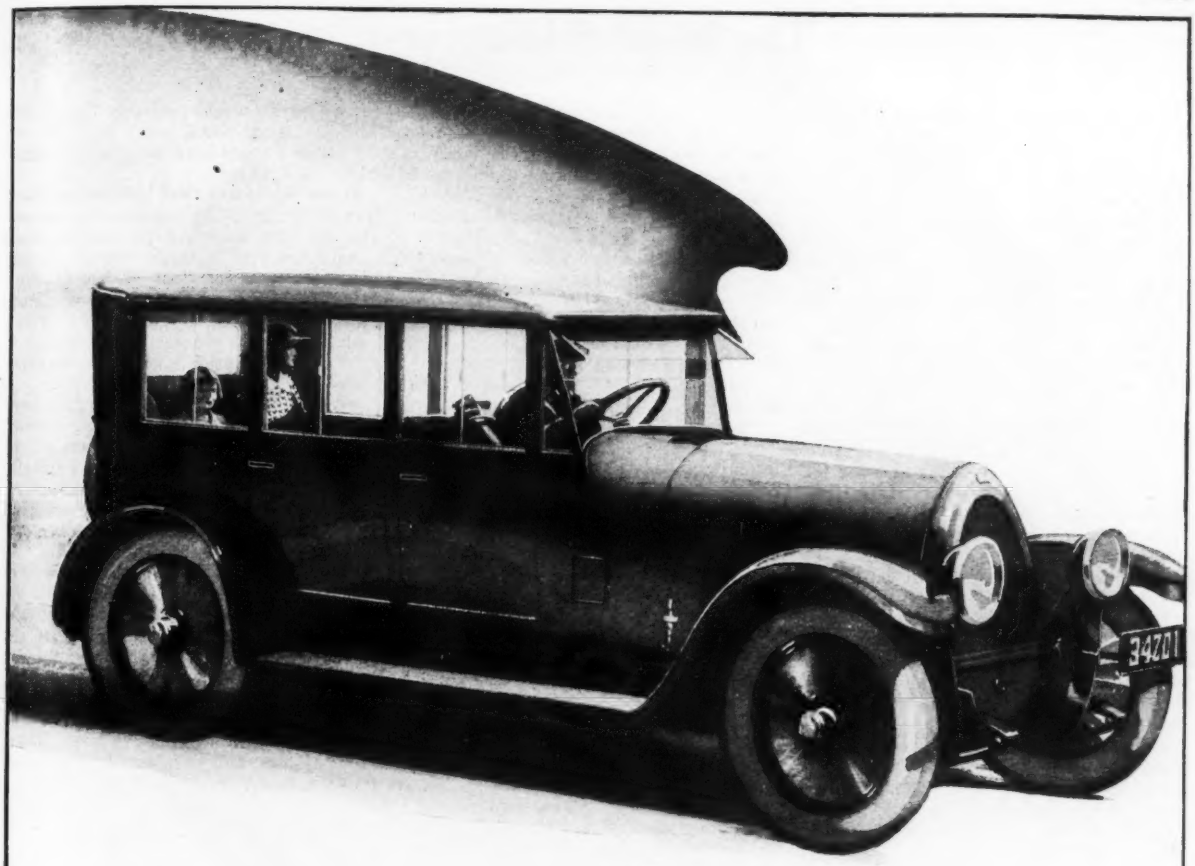
"Hullo, laddie," said Ukridge, reaching out a hand for the cooling drink that lay on the floor beside him. "I was wondering when you would show up. I wanted to tell you that it won't be necessary for you to go and see my aunt after all. It appears that Dora has a hundred quid tucked away in a bank, and she's been offered a partnership by a woman she knows who runs one of these typewriting places. I advised her to close with it. So she's all right."

He quaffed deeply of the bowl and breathed a contented sigh. There was a silence.

"When did you hear of this?" I asked at length.

"Yesterday afternoon," said Ukridge. "I meant to pop round and tell you, but somehow it slipped my mind."

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The Hope of Happiness

(Continued from page 81)

old acquaintances, but Laconia is a little inaccessible and I never found it possible."

Whether Mills had referred to his temporary residence in Laconia merely to show how unimportant and incidental it was in his life remained a question. But Bruce felt that if Mills could so lightly touch upon the whole circumstance, he himself was equal to gliding over it with an equal indifference. Mills asked with a smile whether Gardner's Grove was still in existence, that having been a favorite picnic ground, an amateurish sort of country club where the Laconians used to have their dances. The oak trees there were the noblest he had ever seen. Bruce expressed regret that the grove was gone.

Mills's adroitness in thus shifting the talk to the landscape emphasized the slight importance of the people he had known. But as if fearing the transition to the impersonal had been too abrupt, he asked about other men and women of that period as though his memory were just yielding them up. There were several old characters who supplied the town with amusement. Bruce was able to tell some stories about them, and Mills laughed heartily at these anecdotes. Laconia was not mentioned again.

Mills was shrewd; and Bruce was aware that the finely formed head across the table housed a mind that carefully calculated all the chances of life even into the smallest details. He wondered whether he had borne himself as well as Mills in the ordeal. The advantage had been on Mills's side; it was his house, his table. Possibly he had been waiting for some such opportunity as this to feel out the son of Marian Storrs as to what he knew.

"We'll go down into the billiard room to smoke," Mills remarked at the end of the dinner. "We'll have our coffee there."

Easy chairs and a davenport at one end of the billiard room invited to comfort.

Mills half sprawled on the davenport as one who, having dined to his satisfaction and being consequently on good terms with the world, wishes to set an example of informality to a guest. Bruce wondered what Mills did on evenings he spent alone in the big house; he tried to visualize the domestic scene in the years of Mrs. Mills's life.

"You see my son Shep occasionally?" Mills asked when the coffee had been served. "Shep hasn't quite found himself yet. Young men these days have more problems to solve than we faced when I was your age. Everything is more complicated—society, politics, everything. Maybe it only seems so. Shep's got a lot of ideas that seem wild to me. Social reforms and all that. I sometimes think I made a mistake in putting him into business. He might have been happier in one of the professions—had an idea once he wanted to be a doctor, but I discouraged it. A mistake, perhaps."

Mills's manner of speaking of Shepherd was touched with a certain remoteness. He might have been speaking of a young man for whom he assumed only a grudging responsibility. He appeared to invite Bruce's comment, not in a spirit of sudden intimacy but as if he were a mere acquaintance talking with a man of his own years, capable of understanding his perplexities. It seemed to Bruce in those few minutes that he had known Franklin Mills a very long time. He was finding it difficult to conceal his embarrassment under equivocal murmurs. But he pulled himself to-together to say cordially:

"Shepherd is a fine fellow. You can't blame him for his idealism. There's a lot of it in the air."

"He was not cut out for business," Mills remarked. "Business is a battle these days, and Shep isn't a fighter."

"Must the game be played in that spirit?" asked Bruce with a smile.

"Yes, if you want to get anywhere," Mills replied grimly. "Shall we do some billiards?"

Mills took his billiards seriously. It was, Bruce could see, a pastime much to his host's taste; it exercised his faculties of quick calculation and deft execution. Mills explained that he had employed a professional to teach him. He handled the cue with remarkable dexterity; it was a pleasure to watch the ease and grace of his playing. Several times, after a long run, he made a wild shot, unnecessarily it seemed, and out of keeping with his habitual even play. Bud Henderson had spoken of this peculiarity. Bruce wondered whether it was due to fatigue or to the intrusion upon Mills's thoughts of some business matter that had caused a temporary break in the unity of eye and hand. Or it might have been due to some decision that had been crystallizing in his subconsciousness and manifested itself in this odd way.

"We're not so badly matched," he remarked when they finished and he had won by a narrow margin. "You play a neat game."

"You got the best there was in me!" said Bruce. "I rarely do as well as that."

"Let's rest and have a drink." Mills pressed a button. "I'm just tired enough to want to sit awhile."

Bruce had expected to leave when the game was ended, but Mills gave him no opportunity. He reestablished himself on the davenport and began talking more desultorily than before. For a time, indeed, Bruce carried the burden of the conversation. Some remark he let fall about the South caused Mills to ask him whether he had traveled much in America.

"I've walked over a lot of it," Bruce replied. "That was after I came back from the little splurge overseas. Gave myself a personally conducted tour, so to speak. Met lots of real tramps. I stopped to work occasionally—learned something that way."

Mills was at once interested. He began asking questions as to the living conditions of the people Bruce had encountered.

"You found the experience broadening, of course. It's a pity more of us can't learn of life by direct contact with the people."

Under Mills's questioning the whole thing seemed to Bruce more interesting than he had previously thought it. The real reason for his long tramp—the fact that he had taken to the road to adjust himself to his mother's confession that he was the son of a man of whom he had never heard—would probably have given Mills a distinct shock.

"I wish I could have done that myself!" Mills kept saying.

Bruce was sorry that he had stumbled into the thing. Mills was sincerely curious. His questions were well put and required careful answers. Bruce found himself anxious to appear well in Mills's eyes. But Mills was leading toward something. He was commenting now on the opportunities open to young men of ability in the business world, with Bruce's experiences as a text.

"A professional man is circumscribed. There's a limit to his earning power. Most men in the professions haven't the knack of making money. They're usually unwise in the investments they make."

"But they have the joy of their work," Bruce replied quickly. "We can't measure their success just by their income."

"Oh, I'll grant you that! But many of the doors of prosperity and happiness are denied them."

"But others are open! Think of the sense of service a doctor must feel in helping and saving. And even a puttering architect who can't create masterpieces has the fun of doing his small jobs well. He lives the life he wants to live. There are painters and musicians who know they can never reach the high places; but they live! They starve and are happy!"

Bruce bent forward eagerly, the enthusiasm bright in his eyes. He had never before addressed Mills with so much assurance. The man was a materialist; his standards were fixed in dollars. It was because he reckoned life in false terms that Shepherd was afraid of him.

"Oh, don't misunderstand me! I realize the diversity of talents that are handed out to us poor mortals. But if you were tempted to become a painter, say, and you knew you would never be better than second-rate, and at the same time you were pretty sure you could succeed in some business and live comfortably—travel, push into the big world currents and be a man of mark—what would you do?"

"Your question isn't fair, because it's not in the design of things for us to see very far ahead. But I'll answer! If I had a real urge to paint I'd go to it and take my chance."

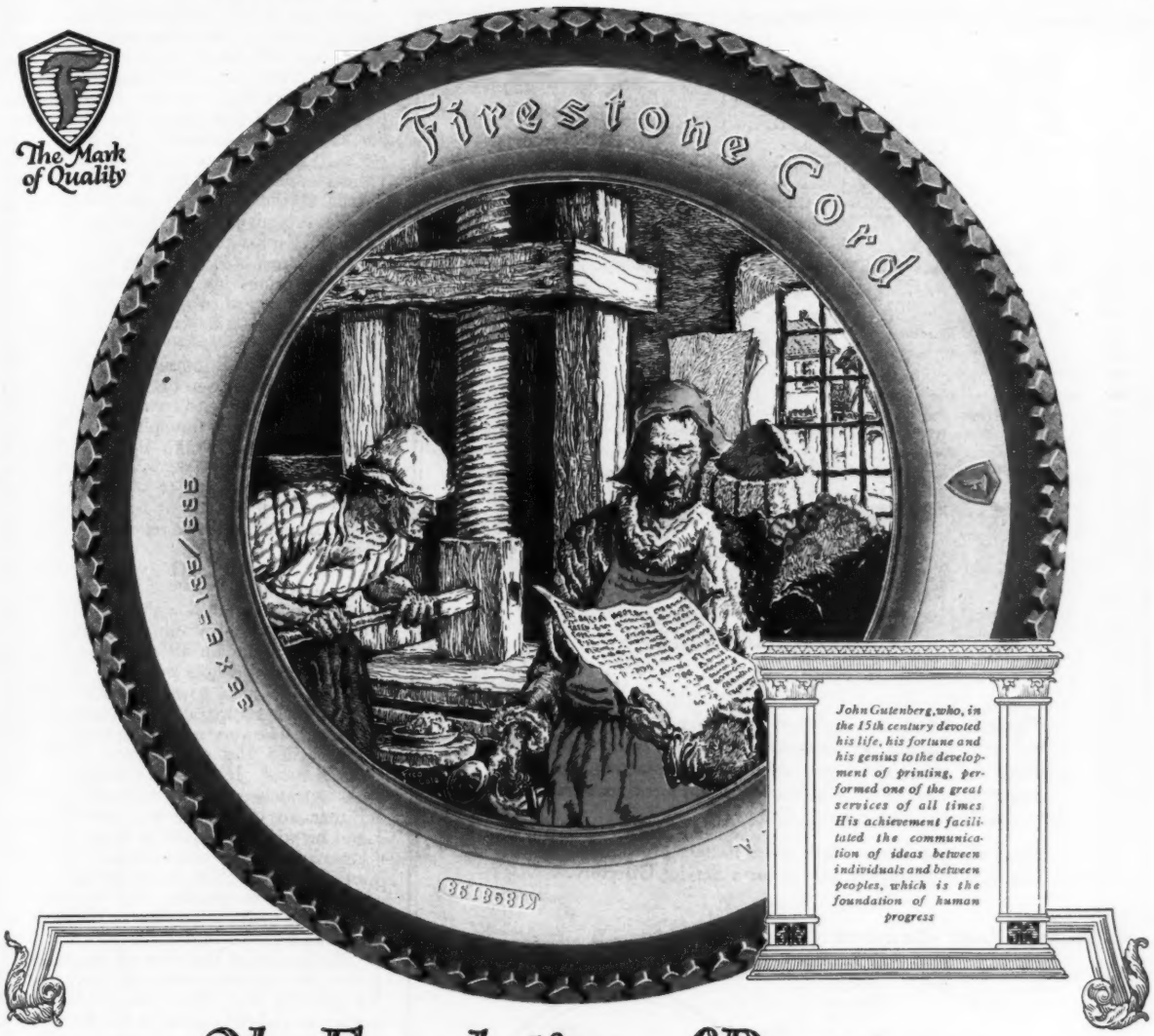
"That's a fine spirit, Storrs; and I believe you mean it. But——"

Mills rose and, thrusting his hands into his trousers' pockets, walked a few paces, his head bent, and then swung round, took the cigar from his lips and regarded the ash fixedly.

"Now," he said, "don't think me ungracious"—he smiled benignantly—"but I'm going to test you. I happen right now to know of several openings in financial and industrial concerns for just such a young man as you. They are places calling for clear judgment and executive talent such as I'd say you possess. The chances of getting on and up would be good, even if you had no capital. Would you care to consider these places?"

The smile had faded from his face; he waited gravely, with a scarcely perceptible eagerness in his eyes, for the answer.

"I think not, sir. No, Mr. Mills, I'm



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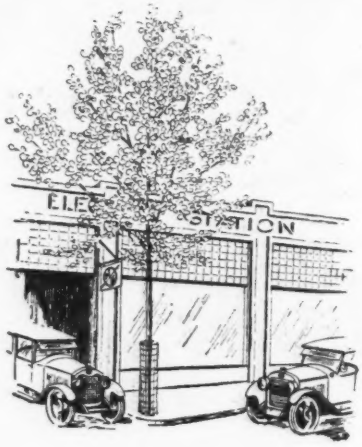
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quite sure of it." And then, thinking that his rejection of the offer was too abrupt and not sufficiently appreciative, Bruce added: "You see, I'm going to make a strong effort to get close to the top in my profession. I may fall off the ladder, but —I'll catch somewhere! I have a little money—enough to tide me over bad times—and I know I'd be sorry if I quit right at the start. It's kind of you to make the suggestion. I assure you I'm grateful—it's certainly very kind of you!"

"Oh, I'm wholly selfish in suggesting it! In my various interests we have trouble finding young men of the best sort. On the whole"—Mills was still standing, regarding Bruce fixedly as though trying to accommodate himself to some newly discovered quality in his guest—"I like to see a young man with confidence in his own powers. Yours is the spirit that wins. I hope you won't take it amiss that I broached the matter. You have your engaging personality to blame for that!"

"I'm glad to know it isn't a liability!" said Bruce; and this ended the discussion . . .

III

HE LEFT the house with his mind in confusion as to the meaning of Mills's offer. He drove about for an hour, pondering it, reviewing the whole evening. Mills was hardly the man to make such a proposition to a comparative stranger without reason. The very manner in which he had approached the subject was significant. *Mills knew!* If he didn't know, at least his suspicions were strongly aroused. Either his conscience was troubling him and he wished to quiet it by a display of generosity, or he was anxious to establish an obligation that would reduce to the minimum the chance that any demand might be made upon him as the result of that long hidden blot on his early manhood.

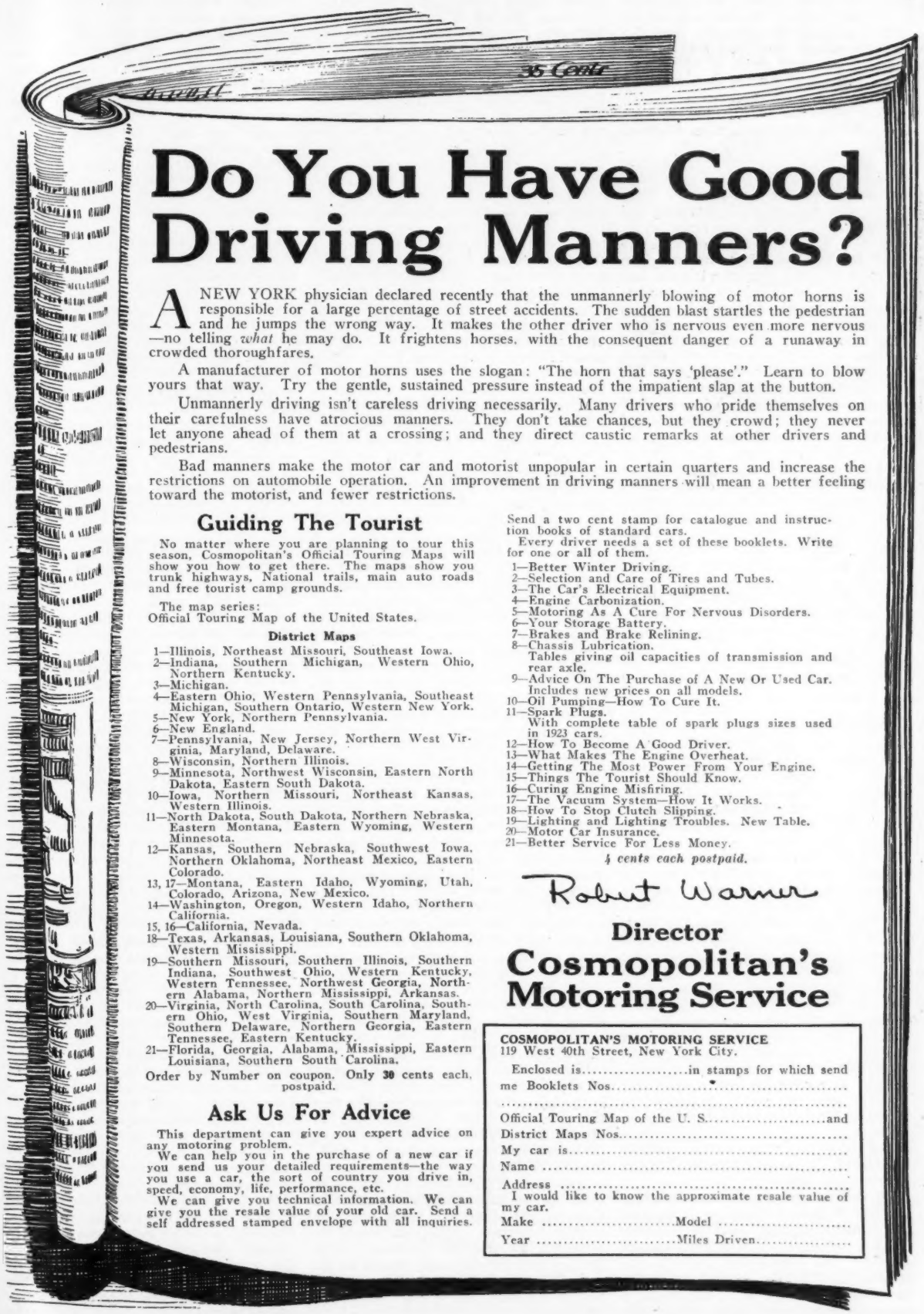
Bruce saw in the offer no sincere kindness; the apparent generosity only cloaked a cowardly fear. Such was still his feeling when he had put up his car and gone to bed. Mills had, in a fashion, tried to bribe him or buy him, and it was not flattering that the man had appraised him so low. He was glad that he was in a position to refuse; his mother's care and self-denial had made it unnecessary for him to abase himself by accepting Mills's bounty.

His freedom was sweeter to him in that midnight hour than it had ever been before. Still, he was sorry that Mills had felt impelled to make the offer. He wished he knew some way of making Mills understand that he was in no danger.

Again, there was Millicent. Half in love with her himself, could he ever bring himself to accept the idea of Mills's marrying her? Certainly here was a situation his mother, with all her prescience, could not have foreseen . . . Before he slept he was able to view the evening with satisfaction. He had met safely Mills's references to Laconia and his allusions to Marian and John Storrs. Mills was probably satisfied that his secret lay in the grave with Marian Storrs. And this was as Bruce wanted it to be.

CHAPTER IX

MILLS, who had lately been mistrustful of his own emotions, was well satisfied with the result of the long evening he had



Do You Have Good Driving Manners?

A NEW YORK physician declared recently that the unmannerly blowing of motor horns is responsible for a large percentage of street accidents. The sudden blast startles the pedestrian and he jumps the wrong way. It makes the other driver who is nervous even more nervous —no telling *what* he may do. It frightens horses, with the consequent danger of a runaway in crowded thoroughfares.

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spent with Bruce Storrs. He had spoken of Marian Storrs to Marian's son and the effect had been to strengthen his belief that the young man knew nothing that could in any way prove annoying. He was a little sorry that he had suggested finding a business opening for Storrs; but decided that on the whole he had managed the matter in a manner to conceal his real purpose.

In his careful study of Bruce at their various meetings Mills had been impressed increasingly by the young man's high-mindedness, his self-confidence and fine reticences, the variety and range of his interests. Ah, if only Shepherd were like that! It was a cruel fate that had given him a son he could never own but who had drifted across the smooth flowing current of his life to suggest a thousand contrasts with his own boy.

Ugly as the fact was, Bruce Storrs was a Mills; it wasn't merely in the resemblance to the portrait of Franklin Mills III that this was evident. Young Storrs's mental processes were much like those of the man who was, to face it frankly, his grandfather. Bruce Storrs, who had no right to the Mills name, was likely to develop those traits that had endeared Franklin Mills III to the community—traits that nature, with strange perversity, had failed utterly to transmit to his lawful son but had reproduced in this child begotten in sin.

Mills, in his new security, pondered these things with a degree of awe. The God in whom he had much less faith than in a protective tariff or a sound currency system might really be a more potent agent in mundane affairs than he, Franklin Mills, who believed in nothing very much that couldn't be reduced to figures, had ever thought possible.

As winter gripped the town Mills was uneasy in the thought that he wasn't getting enough out of life. Even with eight million dollars and the tastes of a cultivated gentleman, life was paying inadequate dividends. And there across the hedge lived Millicent. He would marry Millicent; but there were matters to be arranged first . . .

Millicent was the most beautiful young woman he knew, and she had brains and talents that added enormously to her desirability. Against this was the fact that the Hardens had risen out of nowhere, and Millicent's possession of a father and mother could not be ignored. But—Doctor Harden was not a bad sort; Mills had found him a very sensible sort of person. Mrs. Harden was a thoroughly good woman, but she not only knew nothing of society but cared nothing. They were certainly not climbers. Simple people, never quite able to overcome their bewilderment at having brought a child like Millicent into the world. It seemed to Mills that their very simplicity and their possession of the homely parochial virtues so highly valued in the corn belt made it possible to do something toward giving them a social status.

Discreet inquiry revealed the consoling fact that Nathaniel Harden was taxed on half a million dollars' worth of property. Not for nothing had he applied himself diligently for twenty-five years to the manufacture of the asthma cure! He was also the creator of a hair tonic, a liver accelerator and a liniment that were almost as well established in the proprietary drug market as the asthma cure. Mills was amazed to find that there was so much money in the business.

Harden had not brought his laboratory with him when he moved to the city, but it was still under his own direction. Fortunately, as Mills viewed the matter, the business was conducted under a corporate title, that of the International Medical Company, which was much less objectionable than if it bore Harden's name, though the Doctor's picture did, regrettably, adorn the bottles in which the world-famous asthma cure was sold.

In his investigations Mills found that Harden had invested his money in some of the soundest of local securities. It spoke well for the Doctor's business acumen that he owned stock in the First National Bank, which Mills controlled. A vacancy occurring in the directorate, Mills caused Harden to be elected to the board. Harden was pleased but not overcome by the honor. Mrs. Harden manifested a greater pleasure and expressed herself to Mills with characteristic heartiness.

Mills, after much careful consideration, now gave a dinner for Doctor and Mrs. Harden—made it appear to be a neighborly affair, though he was careful to ask only persons whose recognition of the Hardens was likely to add to their prestige. Mills had rather dreaded seeing Harden in a dress suit, but the Doctor was nothing to be ashamed of. Mrs. Harden looked as well and conducted herself with quite as much ease as the other women present. No one would have guessed that she made salt-rising bread once a week for her husband's delectation.

After giving the dinner Mills waited a little before venturing further in his attempt to lift the social sky line for the Hardens. Much as he disliked Constance, he was just the least bit afraid of her. Constance was not stupid, and he was not blind to the fact that she wielded a certain influence. His daughter-in-law could easily further his plans for imparting dignity to the Hardens. And he foresaw that if he married again it would be Connie, not Shepherd or Leila, who would resent the marriage as a complicating circumstance when the dread hour arrived for the parceling of his estate. Leila would probably see little more than a joke in a marriage that would make her best friend her stepmother. But Leila was much too frank and forthright to entrust with such delicate social engineering as was necessary to give the Hardens a standing compatible with an alliance with the house of Mills.

"Why isn't Millie in the Dramatic Club?" he asked Leila one day.

"Not so easy, dada. I talked to some of the membership committee about it in the fall and I have a sneaking idea that they don't want her. Not just that, of course; it's not Millie but the patent medicine they can't swallow. I think the club's a bore myself. There's a bunch of girls in it—Connie's one of them—who think they're Ethel Barrymores and Jane Cowlses, and Millie, you know, might be a dangerous rival. Which she would be, all right! So they kid themselves with the idea that the club really stands for the real old graveyard society of our little village and that they've got to be careful who gets by.

"Silly! I do hate snobs! Millie isn't asked to a lot of the nicest parties just because she's new in town. Doctor Harden's guyed a good deal about his fake medicines. I don't see anything wrong with Doc myself." Leila bent her head in a quick way she had when mirth seized her. "Bud Henderson says the Harden hair tonic's the smoothest furniture polish on the market."

Mills laughed but not heartily. The thought of Henderson's ridicule chilled him. Henderson entertained a wide audience with his humor; he must be cautious . . .

Leila was an impossible young democrat, utterly devoid of the sense of social values. He must make an ally of Constance. Connie always wanted something; it was one of Connie's weaknesses to want things. Connie's birthday falling in the second week in December gave him a hint.

Mills had asked a New York jeweler to send out some pearls from which to make a selection for a Christmas present for Leila. They were still in his vault at the office. He chose from the assortment a string of pearls with a diamond pendant and bestowed it upon his daughter-in-law on the morning of her birthday. He had made her handsome presents before but nothing that pleased her so much as this.

While Connie's gratitude was still warm, Mills found occasion to mention Millicent one evening when he was dining at Shepherd's. Leila had been asked to some function to which Millicent had not been bidden. Mills made the very natural comment that it was unfortunate that Millicent, intimate as she was with Leila, could not share all her pleasures. The discrimination against the Hardens' daughter was unjust. Quick to see what was expected of her, Constance replied that it was Millicent's own fault that she hadn't been taken up more generally. It was perhaps out of loyalty to her parents that she had not met more responsively the advances of women who, willing to accept Millicent, yet couldn't quite see her father and mother in the social picture. Now that she thought of it, Constance herself had never called on Mrs. Harden, but she would do so at once. There was no reason at all why Millicent shouldn't be admitted to the Dramatic Club; she would see to that. She thought the impression had got around that Millicent was, if not Bohemian in her sympathies, at least something of a noncomformist in her social ideas. It was her artistic nature, perhaps.

"That's ridiculous," said Mills. "There isn't a better bred girl in town. She's studious, quite an intellectual young woman—but that's hardly against her. I always feel safe about Leila when I know she and Millicent are together. And her father and mother are really very nice—unpretentious, kindly people. Of course the patent medicine business isn't looked on with great favor—but——"

"But—it's about as respectable as canning our native corn or cutting up pigs," Constance suggested.

She was bewildered to find Mills suddenly viewing the asthma cure so tolerantly. However, a father-in-law who gave her valuable presents must be humored in this sudden manifestation of dislike for snobbery. This was the first time Mills had ever shown any disposition to recognize her social influence. No matter

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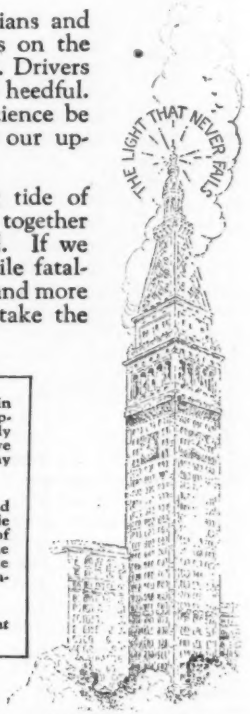
But at *this* corner policemen rigidly enforce wise traffic laws and *compel* people to take care of themselves.

Accidents happen in the flash of an eye. Caution is constantly necessary. Where you think you are safe—in some quiet street—danger is most likely to strike you.

Be Your Own Policeman

At unguarded corners pedestrians and automobilists have equal rights on the roadway. Both must use caution. Drivers must be watchful and walkers heedful. Not only must our safety conscience be awake downtown, but also on our uptown streets.

If we wish to stop this rising tide of accidental death, all must work together and obey the rules of the road. If we do not, the number of automobile fatalities may reach 15,000 this year and more thereafter as added machines take the road.



In 1922, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company disbursed over $867,000 in automobile death claims. In the same year it disbursed a total of $4,753,000 for all accidents.

These insurance policies represented a wise investment—necessary life insurance. But something beyond a payment for deaths is necessary. We need and must have better protection against preventable accidents.

We must insist that drunken or careless drivers be punished. We must use the most extreme caution ourselves. We must help the careless and protect the absent-minded. The small child does not *know* the danger of the street. Here the *automobilist* must take the responsibility. The younger the child, the greater the driver's need for care.

Safe play places must be provided for the children; isles of safety, for the pedestrian; traffic signs and beacons, which will make the careless heedful.

Last year about 19,000 fatalities were recorded in the United States which occurred in or about the home—burns, falls from step-ladders, chairs, stairs, etc. We must carry always in mind that where danger is most apparent, it can be most intelligently guarded against and that where we *seem* to be safest carelessness may carry a heavy penalty.

The Metropolitan will be glad to send its own information on automobile accidents, as well as "The Trend of Public Accidents", published by the National Safety Council, to any one who wants to help in the conservation of life.

HALEY FISKE, *President*

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what had caused his change of heart, it was flattering to her self-esteem that he was invoking her aid. She liked Millicent well enough and gladly promised to help her along.

When Mills left she asked Shepherd what he thought was in the wind; but he failed to be aroused by the suggestion that his father might be thinking of marrying Millicent. His father would never marry again, Shepherd insisted.

"You don't know your father any better than I do, Shep. He always has a motive for everything he does—you may be sure of that!"

"Father means to be just and kind," said Shepherd—half heartedly, as if he were repeating a formula in which he didn't believe.

"When he's moved to be generous he certainly let's go with a free hand," Constance remarked. "That necklace wasn't cheap. I'm afraid that wasn't just a spontaneous outburst of affection for me. I think I owe it to Millicent!"

"Oh, father likes you, Connie. You're foolish to think he doesn't," Shepherd replied defensively.

"I think your father's getting nervous about Leila and Carroll. He's set his heart on having Carroll in the family. But Arthur's too old. Leila ought to marry a younger man. Your father's been suspecting me of promoting her little affair with Freddy Thomas—I've seen it in his eye. But I don't think she's serious about that."

"Thomas—no," Shepherd replied slowly. "I shouldn't be for that myself. I don't like the idea of her marrying a divorced man. Arthur would be quite fine, I think. He's a gentleman and he understands Leila. The man who marries her has got to understand her—make a lot of allowances."

Constance smiled her amusement at his display of sagacity.

"Nonsense, Shep! Leila will settle down and be the tamest little matron in town. She's cut out her drinking. That was more for the effect than anything else. She's got about all the fun to be had out of making people think her a perfect little devil. By the way, speaking of marrying men, that young Storrs is a nice fellow—rather impressive. I think Leila's a little tempted to try her hand at flirting with him. She was at the Henderson's yesterday afternoon and Bud was shaking up some cocktails. Storrs came in and Leila refused to drink. She joked about it but said Bruce had made her promise to quit. He's not a prig, but he knows the danger line when he sees it."

"Yes—yes," Shepherd assented eagerly. "He's one of the most attractive men I ever met. He's the kind of fellow you'd trust with anything you've got!"

"Yes—and be safe," Constance replied. "He's hardly likely to do anything rash."

They came again, as they often did, to a discussion of Franklin Mills.

"Your father's the great unaccountable," sighed Constance. "I long since gave up trying to understand him. He's a master hand at dodging round things that don't strike him just right. The way he turned down your clubhouse scheme was just like him; and the way he spurned my little suggestion about buying a summer place. By the way, what are you doing about the clubhouse? I thought you were selling your Rogers Trust stock to get money to build it. You haven't weakened, have you, Shep?"

"No! certainly not. I'm going ahead as soon as the weather opens up. I sold my stock yesterday and I mean to do the thing right. When I was in Chicago last week I looked at a number of community houses and got a lot of ideas."

"Well, don't get cold feet. That thing has worried you a lot. I'd do it or I'd forget it."

"Oh, I'm going to do it all right!" Shepherd replied jauntily. He greatly wished her to think him possessed of the courage and initiative to carry through large projects no matter how formidable the opposition.

II

FRANKLIN MILLS was now on better terms with himself than at any time since Bruce Storrs's appearance in town. Open weather had made it possible for him to go to Deer Trail once or twice a week for a ride, and he walked several miles every day. Leila had agreed to accompany him on a trip to Bermuda the first of February. In his absence the machinery he had set in motion would be moving the Hardens a little further into the social limelight.

He was hoping that the trip would serve effectually to break off Thomas's attentions to Leila, and that within the next year he would see her engaged to Carroll. What Shepherd lacked in force and experience, Carroll would bring into the family. Mills was annoyed that he had ever entertained a thought that he could be denied anything in life that he greatly coveted, or deprived of the comfort and peace he had so long enjoyed. He would prolong his Indian Summer; his last years should be his happiest.

He enjoyed the knowledge that he exercised, with so little trouble to himself, a real power in the community. He viewed the life of his city with the quiet satisfaction of a biologist who in the quiet of his laboratory studies specimens that have been brought to the slide without any effort on his own part. And Mills liked to see men squirm—silly men who overreached themselves, pretentious upstarts who gestured a great deal with a minimum of accomplishment.

Doctor Lindley had asked him to come in to St. Barnabas to look at the Mills Memorial window, which had been restored with Mills's money. He stopped on his way to the office a few days before Christmas and found Lindley busy in his study. They went into the church and inspected the window, which was quite as good as new. While they were viewing it Mrs. Torrence came in, her vivacity subdued to the spirit of the place. She was on a committee to provide the Christmas decorations.

"You're just the man I want to see," she said to Mills. "I was going to call you up. There's some stuff in your greenhouses I could use here if you don't mind."

"Anything I've got! Tell me what you want and I'll have the people at the farm deliver it."

"That's fine! I knew you'd be glad to help. The florists are such robbers at Christmas."

She scribbled a memorandum of her needs on an envelope and left them . . . Mills stood with his hand resting on the Mills pew for a last glance at the transept window. The church, which had survived all the changes compelled by the growth of the city, was to Mills less of a holy place than a monument to the past. His grandfather and father had been buried from the church; here he had been married, and here Shepherd and Leila had been baptized. Leila would want a church wedding . . . Remembering that the rector was waiting, he followed him into the vestry.

"Can't you come in for a talk?" asked Lindley.

"No; I see there are people waiting for you." Mills glanced at a row of men and women of all ages—a discouraged looking company ranged along the wall outside the study door. One woman with a shawl over her head coughed hideously as she tried to quiet a dirty child. "These people want advice or other help? I suppose there's no end to your work."

"It's my business to help them," the rector replied. "They're all strangers—I never saw any of them before. I rather like that—their sense of the church standing ready to help them."

"If they ask for money, what do you do?" asked Mills practically. "Is there a fund?"

"Well, I have a contingency fund—yes. Being here in the business district I have constant calls that I don't feel like turning over to the charity society. I deal with them right here the best I can. I make mistakes, of course."

"How much have you in hand now?" Mills asked bluntly.

"Well, I did have about four dollars," laughed Lindley, "but Mrs. Torrence handed me a hundred this morning."

"I'll send you a check for a thousand for these emergency cases. When it gets low again let me know."

"That's fine, Mills! I can cheer a good many souls with a thousand dollars. This is generous of you, indeed."

"Oh—Lindley!" Mills had reached the street door when he paused and retraced his steps. "Just a word—sometime ago in my office I talked to you in a way I've regretted. I'm afraid I wasn't quite—quite just, to you and the church—to organized religion. I realize, of course, that the church——"

"The church," said Lindley smilingly, "the church isn't these walls; it's here!" He tapped his breast lightly. "It's in your heart and mine."

"That really simplifies the whole thing!" said Mills, and with a little laugh he went on to his office.

He thought it fine of the minister to give audience to the melancholy suppliants who sought him for alms and counsel. He didn't envy Lindley his job, but it had to be done by someone. Lindley was really a very good fellow indeed, Mills reflected—a useful man in the community.

Before he read his mail Mills dispatched the check for a thousand dollars by special messenger. It was a pleasure to help Lindley in his work. A man who had to deal with such unpleasant specimens of humanity as collected at Lindley's door shouldn't be disregarded. He remembered having seen Lindley driving about in a rattletrap machine that was a disgrace to the parish and the town. When Carroll came in with some reports Mills



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told him to see Henderson and order a Plantagenet for Lindley to be delivered at the clergyman's house Christmas morning.

Carroll reported a court decision in Illinois sustaining the validity of some municipal bonds in which Mills had invested.

"Christmas presents coming in early," Mills remarked as he read the telegram. "I thought I was stung there."

He approved of the world and its ways. It was a pretty good world, after all; a world in which he wielded power, as he liked to wield it, quietly, without subjecting himself to the fever and fret of the market place. Among other memoranda Carroll had placed on his desk was a list of women—old friends of Mrs. Mills—to whom he had sent flowers every Christmas since her death. The list was kept in the office files from year to year to guard against omissions—Sentiment. Mills liked to believe himself singularly blessed with sentiment. He admired himself for this fidelity to his wife's old friends.

"You told me to keep on picking up Rogers Trust whenever it was in the market," said Carroll. "Gurley called up yesterday and asked if you wanted any more. I've got two hundred shares here—paid three eighteen. They're closing the transfer books tomorrow so I went ahead without consulting you."

"That part of it's all right," Mills remarked, scanning the certificate. "Who's selling this?"

"It was in Gurley's name—he'd bought it himself."

"A little queer," Mills remarked. "There were only a few old stockholders who had blocks of two hundred—Larsen, Skinner, Saintsbury; and Shep and Leila had the same amount. None of them would be selling now. Suppose you step over to the Trust Company and see where Gurley got this. It makes no difference—I'm just a little curious. There's been no talk about the merger—no gossip?"

"Nothing that I've heard. I'm pretty sure Gurley had no inkling of it. If he had he wouldn't have let go at the price he asked."

When Carroll went out Mills took a turn across the floor. His mood had changed. He greatly disliked to be puzzled. And he was unable to account for the fact that Gurley should have become possessed of two hundred shares of Rogers Trust just at this time.

Larsen, Skinner and Saintsbury were all in the secret of the impending merger with the Central States Company. There was Shepherd; he hadn't told Shepherd, but there had been no reason why he should tell Shepherd, any more than he would have made a confidante of Leila, who probably had forgotten that she owned the stock. Having acquired two-thirds of the Rogers shares, all that was necessary was to call a meeting of the stockholders and put the thing through in accordance with the formula already carefully prepared by his lawyers. The combination was wholly to the advantage of the Rogers shareholders; anyone who sold on the eve of the merger would be a fool.

When Carroll came back he placed a memorandum on Mills's desk and started to leave the room.

"Just a moment, Carroll"—Mills eyed the paper carefully. "So Shep sold to Gurley—is that right?"

"Yes," Carroll assented. "Gurley only held it a day before he offered it to me."

"Shepherd—um—did Shepherd tell you he wanted to sell?"

"No; he never mentioned it," Carroll replied, not relishing Mills's inquiries.

"Call Shepherd and tell him to stop in this afternoon on his way home; and—Carroll"—Mills detained his secretary to impress him with his perfect equanimity—"call Mrs. Rawlings and ask how the Judge is. He's had a second stroke. I hate to see these older men going——"

"Yes, the Judge has been a great figure," Carroll replied perfunctorily.

Carroll was troubled. He was fond of Shepherd Mills, recognized the young man's fine qualities and sympathized with his high aims. There was something pitiful in the inability of father and son to understand each other.

It was evident from the manner in which the stock had passed through Gurley's hands that Shepherd wished to hide the fact that he was selling. Poor Shep! There could have been no better illustration of his failure to understand his father than this. Carroll had watched the attempts of much keener minds than Shep possessed to deceive Franklin Mills. Carroll wished there were something he could do to save Shep from the consequences of his folly in attempting to hide from Franklin Mills a transaction so obviously impossible of concealment.

III

SHEPHERD entered his father's office as he always did, nervous and apprehensive.

"Well, father, how's everything with you today?"

"All right, Shep," Mills replied pleasantly as he continued signing letters. "Everything all right at the plant?"

"Everything running smoothly, father."

"That's good." Mills applied the blotter to the last signature and rang for the stenographer. When the young woman had taken the letters away Mills filled in the assignment on the back of the certificate of stock in the Rogers Company which Carroll had brought him that morning and pushed it across the desk.

"You seem to have sold your two hundred shares in the Rogers Trust, Shep—the two hundred you got from your mother's estate."

"Why, yes, father," Shepherd stammered, staring at the certificate. There was no evidence of irritation in his father's face; one might have thought that he was mildly amused by something.

"You had a perfect right to dispose of it, of course. I'm just a trifle curious to know why you didn't mention it to me. It seemed just a little—unfriendly."

"No, father; it wasn't that!" Shepherd replied hastily.

It had not occurred to him that his father would discover the sale so soon. While he hadn't in so many words asked Gurley to consider the transaction a confidential matter, he thought he had conveyed that idea to the broker. He felt the perspiration creeping out on his face; his hands trembled so that he hid them in his pockets. Mills, his arms on the desk, was playing with a glass paper weight.

"How much did Gurley give you for it?" he asked.

"I sold it at two seventy-five," answered Shepherd. He was breathing heavily; the air of the room seemed weighted with impending disaster. An inexorable fate had set a problem for him to solve and his answers, he knew, exposed his ineptitude. It was like a nightmare.

"It's worth five hundred," said Mills with gentle indulgence. "But Gurley, in taking advantage of you, blundered badly. I bought it from him at three eighteen. And just to show you that I'm a good sport"—Mills smiled as he reflected that he had never before applied the phrase to himself—"I'm going to sell it back to you at what I paid. And here's a blank check—we can close the matter right now."

Mills pretended to be looking over some papers while Shepherd wrote the check—his fingers with difficulty moving the pen. A crisis was at hand; or was it a crisis? His fear of his father, his superstitious awe of Franklin Mills's supernatural prescience numbed his will. The desk seemed to mark a wide gulf between them. He had meant to seize some opportunity, preferably when he could drive his father to the battery plant and show him the foundations of the clubhouse, for disclosing the fact that he was going ahead, spending his own money. He had made a mess of it. He felt himself cowering, weak and ineffectual, before another of those velvety strokes with which his father was always able to defeat him.

"You'd better go in early tomorrow and get a new certificate; they're closing the transfer books. The Rogers is merging with the Central States—formal announcement will be made early in the new year. The combination will make a powerful company. It was known only on the inside. Gurley thought he was making a nice turn for himself, but you see he wasn't so clever after all!"

Shepherd shrank further into himself. It was he who was not clever! He hoped to be dismissed like a presumptuous schoolboy caught in an attempt to evade the rules. Franklin Mills had taken up the ivory paper knife and was drawing it slowly through his shapely hands.

"I suppose it's none of my business, Shep, but just why did you sell that stock? You're not embarrassed in any way, are you? If you're not able to live within your income you ought to come to me about it. You can hardly say that I haven't always stood ready to help."

"Well, no, father; it wasn't that. The fact is—well, to tell the truth——"

Mills was always annoyed by Shepherd's stammering. He considered it a sign of weakness in his son; something akin to a physical blemish. Shepherd frowned and with a jerk of the head began again determinedly, speaking slowly.

"I wanted to build that clubhouse for the factory people. I felt that they deserved it. You refused to help; I couldn't make you understand how I felt about it. I meant to build it myself—pay for it with my own money. So I sold my Rogers stock. I thought after I got the thing started you wouldn't object. You see——"

Shepherd's eyes had met his father's gaze, bent upon him coldly, and he ceased abruptly.







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"NEXT TO MYSELF I LIKE 'B.V.D.' BEST"

"Oh, *that's* why you sold! My dear boy, I'm surprised and not a little grieved that you should think of doing a thing like that. It's not—not quite——"

"Not quite straight!" Shepherd flung the words at him, a gleam of defiance in his eyes. "Well, all right! We'll say it wasn't square. But I did it! And you've beaten me. You've shown me I'm a fool. I suppose that's what I am. I don't see things as you do; I wanted to help those people—give them a little cheer—brighten their lives—make them more contented! But you couldn't see that! You don't care for what I think; you treat me as though I were a stupid child. I'm only a figurehead at the plant. When you ask me questions about the business you do it just to check me up—you've already got the answers from Fields. Oh, I know it! I know what a failure I am!"

He had never before spoken so to his father. Amazed that he had gotten through with it, he was stricken with fear. He sank back in his chair, waiting for the sharp reprimand, the violent retort he had invited. It would have been a relief if his father had broken out in an abusive tirade. But Mills had never been more provokingly calm.

"I'm sorry, Shep, that you have this bitterness in your heart." Mills's tone was that of a man who has heard forbearingly an unjust accusation and proceeds patiently to justify himself. "I wouldn't have you think I don't appreciate your feeling about labor; that's fine. But I thought you accepted my reasons for refusing. I've studied these things for years. I believe in dealing justly with labor, but we've got to be careful about mixing business and philanthropy. If you'll just think it over you'll see that for yourself. I'm old-fashioned, I suppose, in my way of thinking, but——"

His deprecatory gesture was an appeal to his son to be merciful to a sire so hopelessly benighted. Shepherd had hardly taken in what his father said. Once more it was borne in upon him that he was no match for his father.

"Well, I guess that's all," he said faintly, glancing about as though uncertain of his whereabouts.

"One thing more, Shep. There's another matter I want to speak of. It's occurred to me the past year that you are not happy at the battery plant. Frankly, I don't believe you're quite adapted to an industrial career. The fact is you're just a little too sensitive, too impressionable to deal with labor." Mills smiled to neutralize any sting that might lurk in the remark. "But I think you'd be happier somewhere else. Now I want someone to represent me in the trust company after the merger goes into effect. Carroll is to be the vice-president and counsel, perhaps ultimately the president. Fleming did much to build up the Rogers and he will continue at the head of the merged companies for the present. But he's getting on in years and is anxious to retire. Eventually you and Carroll will run the place. I never meant for you to stay in the battery plant—that was just for the experience. It's fitting that you should have a place in the trust company. I've arranged to have you elected a vice-president when we complete the reorganization next month—a fine opportunity for you, Shep. I hope this meets with your approval."

Shepherd nodded a bewildered, grudging assent. This was the most unexpected of blows. In spite of the fact that his authority at the battery plant was, except as to minor routine matters, subordinate to that of Fields, he enjoyed his work. He had made many friends among the employees and found happiness in counseling and helping them in their troubles. He felt humiliated by the incidental manner of his dismissal from one place and appointment to another.

His father went on placidly, speaking of the bright prospects of the trust company, which would be the strongest institution of the kind anywhere in the State. Shepherd was to be ready to make the change on the first of February. Before he quite realized it his father had glided away from the subject and was speaking of social matters.

Shepherd picked up his hat and stared at it as though not sure that it belonged to him. His father walked round the desk and put out his hand.

"You know, Shep, there's nothing I have so much at heart as the welfare of my children. You married the girl you wanted; I've given you this experience in the battery company, which will be of value to you in your new position, and now I'm sure you'll realize my best hopes for you in what I believe to be a more suitable line of work. I want you always to remember it of me that I put the happiness of my children before every other consideration."

"Yes, father."

Shepherd passed out slowly through the door that opened directly into the hall and, still dazed, reached the street. He wandered about, trying to remember where he had parked his car. The city in which he was born had suddenly become strange to him. He dreaded going home and confessing to Constance that once more he had been vanquished by his father. He must have time to think before facing Constance. If he went to the club it would be to look in upon men intent upon their rhum or sniff, who would give him their usual abstracted greeting. They cared nothing for him; he was only the son of a wealthy father who put him into jobs where he would do the least harm!

III

He must talk to someone. His heart hungered for sympathy and kindness. If his father would only treat him as he would treat any other man; not as a weakling, a bothersome encumbrance! There was cruelty in the reflection that, envied as no doubt he was as the prospective heir to a fortune and the inheritor of an honored name, there was no friend to whom he could turn in his unhappiness.

His heart leaped as he thought of Bruce Storrs. The young architect, hardly more than an acquaintance, had in their meetings impressed him by his good sense and manliness. He would see Storrs.

The elevator shot him up to Freeman's office. Bruce, preparing to leave for the day, put out his hand cordially.

"Mr. Freeman's gone; but won't you sit and smoke?"

"No, thanks. Happened to be passing and thought I'd look in. Maybe you'll join me in a little dash into the country. This has been an off day with me—everything messy. I suppose you're never troubled that way?"

Bruce saw that something was amiss. Shepherd's attempt to give an air of inadvertence to his call was badly simulated. His unusual difficulty with his speech, the twitching of his nostrils and lips, pointed to some serious perturbation.

"That's odd!" Bruce exclaimed. "I'm a little on edge myself! Just thinking of walking a few miles to pull myself together. What region shall we favor with our gloomy presences?"

"That is a question!" Shepherd ejaculated with a mirthless laugh; and then striking his hands together as he recalled where he had parked his car, he added: "Let's drive to the river and do our walking out there. You won't mind—sure I'm not making myself a nuisance?"

"Positive!" Bruce declared, though he smothered with some difficulty a wish that Shepherd Mills would keep away from him.

It was inconceivable that Shepherd had been drinking, but he was clearly laboring under some strong emotional excitement. In offering his cigarette case as they waited for the elevator, his hand shook. In his handsome, rather feminine eyes there was a hurt look—the hurt look of a friendly dog that has met with an unexpected rebuff. Bruce adopted a chaffing tone as they reached the street.

"We're two nice birds! All tuckered out by a few hours' work. That's what the indoor life brings us to. Henderson got off a good one about the new traffic rules—said they've got it fixed now so you can't turn anywhere in this town till you get to the cemetery."

Shepherd laughed a little wildly now and then at Bruce's efforts at humor. But he said nothing. He drove the car with what for him was reckless speed. Bruce good-naturedly chided him, inquiring how he got his drag with the police department; but he was trying to adjust himself to a Shepherd Mills he hadn't known before . . .

They crossed a bridge and Shepherd stopped the car at the roadside. "Let's walk," he said tensely. "I've got to talk—I've *got* to talk."

"All right, we'll walk and talk!" Bruce agreed in the tone of one indulging a child's whims.

"I wanted to come to the river," Shepherd muttered. "I like being where there's water."

"Many people don't!" Bruce said, thinking his companion was joking.

"A river is kind; a river is friendly," Shepherd added in the curious stifled voice of one who is thinking aloud. "Water always soothes me—quiets my nerves"—he threw his hand out. "It seems so free!"

It was now dark and the winter stars shone brightly over the half frozen stream. Bruce remembered that somewhere in the neighborhood he had made his last stop before entering the city; overcome his last doubt and burned his mother's letters that he had borne on his year-long pilgrimage. And he was here again by the river with the son of Franklin Mills!

Intent upon his own thoughts, he was hardly conscious that Shepherd had begun to speak, with a curious dogged eagerness, in a high strained voice that



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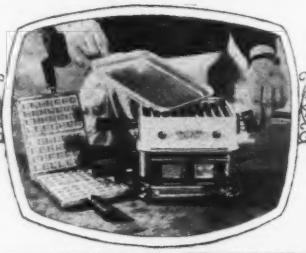
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broke now and then in a sob. It was of his father that Shepherd was speaking—of Franklin Mills. He was a disappointment to his father; there was no sympathy between them. He had never wanted to go into business but had yielded in good spirit when his father opposed his studying medicine. At the battery plant he performed duties of no significance; the only joy he derived from the connection was in the friendship of the employees, and he was now to be disciplined for wanting to help them. His transfer to the trust company was only a punishment; in the new position he would merely repeat his experience in the factory—find himself of less importance than the office boy.

They paced back and forth at the roadside. When the first passion of his bitter indignation had spent itself, Shepherd admitted his father's generosity. There was no question of money. Constance was fine; she was the finest woman alive, he declared with a quaver in his voice. But she too had her grievances; his father was never fair to Constance. Here Shepherd caught himself up sharply. It was the widening breach between him and his father that tore his heart, and Constance had no part in that.

"I'm stupid; I don't catch things quickly," he went on wearily. "But I've tried to learn; I've done my best to please father. But it's no good! I give it up!"

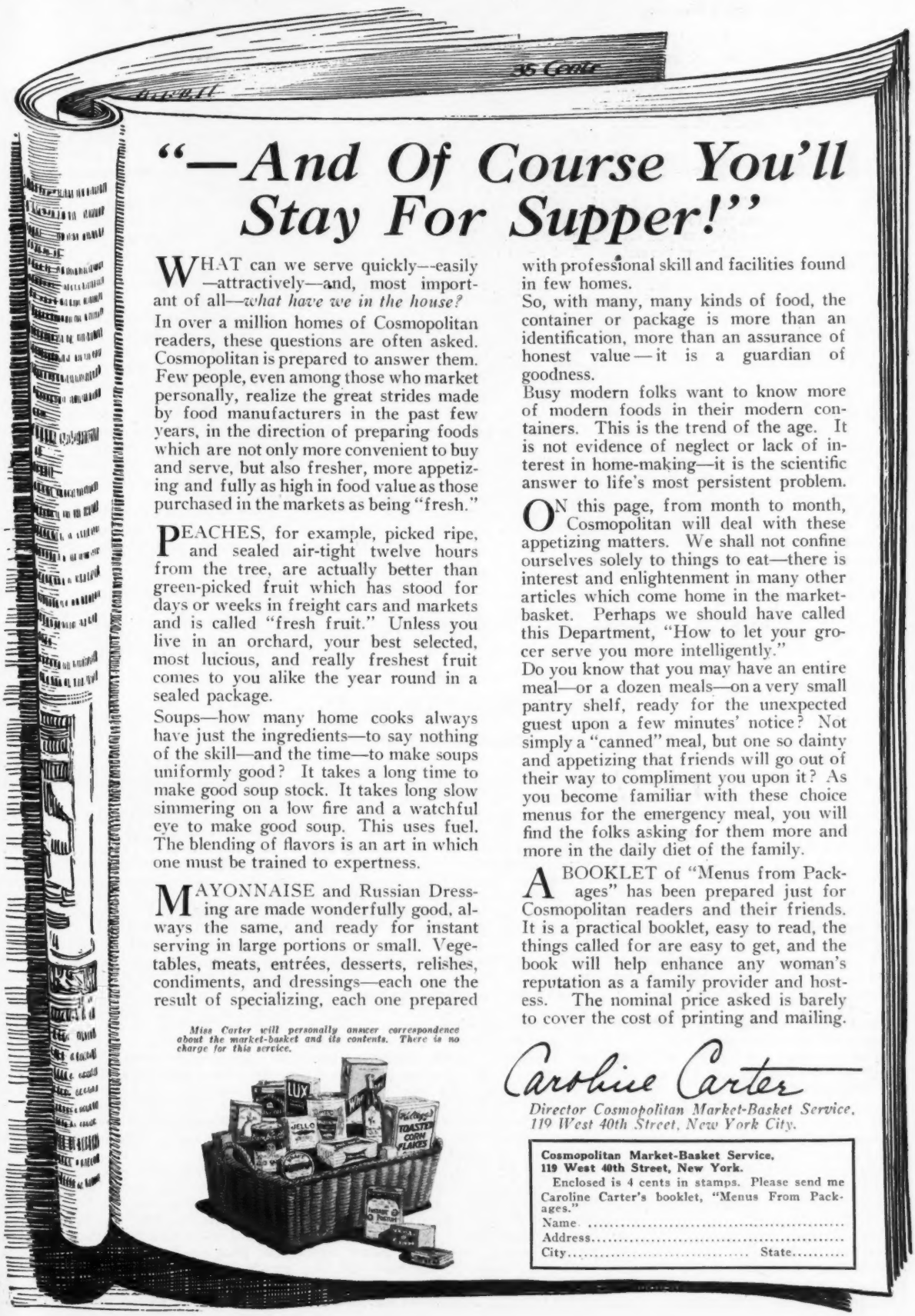
Bruce, astounded and dismayed by this long recital, was debating what counsel he could offer. He could not abandon Shepherd Mills in his dark hour. The boy—he seemed only that tonight, a miserable, tragic boy—had opened his heart with a child's frankness. Bruce, remembering his own unhappy hours, resolved to help Shepherd Mills if he could.

Their stay by the river must not be prolonged; Shepherd was shivering with cold. Bruce had never before been so conscious of or grateful for his own physical strength. He wished that he might confer it upon Shepherd—add to his stature, broaden the narrow shoulders that were so unequal to heavy burdens! It was, he felt, a critical hour in Shepherd Mills's life; the wrong word might precipitate a complete break in his relations with his father. Franklin Mills, as Bruce's imagination quickened under the mystical spell of the night, loomed beside them—a shadowy figure, keeping step with them on the dim bank where the wind mourned like an unhappy spirit through the sycamores.

"I had no right to bother you; you must think me a fool," Shepherd concluded. "But it's helped me, just to talk. I don't know why I thought you wouldn't mind——"

"Of course I don't mind!" Bruce replied, and threw his arm lightly across Shepherd's shoulders. "I'm pleased that you thought of me; I want to help. Now, old man, we're going to pull you right out of this! It's disagreeable to fumble the ball as we all do occasionally. But this isn't so terrible! That was a fine idea of yours to build a clubhouse for the workmen; but on the other hand there's something to be said for your father's reasons against it. And frankly, I think you made a mistake in selling your stock without speaking to him first. It wasn't quite playing the game."

"Yes; I can see that," Shepherd assented



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ON this page, from month to month, Cosmopolitan will deal with these appetizing matters. We shall not confine ourselves solely to things to eat—there is interest and enlightenment in many other articles which come home in the market-basket. Perhaps we should have called this Department, "How to let your grocer serve you more intelligently."

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faintly. "But you see I'd got my mind on it; and I wanted to make things happier for those people."

"Of course you did! And it's too bad your father doesn't feel about it as you do. But he doesn't; and it's one of the hardest things we have to learn in this world, that we've got to accommodate ourselves very often to other people's ideas. That's life, old man!"

"I suppose you're right; but I do nothing but blunder. I never put anything over."

"Oh, yes, you do! You said a bit ago your father didn't want you to marry the girl you were in love with; but you did! That scored for you. And about the club house, it's hard to give it up; but we passionate idealists have got to learn to wait! Your day will come to do a lot for humanity."

"No! I'm done! I'm going away; I want a chance to live my own life. It's hades, I tell you, never to be free; to be pushed into subordinate jobs I hate. By God, I won't go into the trust company!"

The oath, probably the first he had ever used, cut sharply into the night. To Bruce it hinted of unsuspected depths of passion in Shepherd's nature. The sense of his own responsibility deepened.

Shepherd, surprised and ashamed of his outburst, sought and clutched Bruce's hand.

"Steady, boy!" said Bruce gently. "You'll *take* the job and you'll go into it with all the pep you can muster! It offers you a bigger chance than the thing you've been doing. All kinds of people carry their troubles to a trust company. If you want to serve humanity you couldn't put yourself in a better place! I'm serious about that. And with Carroll there you'll be treated with respect; you can raise the dickens if anybody tries any foolishness! Why, your father's promoting you—showing his confidence in a pretty fine way. He might better have told you of his plans earlier—I grant that—but he probably thought he'd save it for a surprise. You've got to give him credit for trying to do the square thing by you."

"It was a slap in the face; he meant to humiliate me!" cried Shepherd stubbornly.

"All right; assume he did! But don't be humiliated!"

"You'd stand for it? You wouldn't make a row?" asked Shepherd quaveringly.

"No; decidedly no!"

"Well, I guess you're right," Shepherd replied after a moment's silence. "It doesn't seem so bad the way you put it. I'm sorry I've kept you so long. I'll never forget this; you've been mighty kind."

"I think I've been right," said Bruce soberly.

He was thinking of Franklin Mills—his father and Shepherd's. There was something grotesque in the idea that he was acting as a conciliator between Franklin Mills and this son who had so little of the Mills iron in his blood. The long story had given him still another impression of Mills. It was despicable, his trampling of Shepherd's toys, his calm destruction of the boy's dreams. But even so, Bruce felt that his advice had been sound. A complete break with his father would leave Shepherd helpless; and public opinion would be on the father's side.

Shepherd struck a match and looked at his watch.

"It's nearly seven!" he exclaimed. "Connie won't know what's become of me! She's alone, too. I think she's having a Dramatic Club rehearsal at the house tonight."

"That's good. We'll stop at the first garage and you can telephone her. Tell her you're having dinner with me at the club. And—may I say it?—never tell her of your bad hour today. That's better kept to ourselves."

"Of course!"

With head erect Shepherd walked to the car. His self-confidence was returning. Before they reached the club his spirits were soaring. He was even eager to begin his work with the trust company.

He drove Bruce home after a leisurely dinner. When he said good night at the entrance to the apartment house he grasped both Bruce's hands.

"Nothing like this ever really happened to me before," he said chokingly. "I've found a friend!"

They remained silent for a moment. Then Bruce looked smilingly into Shepherd's gentle, grateful eyes and turned slowly into the house. The roar of Shepherd's car as it started rang out jubilantly in the quiet street.

In the August instalment of "The Hope of Happiness," Meredith Nicholson gives you as brilliant a cross-section of life as he has ever written

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Ellen Plays With Fire

(*Continued from page 87*)

political underling, he knew everybody, everything, he could hold the whole family enthralled when he deigned to go into the whole dirty story of some franchise or election. His mother and sisters thought him the only honest, pure minded, upright man in a group of professional crooks.

But he was not discursive today; his quick little gray eyes shot about the circle of his womenkind appraisingly.

"Hello, how's Holy Joe?" said Mart.

"It's a wonder you wouldn't tell me you'd be up early, Martin," Mrs. Murphy said reproachfully. "The way I'd get you your breakfast!"

Martin drank off half a cup of coffee at one draught and drew a noisy breath.

"The old man's got a date with Saint Pete," he remarked simply. "You better beat it home."

The instant look of consternation in the three women's faces was assurance that he was perfectly understood. His grandfather was ill.

"Between us and har'rm!" Mrs. Murphy cried aloud, rising. "And him alone—me poor old father that's been a saint in God's glory—all his life long!"

"He's all right—he's all *right*," Martin assured her in his suave, quiet manner. "Pull yourself together! Aunt Ag came in, and she's sitting with him, and I stopped and spoke to the priest."

"Grandpa!" Lizzie-Kate said in a whisper. "I'll go along, mama. And he was all right last night, wasn't he?"

"Oh, my God—that he should be took ——" Mrs. Murphy was intoning loudly, as one who hears and sees nothing that goes on about her.

"You run along, Lizzie-Kate," Ellen said capably, helping her sister into her coat. "I'll run the house and keep the coffee hot for Joe. Don't cry, mama, Mart says he just had a sort of fit—he'll probably be all right when you get back!"

Upon Lizzie-Kate had fallen a mood and moment of capability. She was all courage, thoughtfulness, efficiency. The lunch—if she didn't come back. And Ellen was to telephone Annie Curley to take Baby if—— And Joe was please to do this if——Off went the older women with Mart, Mrs. Murphy hanging like a peculiarly lifeless fountain of black veils upon his arm, Lizzie-Kate half walking, half running on the other side, consoling and cheering as they went.

Ellen was left, hating herself, because in this new complication her first thought had been for John Beatty. If grandpa died, of course she couldn't go. But if grandpa didn't die, then mama and Lizzie-Kate might be too busy and too concerned to notice what she did. Why couldn't she put some bread and ham on the table for Joe and slip away at quarter to six, in the new hat and the nailhead dress——

She set briskly about the business of dishes and beds.

The long day passed exactly as she had expected. At ten Joe came down to his breakfast, and afterward he went out. But at noon, when the baby was asleep and the house all in order, he and Mart returned and relieved Ellen.

Ellen went in a cool, wet wind to her mother's house, entering at once into a gloomy whirlpool of murmuring women in black. Annie Curley was there, and her mother, handsome, efficient, wholesome old Mrs. Callahan, and a dozen others. Grandpa Florence had been very queer and the doctor couldn't make it out, was the report. He'd seen the priest, and he was talking very wild and had the most awful hiccups on him. He didn't know anybody at all, and maybe he might sink down into it again and be dead on them before the morning.

All the women sucked their breath in sharply every time these facts were reviewed, and Mrs. Murphy wept. There was much fervent praying. Seven or eight mournful voices told Ellen that her sister Jule Flint had been summoned, and grandpa's niece, Nelly Fallon, as well.

"Was Nelly sent for?" some woman always asked at this point, her serious



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face even more grave. And the others all nodded sadly.

Ellen was allowed to peep into a darkened, close room, where she saw a small stubbled waxen face set in a tumble of old comforters, and heard a whistling breath emerging from a mouth drawn like a slit, and fretful incoherent words. She loved grandpa; the tears burst from her eyes, and her mouth trembled like a baby's. She spoke to the old man, but he did not know her. "You're always his favorite, Ellen!" the women said, weeping too, when she returned to the kitchen.

Mart and Joe came in, with Flurry and the baby, and Lizzie-Kate carried her latest born into her mother's bedroom; the women all looked self-conscious, but before their husbands and brothers nobody directly mentioned that it was mealtime for little Joe. Annie Curley went in with Lizzie-Kate, and they spoke of Annie's unborn child as they might not do before Ellen and the young girls.

Ellen went home at four; the lines of the soft rain struck her young figure boldly and made her hair curl up under her old fur cap and her young cheeks blaze gloriously. She had half promised to go back later, or rather she had let her mother and Lizzie-Kate infer that she would. But suppose she didn't? Suppose she just slipped away; nobody'd notice it.

Her heart began to hammer. She got into dry, fresh clothing in her cool, close little bedroom, wondering, wondering. Joe came home with Flurry, and Ellen put on her kimona again and went to give the child his supper, at five.

"You going to eat here, Ellen?" asked her brother-in-law, scenting the kitchen with a cheap cigar. "Lizzie-Kate kept the Baby, but she wanted you to bring over six——" He enumerated the garments, the talc powder, the pins necessary to the baby upon a prolonged visit. "I've not seen the papers; put me out some bread and sardines," said Joe, "and I'll sit here until you come back. It's clearing; it'll be fine for the funeral if the poor old man goes!" concluded Joe, not without decent feeling.

It was clearing, the rain had stopped, the west was clear yellow. Ellen flew upstairs to dress. Her best shoes, her nailhead dress, her new hat. She drew the fur collar of last winter's coat snugly about her neck; she was completely enveloped. She would run in to mama's house, see everybody and slip away again, and if they did not hear of her thenceforward until she was left at her own door by John Beatty at ten—at not later than half-past ten—that night, why, then they couldn't do anything anyway!

She almost danced the two blocks to the Murphy shanty, pulling her mood decorously down to dignified sorrow just before she entered the door.

The group had altered a little but was substantially the same. Cousin Nelly Fallon, a big, red-faced, kindly widow of fifty, was here, deep in consultation with Mrs. Callahan, who wore an immense stiff white apron over her best black gown as an indication that she was officially installed as first family friend in a crisis. Ellen's sister Jule, small, merry, affectionate, was here with her third daughter, Bertha, a toothless child of eight.

The sighing, the moaning, the whispers and dolorous shakes of the head recommenced, or rather continued unbroken by Ellen's entrance. Now and then somebody tiptoed to the bedroom door.

"Ellen, I wonder you wouldn't put on your new gown, to traipse the wet streets, and your grandfather so ill!" said Mrs. Callahan dispassionately, with her favorite superb irony.

"I didn't know but what mama'd want me to go for the priest or maybe over to the Sisters," said Ellen neatly.

"The ger'rls nowadays, you'd think they was quality, and they in the kitchen over the pots——" a tiny, shriveled old woman, toothless and as colorless as lard, was beginning shrilly, when there was an interruption.

The door of the sick room opened, and out came Mrs. Murphy, weeping loudly, with several other women streaming after.

"Oh, God be good to us, is he gone?" murmured and wailed the other women, rising and crowding forward in a confused group. Ellen heard her own name, eager hands pushed her, she was at once the center of attention. Her grandfather had roused from his stupor, the hiccups had stopped and he had asked for her by name.

She hated herself, she hated herself—but even now her eyes went to the alarm clock on the shelf over the sink. Twenty minutes to six—if he did not keep her more than five minutes she could still easily keep her appointment. The library was but five minutes' walk away.

Trembling, she went into the sick room, her bright head bare, the folds of the new gown falling softly about her as she knelt beside the bed. The place reeked of comforters, coal fire, carbolic soap and the kerosene lamp. Old Tom was breathing heavily in his tumble of covers.

"Ellen!" he whispered. "Elleneen!"

The girl felt the muscles of her face twist unexpectedly, her eyes brimmed. It was his dear old crooked smile again, the smile that had never failed her, even in the naughtiest hour of her babyhood. The satiny skin on his cheeks was applered, his blue eyes shone frostily under a disordered fringe of his fine, silvery hair.

"Hello, grandpa, darling," she said unsteadily. She bent her head close to his lips; what was he asking?

"I can't get to sleep—widout I have me——" It was all a blur, and she could see he was distressed; he wanted to be understood. The frail old fingers clutched hers.

"It's somethin' he's after," murmured Mrs. Callahan. "If he could get to sleep—now that the hiccups has stopped——"

"Tell Ellen, darlin'," Ellen crooned, cradling the old head against her young breast.

"It isn't his ould pipe—we give him that," her mother breathed distressedly.

"What is it, dear?" The girl was his mother, babying him, adoring him. The rain-curled loose tendrils of her bright hair touched his old face as she bent close again. "Why, it's his old blackthorn he wants!" she cried, relief singing in her voice. "He says he doesn't know where he's going, but he wants his stick!"

The old man crowed in ecstasy. In another minute the blackthorn was laid upon his bed, and his claw-like old hand was fondling it in deep satisfaction. The women about him drew back, awed, but Ellen remained on her knees.

"But mind, you're not going anywhere," she told him. "You can have your stick, I'll leave it there. But you drink some of this now—like the doctor told you—and then you go to sleep!"

He looked at her, pathetically obedient, and shut his eyes. She did not move hers from his face.

There was nothing else in the world but this sick room. Nothing else mattered but grandpa. She heard the whispers behind her in the close gloom, she knew what they were saying. But to her it was important only that he should sleep.

Ellen was too deeply absorbed, too utterly grateful that this really was rest, ease, sleep for him at last, to hear the Angelus ringing in the windy soft spring darkness ten minutes later. She knew that the word went forth into the kitchen, the hiccuping had stopped, the fever was down, he'd wanted his stick for a long journey, but Ellen had held him back with the sheer love he had for her. But the girl did not shift her position by so much as a sigh. Knees, back, aching young arms were all a vise that held him here in the living, loving world.

It was almost nine o'clock when she staggered, blinking, into the kitchen, for the delicious hour of tea, toast and praise that was her due. Ellen was the heroine of the hour.

The women dried their eyes, their voices cleared and strengthened; they began to sort out hats and shawls. Lizzie-Kate took her baby home, the Callahans filtered away, the murmuring of voices grew less and less and the opening door let in continual draughts of sweet night air.

Nelly Fallon, Mart and Ellen would stay with Mrs. Murphy all night, Mart dozing on the couch, Ellen remaining half dressed in case grandpa wakened and wanted her again. She began to take a deep pride in him as her patient, her cure. Now and then came a flitting thought of her broken engagement with John. But Ellen was in too exalted a mood for apprehension.

Nelly and Ellen sat sociably near the stove, kept a good fire going and talked interminably.

"It's a wonder they could get you, Nelly, up in Plainfield," Ellen said idly, somewhere about eleven o'clock.

"Oh, but I'm over here at the Beachways Club now," her cousin said.

Ellen, who had been conscious of sleepiness, suddenly wakened fully and brightly, and began to take an acute interest in the conversation. She thought of John at the library—waiting, waiting, waiting.

"What doing?" she demanded.

"Maid. Like I was up to the Sipperhassett Club," Nelly returned.

"And how long since?" the girl asked.

"Oh, two weeks gone. They have a special dinner and dance Thursdays, and then a regular supper every Sunday night," said Mrs. Fallon. "And I go down almost every day, about noon, and check their coats for them and see that they do not be getting too wild——"

"I'll bet the Sunday suppers are fun," Ellen suggested, as the other paused. Supposing, ran her terrified thoughts, that she had gone there tonight and walked straight into Nelly!

"I had Bessie with me today as good luck would have it," Mrs. Fallon resumed

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comfortably. "She'd been wanting to see what it was all like, and when your mother telephoned I left her to take my place."

"I suppose they'd have to have someone there?" Ellen said, thirsting for information.

"Well, yes."

"Did you——" Ellen cleared her throat. "Did you ever see a man named John Beatty there?" she asked, attempting a natural voice.

"Oh, my, many's the time! I knew that lad at the Sipperhassett Club too," Nelly said, smiling. "They used to live up that way."

Ellen was silent as the magnitude of the facts overwhelmed her. Suppose she should say that she knew him well and had broken an engagement with him at that same fashionable Beachways Club this evening——

"He was at Beachways yesterday, playing golf," Mrs. Fallon went on. "He'd one of his little jokes up his sleeve, and was talking to me——" She paused.

Oh, it was maddening, this casual manner, and these silences! "How do you mean?" Ellen urged her.

"Oh, some foolishness." Nelly yawned. "He'll be up and out in the yard this day week if he can sleep like this," she said, glancing at the sick room door.

"Eh? Oh, grandpa!" Ellen exclaimed, almost frantic. "Tell me about John Beatty, you know I know him in the office," she said.

"They say he's after that Cutter girl," Nelly observed. "He came up to me yesterday and he says, 'Mrs. Fallon, if I gave you five dollars would you see a little Irish duchess for me?' he says. 'Well,' I says, 'Mr. Beatty, for five dollars I'd see a little Irish hyena for anybody!' I says. 'Well,' he says, 'here's the five, and when Miss Harriet Cutter comes in here tomorrow night for supper, will you take her to the door and point out the young lady I'm having supper with,' he says, 'and say that that's a little Irish duchess visitin' America under another name,' he says——"

Ellen felt a convulsive spasm shake her whole body. Her throat thickened and her hands grew cold. To save her life she could not have spoken coherently, or moved, just then. The room danced before her sick eyes. Fortunately her cousin was talking on, unseeing.

"Well, I got to thinkin' it over," Nelly was saying, "and I thought maybe there was some mischief in it, so I laid for me young feller, and thinks I, I'll tell him I'll not be in anny of his tricks, good or bad. But before they'd finished their golf game his sister come into the dressin' room, do you see?—and she was powderin' her nose, and she spoke to me about it. 'There's no harm in it whatever,' she said. 'Jawn's deeply and madly in love with Harriet Cutter,' she says, 'and sometime back there was talk in the newspapers of an Irish duchess comin' here—whether she did or not, I don't know,' she says, 'but Harriet got the idea Jawn knew her. And he's bringin' a young lady here to supper tomorrow night to see will Harriet get a little jealous maybe,' she says. Well, at that——"

To betray nothing—to betray nothing—was Ellen's one desperate thought. Who could find out—who suspected——

Oh, the beast—the beast—but she'd pay him out! He'd be sorry——

"At that," Nelly rambled on, "I seen no particular harm in it! 'Twas just a little joke——"

"Unless he'd happen to bring a girl there that wouldn't see a joke in being made a mock of!" Ellen said hotly, almost against her will, as the other fell silent.

"Oh, well, the kind of girl that would come there to a strange club, knowin' nobody——" her cousin countered unconsciously. "Besides, there was no real harm in it," she reasoned. "It would do the girl no hurt. I doubt if Miss Cutter would even have a chanct to be introduced to her. I said to 'um, 'Is she a pretty girl?' and he said, 'She's a beauty—she'll look the part all right!' he said."

The horror of it—the shame of it—that she should have planned the new hat and the nailhead dress for this! Ellen's color burned angrily, a shudder ran over her. It was but the preliminary of many shudders that were to shake her, when she waked in the nights in the weeks to come. It was a forerunner of that change that they were all to see in her, that beginning of the real woman Ellen, that they were all innocently to ascribe to the night grandpa was so sick, and she held him back from death.

Nelly talked on; she had reached the steward now, and his poor wife that had the arthritis. Ellen sat in a whirl of young resentment and pain. Caste stung her, for the first time in her healthy, happy life. Ah, if she had been of his world John would have taken her into this secret, and if she had belonged to another type of women that he knew she would not have cared.

And an hour ago she had been rehearsing dreamily the little phrases with which she would explain the broken engagement, and make a fresh one!

But he didn't know, and he never would know, that she might have gone. There was infinite solace in that. She would make a clean breast of it to Nelly and be assured of silence there. And in the office how gay and pretty and unconcerned and evasive she would be! No more luncheons, no more confidence; he shouldn't have even her friendship now on any terms!

"You've got a good lookin', healthy color on you, Ellen, and eyes like Grandma Florence," Nelly remarked unenthusiastically, and Ellen knew that she was beautiful in her rage and excitement, and rejoiced in it.

At midnight the invalid wakened again, and drank milk from the cup Ellen's hand held steadily to his lips.

"You're a good ger'rl, Ellen," he whispered, sleepily content. "You're awful good to grandpa!"

"I—I love you, grandpa," little Ellen said, weeping, and feeling that the world was a cruel big place in which to steer one's way alone, and that he had somehow saved her from shame and pain. She laid her grateful lips against his wrinkled old hand.

A story woven with a warp of laughter and a woof of tears is the one told by Kathleen Norris in COSMOPOLITAN *for August, on sale at all news stands July tenth*

Never The Twain Shall Meet

(*Continued from page 39*)

hereditary rulers and in Polynesia before the white men came to ruin and degenerate these children of nature, a king was not a king in very truth unless, standing among his people, he could gaze over their heads as one gazes over a wheat field from the top rail of a fence. Tamea's great-great-grandfather was deposed and exiled to an island five hundred miles to the west, where his enemies enslaved him. In his old age his people rescued him and offered him the scepter he had lost in his youth. But he would not accept, for age and toil had crooked his back and he could no longer stand head and shoulders over his people."

"What a magnificent old chap he must have been, Captain!"

Larrieau nodded: "Tamea's mother, Moorea, could walk! You, my young friend, have never seen a woman walk; it is a lost art; our women mince or hop or strut. Moorea was a beautiful woman in point of features. Her hair was a wonderful seal-brown and her skin—well, her skin——"

"Was Tamea's," the doctor interrupted.

Gaston of the Beard smiled and nodded. "She was regal of bearing and regal of soul—and the missionaries called her a heathen. For years I kept them out of Riva, with their mummery of morals and religion. Why, there was no sin in Riva until I came—and then it wasn't recognized until the missionaries gave it a name. Monsieur Doctor, behold a man who dwelt in Eden until the serpents drove him out."

The doctor chuckled quietly.

"Tamea's mother," the sailor resumed, "had features as fine and regular as any white woman. But then, why should she not? Her blood was pure, because it was a chief's blood. The dark skin, the flat nose and the crinkly hair are souvenirs, in the Polynesian race, of their sojourn in the Fijis before they resumed their age-old hegira that started in Asia Minor. In the common people we find evidences of Papuan blood, and that is negroid, Monsieur Doctor. But the pure-bred Polynesian is not a nigger, as ignorant and stupid people might have you believe. They are a lost fragment of the Caucasian race, and any ethnologist who has studied them carefully and sympathetically knows this. Monsieur Doctor, they are not of Malayan origin, but Cushite, and the Cushites were an Aryan people, as doubtless you know."

"My knowledge of ethnology is very meager, Captain Larrieau."

"Mine is not. Gaston of the Beard they call me down under the Line, but I have a head to hold up my beard. How do you account for the fact that the Polynesian priesthood in Hawaii was possessed of the story of the Hebrew Genesis as early as the sixth century, and that, in many respects, this version is more complete than the Jewish?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," the doctor protested. He had the feeling that to argue with Larrieau was to argue with an encyclopedia.

"Well, they acquired the story while drifting eastward from the land of their origin and establishing contact with the



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Israelites, although on the other hand it may be an independent and original version of legends common to the Semite and Aryan tribes of the remote past and handed down to posterity quite as accurately as the Jewish version before the latter became a part of the literature of that race."

The doctor glanced at his watch. "Captain, it would be most delightful to linger and receive instruction in so interesting a subject, but we have a Japanese liner to clear before noon, so I must be off."

"But," persisted the sailor, "have I convinced you that, if this brutal and iconoclastic world but knew it, my little Tamea is *all* Caucasian, not merely half?"

"Captain, your daughter is the most dazzling, the most glorious woman I have ever seen."

"Would you care to marry her, Monsieur Doctor?" The words shot out from the man who had been condemned to a living death with calm but deadly earnestness. "That is," Larrieau continued, "provided you are not already married."

"I am engaged to be married, Captain."

"You have seen Tamea. It will not be hard to forget the other woman. Come, come, my boy! How does the proposition strike you?"

"It doesn't strike me at all. One does not accept such a proposition for consideration quite so abruptly, my friend."

"Ah, why not? Why not, indeed? Because others do not? Blood of the Devil, what a horrible thing is tradition! If it were not a tradition that a woman shall accept from her fiancé a diamond ring which the idiot cannot, in all probability, afford to give her—well, women would not accept them. If it were the custom, they would accept a blow or a brass ring through the nose or a brand, with equal eagerness. Monsieur Doctor, he who has not learned to accept both good and evil, the usual and the unusual, abruptly and without mature consideration, has not learned to live. Life has not given him of its richness and fullness. Why be afraid? Why shrink from the silly comment of silly people who do not understand when you have a woman with a glorious body, a glorious soul and a glorious mind, to compensate you?"

"I am not free to marry her——"

Gaston of the Beard brushed aside this feeble excuse with a quotation from Epictetus: "He only is free who does as he pleases."

But the young doctor was not to be persuaded by such philosophical considerations.

"Has your fiancée a *dot* of a quarter of a million dollars?" Larrieau shot at him.

"It is quite useless to discuss the matter, Captain."

The latter hung his head, disappointed. "You realize why I asked you, of course," he said presently.

"I do, Captain. You must see her provided for. You were at some pains to prove to me that her blood was the equal of mine——"

"I spoke of her mother's people. But I am not a common man. There is blood and breeding back of me—yes, far back, but I can trace it."

"You have paid me a tremendous compliment, Captain."

"You are young, you have education, intelligence. You are a doctor, a man of broad human sympathy and understanding. It is too bad your spirit is not free. Too bad!"

"I will return for you this afternoon, about six o'clock, Captain. You will not attempt to leave the Moorea, will you?"

"I told you I was a thrifty man, but I did not tell you, also, that I am generous."

"I am rebuked, Captain Larrieau. Forgive me."

"On one condition. Give my vessel pratique—now."

"I dare say we can risk that. But why do you ask it?"

"So that young Mr. Pritchard, of Casson and Pritchard, my owners, may be permitted to come aboard, with an attorney. I have some business details to attend to before I accompany you to the quarantine shed at Angel Island. There is the business of the Moorea, and the financial future of my Tamea must be provided for."

"Do you wish me to return to the dock and telephone Mr. Pritchard?"

"If you will be so kind. And ask Mr. Pritchard to bring flowers—a great many beautiful flowers. We sons of Cush are childishly fond of flowers."

The health officer nodded and went over the side into the Customs tug with a constricted feeling in his throat. Had he not gone then he would have remained to weep, with Tamea, for old Gaston of the Beard!

CHAPTER II

IN HIS office in the suite of Casson and Pritchard, on the top floor of a building in the heart of San Francisco's financial district, Daniel Pritchard, the junior partner, sat with his back to his desk and his feet on the sill of a window that gave a view, across the roofs of the city, to the bay beyond. He was watching the ferryboats ply backward and forward between the old gray town and Oakland; viewed from that height and distance their foamy wakes held for him a subconscious fascination. Indeed, whenever he desired to indulge a habit of daydreaming, the view from his window on a clear, warm day could quickly lull him into that state of mind. This morning Dan Pritchard was daydreaming.

A buzzer sounding at his elbow aroused him. He reached for the inter-office telephone and murmured "Yes?" in the low-pitched, kindly, reassuring voice that is inseparable from men of studious habits and placid dispositions.

"The Moorea is passing in, Mr. Pritchard. The Merchants' Exchange lookout has just telephoned," his secretary informed him.

"Thank you." He glanced at his desk clock. "She should clear quarantine and the Customs before noon, and Captain Larrieau should report in by one o'clock at the latest. You'll recognize him immediately, Miss Mather. A perfectly tremendous fellow with a huge black beard a foot long. When he arrives show him in at once, please. Meanwhile I'm not in to anybody else."

He resumed his daydreaming, drawing long blissful draughts from a pleasant smelling pipe, his mind in a state of absolute quiescence in so far as business was concerned. He had that sort of control over himself; a control that rested him mentally and armed his nerves against the attrition that comes of the high mental

pressure under which modern American business men so frequently operate.

At twelve-fifteen Miss Mather entered.

"The Meiggs Wharf office of the Merchants' Exchange telephoned that the Moorea has been given pratique, but that Captain Larrieau is ill and the health officer is going to have him removed to the quarantine station at Angel Island," she informed him. "Evidently his disease is not contagious, because the health officer said it would be quite safe for you to visit him. The Captain requests that you come aboard at your earliest convenience and that you bring an attorney and some flowers."

Dan Pritchard's eyebrows went up. "That request is suggestive of approaching dissolution, Miss Mather."

"Scarcely, Mr. Pritchard. If that were the case would the Captain not have requested the attendance of your doctor to confirm the health officer's diagnosis? And would he not have sent for a clergyman?"

"Not that great pagan! His approach to death would be marked by an active scientific curiosity in the matter up to the moment when his mind should cease to function. Please telephone Mr. Henderson, of Page and Henderson, our attorneys, and ascertain what hour will be convenient for him to accompany me to the Moorea."

"I have already done so, Mr. Pritchard. Mr. Henderson is playing in a golf tournament at Ingleside and will be finished about three o'clock. He is in the clubhouse now and says he can meet you at Meiggs Wharf at four o'clock, provided the matter cannot go over until tomorrow morning."

"It cannot. Old Gaston of the Beard is an impatient man, and this is an urgent call. Please telephone Mr. Henderson that I will meet him at Meiggs Wharf at four o'clock. Then telephone Crowley's boathouse to have a launch waiting there for us at five o'clock. When you have done that, Miss Mather, you might close up shop and enjoy your Saturday afternoon freedom."

"Thank you, Mr. Pritchard. Miss Morrison is in Mr. Casson's office. She said she might look in on you a little later."

When his secretary had departed he resumed his reverie, to be roused from it at twelve-thirty o'clock by the soft click of the latch as his office door was gently opened. He turned and observed a girl who stood in the general office, with her head and one shoulder thrust into Dan's office.

"May I come in?" she queried.

"Of course you may, Maisie. You're as welcome as a gale in the doldrums. The best seat in my office isn't half worthy of you." He rose and took her hand as she advanced into the room.

"Doing a little ground and lofty dreaming, I observed." The girl—her name was Maisie Morrison, and she was the niece of Casson, the senior member of the firm—seated herself in a swivel desk chair and looked brightly up at him as he stood before her, his somewhat long grave face alight with approval and welcome.

"It's very nice of you to pay me this little visit, Maisie," he declared. "And I like that hat you're wearing. Indeed, I don't think I have ever seen you looking more—er—lookable!"

It was like him to ignore her query and voice the thought in his mind.

"Sit down, Abraham Lincoln, do, please," she urged.



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He obeyed. "Why do you call me Abraham Lincoln?"

"Oh, you're so long and loose-jointed and rawboned and lantern-jawed! Your shoulders are bowed just a little, as if from bearing great burdens, and when I caught a glimpse of your face, as I entered, it was in repose and incredibly sad and wistful. Really, Dan, you're a very plain man and very dolorous until you smile, and then you're easy to look at. Your right eyebrow is about a quarter of an inch higher than your left and that lends whimsicality to your smile, even when you are feeling far from whimsical."

His chin sank low on his breast and he appeared to be pondering something. "Perhaps," he said aloud, but addressing himself nevertheless, "it's spring fever. But then I have it in the summer, autumn and winter also. I want to go away. Where, I do not now know."

"Perhaps you are suffering from what soul analysts call 'the divine unrest.' "

"I'm suffering from the friction that comes to a square peg in a round hole. That much I know. The round hole I refer to is the world of business, and I'm the square peg. The situation is truly horrible, Maisie, because the world believes I fit into that hole perfectly. But I know I do not."

Her calm glance rested on him critically but not sympathetically. In common with the majority of her sex she believed that men are prone to conjure profound pity for themselves over trifles, and her alert mind, which was naturally disposed toward practicalities, told her that Daniel Pritchard had, doubtless, been up too late the night previous and had eaten something indigestible.

"This is an interesting and hitherto unsuspected condition, Dan. I have always been told, and believed, that you are a particularly brilliant business man."

"I am not," he objected, with some vehemence. "But if I am, that is because I work mighty hard to be efficient at a disgusting trade. I know I am regarded as being far from a commercial dud, for I am a director in a bank, a director in a tugboat company, and really the managing partner of Casson and Pritchard. But I loathe it all. Consider, Maisie, the monstrous depravity of dedicating all of one's waking hours to the mere making of money. Why, if any man of ordinary intelligence and prudence will do that for a lifetime he just can't help leaving a fortune for his heirs to squabble over. Making money isn't a difficult task. On the other hand, painting a great picture is, and if one's task isn't difficult and above the commonplace, how is one to enjoy it?"

"I was right," the girl declared triumphantly. "It is the divine unrest. You are possessed of a creative instinct which is being stifled. It requires elbowroom."

He smiled an embarrassed little smile. "Perhaps," he admitted. "I like to work with my hands as well as with my head. I think I could have been happy as a surgeon, slicing wens and warts and things out of people, and I could have been happiest of all if I had nothing to do except paint pictures. If I could afford it I would devote my life to an attempt to paint a better picture of Mount Tamalpais yonder, with the late afternoon sun upon it, than did Thad Walsh. And I do not think that is possible."

"That picture yonder," she said, pointing to an oil on the wall of his office, "indicates that you have excellent judgment. What is the subject, Dan?"

"Blossom time in the Santa Clara Valley."

"It's a beautiful thing and much too fine for a business office."

His face, on the instant, was alight with happiness. "Now, I'm glad to have you say that, Maisie, because *I* painted that picture."

"No!"

"Yes."

"But you never told us——"

"My dear Maisie, you must never breathe a word of this to anybody. If the world of business had discovered ten years ago that I would rather dabble in paint and oil than figure interest, it would not now be regarding me as a capable, conservative business man. I would be that crazy artist fellow, Pritchard."

She walked to a point where the best view of the picture was obtainable and studied it for several minutes.

"It's very beautiful and the colors are quite natural, I think," was her comment. "What is it worth, Dan?"

"Oh, about a million dollars in satisfaction over a good job accomplished, and fifty or a hundred dollars in the average art shop."

Maisie returned to her seat. "Well," she declared with an emphasis and note of finality in her tone that stamped her as a young woman of initiative and decision, "if I were as rich as you, Dan Pritchard, I'd continue to be a square peg in a round hole just long enough to send that picture home and then walk out of this office forever. How old are you?"

"Thirty-four, in point of years, but at least a hundred viewed from any other angle."

"Fiddlesticks! Why don't you retire and live your life the way you want to live it? I would if I were you . . . Now, Dan, there you go again with that sad Abraham Lincoln look!"

"I am sad. I've just had a great disappointment. I told you I wanted to go away but that I didn't know where to go. Well, I did know where I wanted to go—until this morning. I had planned to take one more cruise with old Gaston of the Beard——"

"With whom?"

"Captain Gaston Larrieau, master of our South Seas trading schooner Moorea. I had planned to knock around with him in strange places for the next six months."

"I cannot visualize you making a pal of a sea captain, Dan."

"Nonsense, Maisie. Gaston is a satyr with a soul. Twelve years ago I took a cruise with him and I've never had time for another. Gaston of the Beard—my father dubbed him that thirty years ago and the name has stuck to him ever since—is like no other man living. He's about sixty years old now, six feet six inches tall, and weighs about two hundred and fifty pounds in condition. He's a Breton sailor with the blood of Vikings in him, and if I ever find the tailor who makes his clothes I'm going to pension the man in order to remove a monster from the sartorial world. When going ashore in a temperate climate Gaston affects very wide trousers, a long black Prince Albert coat, a top silk hat, vintage of 1880, and a stiff

white linen shirt with round detachable cuffs bearing tremendous moss-agate cuff buttons. When he walks he waddles like a bear and when I walk with him I run.

"He is most positive in his likes and dislikes; he has read everything and remembers it; he plays every card game anybody ever heard of and plays them all well; he performs very well on the accordion, the flute and the French horn; he knows music and the history of music. He speaks four or five European languages and a dozen South Seas dialects. He is a sinful man, but none of his sins are secret. He loathes swanks, frauds and pretenders, and he bubbles with temperament. When he is enthusiastic about anything or when he is angry, his voice rises to a roar; when he is touched he weeps like a baby. He knows more English poetry than any man living and is quite as much at home with the best of our modern literature as he is with all of the ancient classics. He knows all about ships and shipping since the days of the Phœnicians and the Hanseatic League; there are as many facets to his character as to a well cut diamond, and every facet sparkles. Good Lord, Maisie, the man's different, and I want a change."

"Well, then, as I said before, why not have it? You can afford it, Dan."

"That's the rub. I cannot. And even if I could I've just received word that Gaston of the Beard is ill with some sort of disease that requires his removal to quarantine. It must be a very serious illness, because he has sent for an attorney —to draw his will, doubtless. Henderson and I are going aboard at four o'clock this afternoon."

"But why can't you go for a cruise if and when your satyr recovers his health?"

"A man cannot drop a business just because he desires to. My going would disorganize everything and distress a great many people. I'm the binder that holds this organization together."

"Don't take yourself too seriously, Dan. You weren't born to daddy the world, you know. You worry too much about other people and what will happen to them when they can no longer lean against you for support. Why not give them an opportunity to care for themselves for a change?"

From the tip of her small feet to the cockade on her dainty little hat, his calm, serious glance roved over her. "Well," he replied soberly, "how would you relish the prospect of caring for yourself—for a change?"

"I'm sure I do not know. I fear I'd be rather helpless—for a while."

"Do you think I ought to accord your uncle and aunt an opportunity to care for themselves—for a change?"

"Good gracious, no! Is there a possibility of that situation presenting itself?"

"An excellent possibility—if I elect to forget that I am a square peg in a round hole and doomed to remain such."

"Oh, Dan, I'm so sorry!"

"Sorry for whom?"

"For—everybody."

The slight hesitation between her words caused him to smile faintly. Vaguely he had hoped she would feel sorry for him exclusively. Her next question convinced him that Maisie, in common with the rest of the world, had a more alert interest in herself than in him.

Could this be you in these hopelessly old style clothes?



DECIDEDLY not, you say. How ridiculous—what a terrible thing to ask.

You are right, it is a terrible thing to ask of any girl, and especially you, whose clothes are always the last word in style.

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"Then there is danger, Dan? Something may happen to us?"

"There is a possibility, Maisie. However, I must admit that my feeling that such a possibility exists is based on nothing tangible. If I leave the office for a long vacation, this firm will be in the position of a pugilist who has incautiously left a wide opening for his opponent to swat him to defeat."

"Whose fault is it?" said Maisie.

"I do not mean to criticize my partner, Maisie, but if, while I should be away, we climb out on the end of a limb and then somebody saws off the limb, the responsibility for our fall will be entirely your Uncle John Casson's. The man is an optimist, devoid of mental balance."

"Have you and Uncle John been quarreling, Dan?"

"No. What good does that do? If mischief is done, quarreling will neither avert nor cure it. In a business dilemma your uncle always loses his head, so I practice the gentle art of keeping mine!" He drew a chair up to her and prepared for a confidential chat. "You must know, Maisie, that following my entrance into this firm after my father's death we have had five narrow escapes from serious financial embarrassment, due to Mr. Casson's passion for taking long chances for large profits. And if five beatings fail to cure a man my opinion is that he is incurable. Holding that opinion as I do, I fear the result if I leave the office for more than a month and expose your uncle to temptation."

"It is kind of you to say that, Dan. Perhaps you have been too gentle with Uncle John. Perhaps if you had asserted yourself——"

He held up a deprecating hand. "Forgive me, Maisie, if I assure you that the only way to assert oneself with your avuncular relative is with some sort of heavy blunt instrument."

His bluntness caused her to flush faintly, but she kept her temper. "I believe your father and Uncle John quarreled frequently, Dan."

"Yes, that is true. But that was not because your uncle is a difficult man to get along with in the ordinary day to day business. He is a charming and agreeable old gentleman for whom I entertain a great deal of respect and affection. My father was undiplomatic, aggressive and extremely capable. For a quarter of a century he dominated the affairs of Casson and Pritchard, and before he died he warned me if I should take his place in the firm to do likewise." He was silent, looking out of the window at the ferryboats. "A horrible legacy," he murmured. "I loathe dominating people."

"Uncle John always resented your father's domination."

"I have observed that most people resent that which is good for them. Since my father's death your uncle has evinced a disposition to run hog-wild with power, as the senior member of the firm. The sublimated old jackass!"

"My uncle is nothing of the sort, Dan Pritchard."

He disregarded her protest, because he knew she had protested out of a sense of loyalty to an uncle who had stood in the place of a father to her since her fifth birthday. And John Casson, he knew, was both kind and indulgent. But he also knew that Maisie knew her relative was exactly what Dan Pritchard had called him.

"The first time Mr. Casson disregarded my youth and lack of business experience and jumped in over his head," Dan continued, "I hauled him out by the simple method of disregarding him and insuring all of our ledger accounts, because one of them was very doubtful. Well, we collected that insurance and all we were out was the premium. Your uncle talked of suicide when he thought he had ruined both of us, but when he discovered I'd saved the firm he accepted about seventy-five percent of the credit for my perspicacity. In those days, Maisie, it wasn't necessary for us to have a very heavy loss in order to be embarrassed or ruined. All that saved us the last time was the war, which caught us with a flock of schooners on long time charters at low freight rates.

"Why, Maisie, I haven't dared to leave him alone for years. He is no longer a young man, and his naturally uncertain judgment hasn't improved with age. From August, nineteen fourteen, when the Great War began until April, nineteen seventeen, when this country joined with the Allies, I admit I gambled. I gambled everything I had and I induced your uncle to gamble everything he had, and between us we committed Casson and Pritchard to a point miles in advance of what would, ordinarily, have been the danger point.

"I am a conservative in business, but I knew then that we were gambling on a rising market and that we would be safe while the war lasted. Even during the year and a half I was in the navy and your uncle had a free hand in the direction of our business, I did not worry. Those were the days when all radicals made quick fortunes because they just could not go wrong on charters and the prices of commodities. Three months after the armistice had been signed I returned to civil life and since then I have been very busy getting our firm out from under the avalanche of deflation which must inevitably follow this war, even as it followed the Civil War. It has not been an easy task, Maisie, for your uncle has developed a spirit of arrogance and stubbornness difficult to combat."

"Yes," Maisie agreed, "Uncle John has acquired a very good opinion of himself as a business man."

Pritchard nodded. "Those days when I was in the service and he operated alone have spoiled him. However, only this morning I succeeded in gaining his consent —in writing—to the sale, at a nice profit, of the last of our long-term charters at war rates. Now, if I can hold him in line until the deflation process commences, I shall be well pleased with myself."

"Is the money burning a hole in Uncle's pocket, Dan?"

"I fear it is. He is seventy years old; yet, instead of planning to retire, he seethes with a desire to double his present fortune. He has dreams of vast emprise. I wish he had gout instead!"

"Casson and Pritchard is a partnership, Dan. Why do you not incorporate? Then if the business fails, through any indiscretion of Uncle John, you will not be responsible for more than your fifty percent of the company's debts."

"Forty percent. Maisie. I was admitted to partnership on that basis, although

my father was an equal partner. However, his death terminated that partnership and I suppose Mr. Casson felt that with my youth and inexperience forty percent was more than generous."

The girl was silent, gazing abstractedly out of the window. Dan realized that she was striving to scheme a way out for him, and he smiled in anticipation of what her plan would be. He was not mistaken.

"Dan," she said presently, "I believe you are more or less of a thorn in Uncle John's side. Why do you not sell out to him, retire and paint pictures? I feel certain he would be glad to buy you out."

He sighed. "There are several minor reasons and one major reason why such a course would be repugnant to me."

"Name them."

"Mr. Casson, Mrs. Casson and all of our employees constitute the minor reasons. You constitute the major one."

She flushed pleasurably and the lambent light of a great affection leaped into her fine eyes. He continued:

"I fear the old gentleman would make a mess of the business if my guiding hand should be withdrawn, and at his age—consider the sheltered life you have led, the ease and comfort and luxury and freedom from financial worry! Maisie, it would be a sorry mess, indeed."

"So you have concluded to hang on, eh, Dan?"

He nodded. "And while hanging on I hang back, like a balky mule on his halter."

"'Go not, like the quarry slave, scourged to his dungeon,'" she quoted bitterly. "Nevertheless, I fail to see why a nice consideration of my—of our—comfort should deter you from seeking your own happiness."

"Why, Maisie, you know very well I'm terribly fond of you."

"Indeed, Dan! This is the first official knowledge I have had of it, although, of course, I have for years suspected that you and I were very dear friends. However, Dan, my friendship is not one that demands great sacrifices. I—I——"

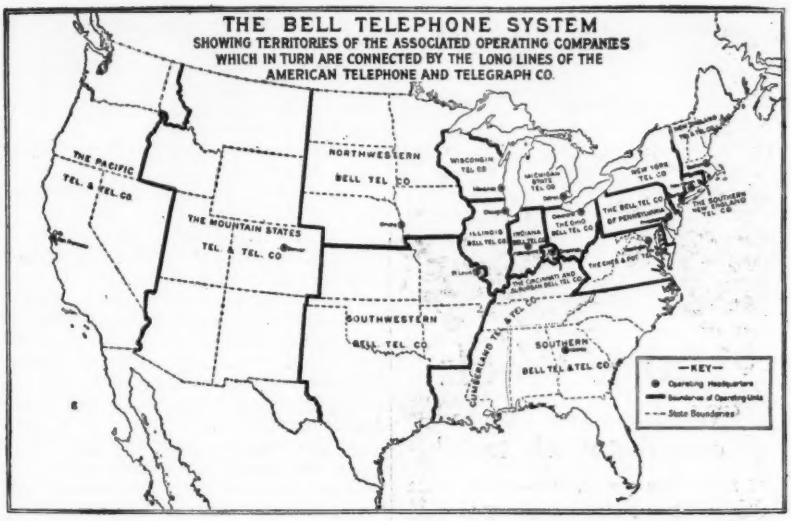
Tears blurred her eyes and her voice choked, but she recovered her poise quickly. With averted face she said: "I'm sure, my dear Dan, I would much prefer to see you painting pictures than serving as a sacrifice on the altar of your—of our—friendship."

"I think I might be able to glean a certain melancholy happiness from the sacrifice," he protested.

"Dan Pritchard, you are exasperatingly dull today. I dislike being under obligation to anybody."

He held up a deprecating hand. "You know, Maisie, I have always given you my fullest confidence, as I would to a sister. And I do this in the belief that you will understand perfectly. My dear girl, I am not complaining because I have to stick by this business. I am merely voicing my disappointment at the impossibility of taking the sort of vacation I had planned. If I——"

A knock sounded on the door, and a moment later John Casson entered. He was a large, florid old gentleman, groomed to the acme of sartorial and tonsorial perfection—a handsome old fellow with a hearty and expansive manner, but a man, nevertheless, whom a keen student of human nature would instantly deduce



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to be one who thought rather well of himself.

"What? Dan, my boy, are you still on the job? Maisie, can't you induce him to drive to the country club with us? How about nine holes of golf?"

Dan Pritchard shook his head. "Not today, sir, thank you."

"No? Sorry, my boy. Maisie, are you ready to run along?"

"Yes, Uncle."

She rose hurriedly, went to the mirror in Dan's wash cabinet and powdered her nose. And while powdering it she studied critically the reflection, in that mirror, of Dan Pritchard's long, sad, wistful, thoughtful face. It was in repose now, for Casson had walked to the window and was looking out over the bay; and Maisie had ample opportunity to watch Dan and wonder what was going on inside that bent head.

"Sweet old thing," she soliloquized. "I love you so. I wonder if you'll ever know—if you'll ever care—if it will ever occur to you, dear dreamer, to diagnose that warm friendship and discover that it may be love. For just now, stupid, you talked of sacrifice—for me. Oh, Dan, I could beat you!"

She crossed the room silently and stood beside his chair. As he started, politely, to rise, she bent and placed her lips to his ear. "Art is a jealous mistress, I am told. I hope, Dan, you'll be as true to her as you can be. I'm almost jealous of her."

He glanced meaningly at old Casson, who was beating time with his fingers on the windowpane and striving to hum a popular foxtrot. "The old bungler!" Dan whispered. "Come in and visit me the next time you come to the office. And if you'll invite me over to dinner some night next week I shall accept. I want to continue our conversation. I——"

He glanced swiftly at Casson, saw that the old gentleman was still preoccupied with his pseudo-valuable thoughts and decided to risk putting through a plan which had that instant popped into his head. He took Maisie's chin in thumb and forefinger, drew her swiftly toward him and kissed her on the lips. Old Casson continued to beat his unmusical tattoo on the windowpane, and Maisie, observing this, grimaced at his broad back and—returned Dan's kiss! For a breathless instant they stood staring at each other—and then old Casson turned.

"*Au revoir*, Danny dear," said Maisie in a voice that rang with joy.

"Good by, Maisie. Good afternoon, Mr. Casson. I hope you'll enjoy your game."

"Thank you, boy. Ta-ta!"

Dan bowed them out of his office and returned to his seat by the window.

"Thunder!" he murmured presently. "Thunder, lightning and a downpour of frogs and small fishes! Now, what imp put into my silly head that impulse to kiss Maisie! I'm mighty fond of Maisie, but I'm not at all certain that I'd care to marry her—she's so practical and dominating and lovable. Such a good pal. I wonder if I'd be happy married to Maisie . . . I'm a lunatic. When fellows of my mental type marry they give hostages to fortune, and I haven't lived yet. My life has been dull and prosaic—nothing new under Heaven—and then I had that impulse—yes, that was new! That kiss from Maisie was an adventure. It thrilled me. I wonder what put the idea into my fool head!"

If he had not been fully as stupid as Maisie gave him credit for being, he would have known that Maisie had put the idea into his head. Being what he was, however, he went down to Meiggs Wharf at four o'clock to meet Henderson, still obsessed with the belief that, all unknown to himself hitherto, he was a singularly daring, devilish and original character!

CHAPTER III

FOLLOWING the departure of the customs tug, Gaston of the Beard had sat below in earnest converse with Tamea. The Triton had wept a little at first, albeit his tears were not for himself but for Tamea; and after her initial gust of despair and grief, the girl had remembered that strength and not weakness was what her father expected of her. Accordingly she had rallied to the task of comforting him.

"And you knew I had contracted this disease, my daughter?" old Gaston queried amazedly.

"*Oui, mon père.* I saw the puffy places on your cheeks and knuckles before we sailed from Riva, but I was not certain until I saw you one day in swimming. There is a white patch on your right shoulder."

"But you have touched me, Tamea. You have caressed me——"

"And shall again, dear one. The disease has but recently made its appearance. There are no active lesions and I am not fearful, father Larrieau."

"In this country, Tamea, when one is afflicted so, he is restrained of his liberty. He is confined in a hospital called the pesthouse. There are no men or women there with whom I should care to associate—and I am old enough to die, anyhow. I would be free from this tainted body and dwell with your mother in Paliuli"—the Polynesian equivalent of Heaven.

Tamea had no answer for this. All too thoroughly she divined the hidden meaning in his speech, but because she was what she was—a glorious pagan—the knowledge of the course which Gaston of the Beard contemplated aroused in her neither apprehension nor grief. To Tamea the mystery of death was no greater than the mystery of birth. Men and women lived their appointed time and passed on to Paliuli, if they were worthy like her father; or to Po, the world of darkness, if they were unworthy. The departure for Paliuli was not one to cause a grief greater than that experienced when one's nearest and dearest departed for a neighboring island, to be absent for an indefinite period. Of course she would weep, for were not her people the most affectionate and tender-hearted race in the world?

And was not she, the last of her line, a descendant of kings and expected to meet with complacency whatever of good or of evil life might have in store for her? So she tugged the great bush of a beard affectionately, from time to time, as her father talked, telling her of his plans for her, his ambitions and desires, impressing upon her, above all things, the necessity for absolute obedience to the man whom he would name her guardian.

With a full heart Tamea gave him the promise he desired, and when she noticed

how much the assurance comforted him her triumphant youth routed for the nonce consideration of everything save the necessity for cheering her father. So she went to her stateroom and returned with—an accordion! It was a splendid instrument belonging to old Larrieau, and Tamea had learned to play it very well by ear. She lay back in her chair and commenced to play very, very softly a ballad that was old a decade before Tamea was born, to wit, "Down Went McGinty!"

But—it had a lilt to it, and presently her father was beating time and humming the song. And Tamea, like her father, like so many of her mother's race, had a gift for clowning; now, as she played, she swayed her body a trifle, raised her shoulders on the long drawn out "D-o-w-n" and made funny faces; somehow the instrument seemed to wail and sob as McGinty sank to the bottom of the sea. It was ridiculous, wholly amusing, and old Gaston's mellow bellow of laughter reached the ears of Dan Pritchard while yet his launch was a cable's length from the Moorea. And then Tamea swung her instrument and broke into "La Marseillaise"; and her father sang it as only a Frenchman can.

Dan Pritchard came overside and stuck his head down through the ventilator over the deck house. "Gaston," he remarked, when the singer ceased, "I came because I heard you were very ill."

"Ill, *mon petit*, ill? I am worse than ill. I am a dead man and I sing at my own wake. Come down, rascal! By my beard, my old heart sings to see you, Dan Pritchard. Come down, I tell you."

"Coming," Dan answered laughingly—and came.

"I could embrace you, my boy," the old sailor informed him, "but during Lent one must do something to mortify the flesh. Besides, I have had the devilish luck to acquire leprosy."

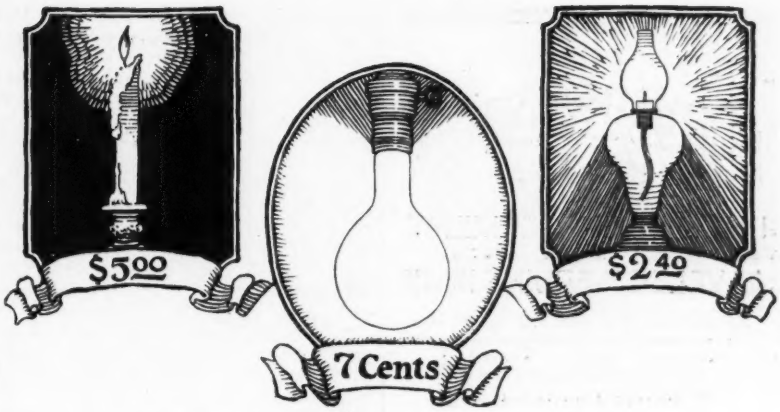
Dan Pritchard made no sign that this news was disturbing, albeit he was hearing it for the first time.

"Well, if I may not shake your hand, give me a tug at your beard, Gaston. Upon my word, there is no blight on those whiskers, old shipmate." And before Larrieau could prevent him he had grasped a handful of whiskers and given the huge head a vigorous shaking. The Triton, tremendously pleased, roared out an oath to hide a sob.

"Dan, this is my well beloved daughter, Tamea. Tamea, my dear child, this is Monsieur Dan Pritchard, the gentleman of whom we were speaking."

Tamea's wondrous smoky eyes glowed with a welcoming light. "He who twitches my father's beard—when he *knows*," she said very distinctly, "shall never lack the love and respect of my father's daughter. Monsieur Dan Pritchard, my father would he might embrace you. Behold! I embrace you—once for old Gaston of the Beard and once for myself." And she set her accordion on the cabin table, walked calmly to Dan Pritchard, drew him to her heart and kissed him, in friendly fashion, on each cheek.

Embarrassed, Dan took her hand in his and patted it. "You are a sweet child," he said simply. Then, turning to the old man: "Gaston, it's great to see you again.



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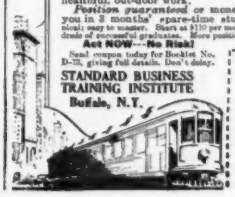
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But explain yourself, wretch. How dare you foul up the Moorea with your frightful indisposition?"

"I was ever a disciple of the Devil, Dan. It's all through the islands. The Chinese brought it. Dan, I am to be taken from Tamea—forever—and I go as soon as my business has been arranged. Here is the book containing my accounts as master to date. There is a balance of four thousand eight hundred and nine dollars and eight cents due me. Give this to Tamea for her personal needs. The vouchers are in this envelope. What is a fair price for my one-quarter interest in the Moorea?"

"She is an old vessel but sound, and she pays her way like a lady, Gaston. She's worth twenty-five thousand dollars. I will buy your interest on that basis."

"Sold. Invest the money for Tamea. Here are drafts on the Bank of California for one hundred and eighty thousand dollars. I have indorsed them to you. Buy bonds with them for Tamea. And here"—he burrowed in the base of his beard and brought forth a small tobacco bag he had hidden in that hirsute forest—"are the crown jewels of my little Tamea. They are the black pearls I have come by, from time to time. It was known that I had some of great value and I have had to conceal them carefully." He laughed his bellowing laugh. "Pay the duty on them, Dan, if you are more honest than I; then sell them and buy more bonds for Tamea."

Dan Pritchard took an old envelope from his pocket, Larrieau dropped the bag into it, and Dan sealed the envelope.

"I desire that Tamea be educated and affianced to some decent fellow. Tamea, hear your father. You are not to marry any man Monsieur Dan Pritchard does not approve of."

Dan looked at her. "I promise," she replied simply.

"You are to be her guardian, Dan."

"Very well, Gaston," said Dan instantly, "since you desire it. I shall try to discharge the office in a commendable manner."

"That, my boy, is why the office is yours. For your trouble you shall have my gratitude while I live and the gratitude of Tamea after I am dead. Also, you shall be the executor of my estate, which will bring you a nice fee, and in addition the largest and most beautiful pearl in that lot is yours. It will make a magnificent setting for a ring for the woman you may marry—if you have not married."

"I still revel in single blessedness, Gaston."

The sailor nodded approvingly. "Time enough to settle down after you are forty," he agreed. "You will select the pearl, however. It is yours now. It is magnificent. Its equal is not to be found in the world, I do believe. The heart of it has a warm glow, like my old heart when I think of my friendship for your good father and for you—when I think of Tamea and Tamea's wonderful mother. Damnation! I have lived! I have known love; my great carcass has quivered to the thrill of life as a schooner quivers in the grip of a *willi-waw!*" He smiled wistfully at Dan. Then: "Well, bring down your lawyer, Dan. I would make my will, leaving all I possess to Tamea."

At a summons from Dan, Henderson came down into the cabin and was introduced to Gaston of the Beard and his daughter. The last will and testament of the Triton was as simple as the man who signed it, and Dan and the lawyer appended their signatures as witnesses.

"Now then, Gaston," said Dan, "of what does your estate consist?"

"These pearls, the money due me for disbursements made for account of the Moorea and her owners, my interest in the Moorea and these drafts on San Francisco. I have no real estate, and I owe nobody. Neither does anybody owe me."

"Then," said Dan smilingly, "why make a will, with its fees and taxes? Why not make a gift of all you possess to Tamea now? Gifts are not taxable, nor do they have to be probated—expensively."

Gaston of the Beard smiled and winked at the lawyer. "I knew I should make no mistake in entrusting my little Tamea to this good friend," he declared. "Dan, the drafts are already indorsed to her. Take them. The pearls you already have. Go ashore, my good friend, and return with a bill of sale and a check for my interest in the Moorea, which I sell to you, and your firm's check for the amount due me on the final adjustment of the ship's accounts. I will then indorse both checks to Tamea and the troublesome business of dying will have been simplified a thousandfold."

Dan returned to the office of Casson and Pritchard, found a printed bill of sale form such as is used in shipping offices, filled it in, unlocked the safe, drew Casson and Pritchard's check and his own for the amount due Larrieau and returned to the Moorea. Three scratches of a pen and Dan's word passed, and the estate of Gaston of the Beard had been probated and distributed.

Meanwhile Tamea had opened the boxes of flowers Dan had brought aboard in compliance with her father's request. Deftly she wove a *lei* of sweet peas, and when the business with Dan and the lawyer was done she hung the *lei* around old Gaston's burly neck and garlanded his shaggy head with roses.

Presently, at his suggestion, Tamea called the steward, who brought glasses and a dusty bottle of old French Malaga. When the glasses had been filled and passed by Tamea, Gaston of the Beard raised his on high.

"I drink to my loves, living and dead; to you, friend Dan Pritchard, and to you, Monsieur l'Avocat! *Morituri te salutamus!* I wish you good luck, good health, happiness and a life just long enough not to become a burden. May you live as joyously as I have lived and love life as I have loved it; may you die as contented as I shall die, and without repining. And may we embrace, like true friends and clean, in Paliuli!"

They drank.

"I have six quarts of that Malaga left. It is very old and of a rare vintage. Monsieur l'Avocat, will you have money for your fee or would you prefer the six live soldiers? . . . Ah, I thought so! The steward will deliver them to you at your home, provided the prohibition agents are not encountered first. Let us go on deck."

At the head of the companion Tamea kissed a rose and passed it to her father.

And that was their farewell.

"The tide has turned. It is at the ebb. It will bear me far to the sea that I have loved and upon whose bosom my days

have been spent," said Gaston of the Beard casually. "Thank you, dear Dan, for all that you have been to me in life, for all that you will be to me in death. I go, finding it hurts to leave those I love. Farewell, Dan Pritchard, and you also, my good Monsieur l'Avocat . . . Tamea, dear child, I depart, loving you."

He pressed to his red lips the rose she had given him and then, with a look of unutterable love for Tamea and a blithe kiss tossed to sea and sky, he ran swiftly to the rail, stepped over it, and disappeared with a very small splash for so huge a man . . .

"He has gone to join my mother in Paliuli," said Tamea bravely. "He goes to her, flower-laden, like a bridegroom. It is the custom in Riva with those for whom life has lost its taste to have their loved ones adorn them with flowers; then they walk out into the sea until they are seen no more."

Presently, to Dan Pritchard, watching over the taffrail of the Moorea, something floated up from the dark depths and drifted astern. It was the emblem of love, the crown of roses and the *lei* with which Tamea had decked the great pagan e'er he left her for Paliuli . . . Afterward Dan remembered that Gaston had worn his marvelous going-ashore clothes and that his tremendous trousers had bagged somewhat more than usual. So Dan suspected he had taken the precaution to fill his pockets with pig lead or iron bolts, and with the tide at the ebb he was drifting in those dark depths out through the Golden Gate at the rate of four miles an hour . . . Well, they would not see *him* again.

The sun had sunk behind Telegraph Hill, and dusk was creeping over the waters of the bay of St. Francis. Dan saw the flag at Fort Mason come fluttering down, and across the waters came the sound of the garrison band; from the church of St. Francis de Sales over in North Beach the Angelus was ringing.

"Well, Mr. Henderson," said Dan presently, "the day's work is done. The launch is still alongside, so I suggest that you go ashore first and send the launch back for me. Your family doubtless expects you home to dinner. I shall remain here, I think, and go ashore later, when Tamea has packed her belongings. I don't suppose I ought to leave the child here all night alone."

Mr. Henderson inclined his head, for he was profoundly affected; as the launch coughed away in the gathering gloom to land him at Meiggs Wharf, Dan descended to the cabin, whither Tamea had gone.

As he entered the main cabin she came out of her stateroom. Her glorious black hair had been loosely braided and hung over her left breast; in the braid a scarlet sweet pea blossom nestled. She still wore the cheap white cotton skirt Dan had observed on her when he first came aboard and she was still hatless, but buttoned tightly around her lithe young body she now wore an old navy pea-jacket; under her arm she carried her father's very expensive accordion.

"I am your Tamea now, Monsieur Dan Pritchard," she announced tremulously. "In this new land I know no one but you. I go with you where you will. I will obey you always, for you are my father and my mother."

The pathos of that simple speech stabbed him. Poor, lonely little alien! Poor wanderer in a white man's world—a world which, Dan sensed, she would never quite understand. How wondrously simple and sweet and unspoiled she was! How transcendently lovely! He wished he might paint her thus—he had a yearning to stretch forth his hand and touch her hair . . . and presently he yielded to this desire. At his gentle, paternal touch all the stark, suppressed agony in the heart of the Queen of Riva rose in her throat and choked her . . .

Dan Pritchard took the outcast in his arms and soothed and petted her while she emptied her full heart. And to him the experience did not seem an unusual one, for as Maisie had often assured him he had been born to bear the burdens of other people. He was one of those great-hearted men who seem destined to daddy the world . . .

He wiped her tears away with his handkerchief and when the launch bumped alongside again they said good by to the Moorea. Kahanaha, the Kanaka, wept, for he had sailed ten years with Gaston of the Beard. As they disappeared into the darkness headed for Meiggs Wharf, his mellow baritone voice followed them.

He was singing "*Aloha!*"

If you ever had to act as guardian to a young South Sea Island Queen, you will appreciate what Dan is in for when he brings Tamea to his house—in the August instalment

A Bargain in Love

(*Continued from page 64*)

part of his will power. If he had really thought about it he would probably never have mustered sufficient courage to suggest such a thing.

"Oh, will you?" she implored. "It is wonderfully kind of you to offer."

Philip finally got it going. There was no starter so the initial explosion was always a triumph of man's cunning and brute strength over the general cussedness of inanimate things. Perhaps it took a little longer because he was self-conscious and amazed at his own temerity. Anyway, many precious seconds were wasted before he finally pulled up at the entrance and the baggage was packed into the tonneau, and the passenger took the seat by his side.

It was only a few blocks to the station and Philip hurried even though he knew that he was throwing away the only thrilling moments of his entire life. But in spite of his conscientious haste they saw the train pulling out before they arrived.

"That was your train," he told her despairingly.

"Do you know when the next one is?"

"Tomorrow, I'm afraid. I'm sorry."

"It isn't your fault. I didn't decide to go until an hour ago. It took me a long time to pack without a maid." She paused

!

rude

She thought him rude for staring at her but he had a reason

If she could have read his mind she would have known why.

At first glance, the girl opposite him in the train appeared exceedingly neat and well-groomed. But the moment she opened her lips to speak, he noticed that her teeth were dull, cloudy and untidy looking.

It was like seeing a well-dressed man wearing a soiled collar.

So many otherwise fastidious men and women forget that their teeth are probably the one most noticeable index of real gentility. Every word you utter fixes someone's eye upon your lips. And your teeth often have more to tell about you than what you actually say.

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Maybe you will need a little help from your dentist first, depending upon how long you have neglected your teeth. It is better to see him a few times a year anyhow. He should remove old tartar and watch for decay.

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and seemed to bury herself in deep thought from which she finally aroused herself with, "I must not detain you, my friend. Will you help me to put my things on the sidewalk?"

"I'll take you back to the hotel, if you wish," Philip offered.

"But I can't go there. I have been rec——well, I cannot go back."

"What else can you do?"

"I don't know. But I must find some other place. Surely one of these taxicab drivers will take me to the next town."

"Towns are far apart in this country."

"To some place on the outskirts of the city, then. It doesn't matter where. There must be a farmer hereabouts who will give me shelter for the night."

Philip speeded up his motor once more and started out.

"But——" she objected.

"I know the very place," he interrupted, "and I'm going to take you there myself."

Philip's mother forbore making any sarcastic remarks about the loveliness of the "college friend" whom he had found it so imperative to go into town to meet. She was instinctively wise enough to realize that a situation had arisen which she must dominate by craft and not by direct methods. The thing which she had feared had happened. One had only to witness the fearful happiness of Philip to know that he had crashed head foremost into the crisis of his life.

Not that he said anything, but his eyes really lived for the first time in years.

The girl, too, seemed pleasurably relaxed.

"It's quite too wonderful to be in a home," she said. "I haven't had much experience with homes—most of my life has been spent in a convent and the rest in—in an apartment designed and executed by a professional interior decorator."

She was especially pleased with the room that was to be hers for the night. It contained furniture that had been Mrs. Shayne's back East, four-poster mahogany and tall, graceful candlesticks holding slim, virginal tapers.

"Oh! Oh!" she said when the candles were lighted and their mellow reflections shone back from the polished furniture. "I belong in here."

And Philip, who had escorted her there and stood at the door to say good night, agreed in his heart. He had known she was beautiful but not so beautiful. Perhaps he had never noticed her mouth before. The lips were parted in eager appreciation like those of a little girl who had just stepped on the threshold of Christmas day. He wondered if a mortal man would ever have the temerity to touch those lips with his own.

He sighed. The mood of courtliness was upon him, courtliness and brooding romance, and when she extended her hand in gratefulness and good night he raised it to his lips. It seemed the right thing to do. She smiled cynically over his bowed head but he did not see.

He would not have known what she meant anyway. She was smiling in sardonic amusement at herself.

The mail arrived by R. F. D. the next morning while Philip and Hi Lo were showing their guest the most interesting things in the valley. There were no letters, nothing but a few circulars about textbooks and the evening paper of the night before.

Mrs. Shayne as was her custom read the journal through from headlines to column fillers. One item she perused several times. Then she sat and thought about it a long time before she finally got up and hid the paper in her own bureau drawer.

When Philip came in and asked for it she told him that it had not come that day. "I'll drop them a line complaining about it," she suggested.

"It doesn't matter," Philip consoled himself. "I don't care what is going on out in the world anyhow."

They were all on the front veranda looking down toward the city. Philip was standing, his mother was seated in her customary judicial rocker and the girl on the top step was leaning against a pillar.

"Is that the main highway?" she inquired idly, pointing toward the, by courtesy, road which straggled past the yard.

Philip laughed. "No, that's only a trail leading to us and to the Harkness place beyond. No one ever passes this way. If you want to see life you have to go down a couple of miles to the Denver and Cheyenne road."

"Tourists never stop here?" the girl inquired almost eagerly.

"Absolutely never," Philip confirmed. "Unless we invite guests we're as isolated as the inhabitants of a desert island."

"Do *you* ever take paying guests?" This wistfully.

"Never." Mrs. Shayne made the reply with startled promptness.

"Mother means that people we like are more than welcome." Then he added: "We like you. Will you stay here with us until—well, until you can't stand it any longer?"

"I'd love to be here, "she said slowly, "but only if I could share the expenses. This sort of retirement is just what I have been looking all over the country for and you've no idea how I need the rest and quiet of a home such as yours."

They argued about it for a while but Philip finally agreed that she should pay rather than let her go away. Mrs. Shayne acquiesced unenthusiastically in the arrangement, consoled somewhat by the reflection that she really held the whip hand and could put a stop to the situation if it seemed to develop into a serious menace against the happiness of her son.

Before the end of the week she had arrived at the conclusion that the time for action had arrived. Because Philip was fatuously in love with the fair-haired guest.

This dialogue took place outside of Mrs. Shayne's window one night after she was supposed to be asleep. The words were softly spoken and there were long silences, too. She need not have wakened, need not have been conscious that they were spoken save that her wits were acutely sharpened by her mother instinct.

"Dorée, I've read somewhere that a clever woman does not need to be told that a man loves her, that she knows it intuitively. Is that so?"

"Yes."

"How long have you known that I—cared for you?"

"Since I was a little girl."

"But I didn't know you until three days ago."

"Perhaps. But I knew you were somewhere. I don't think I expected to find you ever. I gave up looking for you in

the faces of men whom I met several years ago. Even now I'm almost sorry that——"

"You mean that you are disappointed, that the ideal you have had was so impossible of realization——"

"My dear, I never dared dream a man as wonderful as you are."

A laugh. "Lady, I suspect I am being kidded by an expert."

Hurt silence. The nervous lighting of a cigarette. Another laugh—different, though—tender, conciliatory.

"You couldn't have expected that I would think that you cared a little, too?"

"Yes."

"Dorée, you've no right to tease me with these tantalizing visions of what might be."

"I'm not teasing. My heart has been sad too long to tease you now that I've found you. My dear, you do not know how little of time there is left. Don't waste it. I have not much to offer you but everything of mine is yours, my lips, my——"

A crushing silence.

"We'll be married tomorrow."

"No, my dear."

"No? Why not?"

"I am not to be your wife, ever."

"You're not married to someone else?"

"No, but you must not ask me further. Love me for a little while without question, love me and let me go. I do not think that it will harm you——"

"Do you think I could stop adoring you even if it did?"

"Let me so fill your heart with tenderness for me that when others say bitter things you can protect my memory with a tolerant and sympathetic smile. Remember this, dear heart, that this kiss I gave you tonight was the first I ever gave to a man I loved."

"Dorée, Dorée, don't speak of memories as if you were going away."

"I am going away. But not tonight. You are holding me so close that I could not possibly wriggle free, if I wished. And maybe this will prove to you that I—do—not—wish."

Mrs. Shayne asked Philip to drive her into town the next day. He offered to take Dorée along also, but she did not seem to care about it.

His mother asked him to do some of her errands for her in the more distant part of town so Philip was not with her when she stepped into the telegraph office. She was not exactly happy when she came out but she was bolstered up by the consciousness of a necessary duty performed.

On the way home Philip broached the one subject that Mrs. Shayne would have been glad to avoid, the subject, however, that was uppermost in both their minds.

"Mother," he declared flat-footedly, "I intend to marry Dorée."

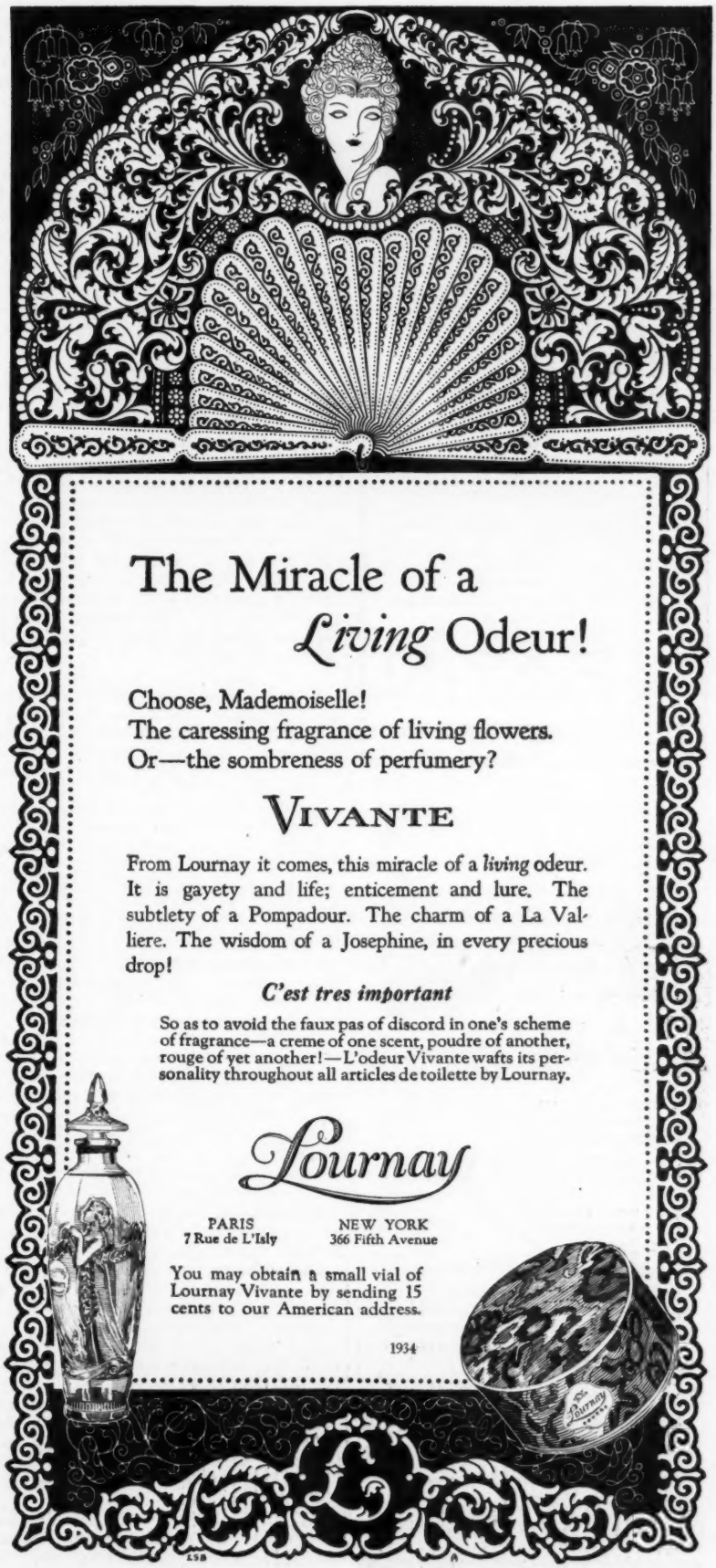
Mrs. Shayne sat very still as a mouse does in the presence of anticipated danger.

Finally: "Has she agreed?"

"No—not yet. She loves me—that I know—but for some mysterious cause she declines the formal ceremony. I think one of the reasons is because she thinks you might stand in the way. Would you?"

"I can't say that I would approve, Philip. You realize, of course, that you have nothing in common save passion——"

"Isn't that enough?"





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She continued: "Dorée is accustomed to lovely things, to luxuries; you could not possibly provide them. She will demand constant attention; you must ordinarily labor pretty continuously at your profession. She is used to the stimulus of excitement; your life is humdrum——"

"Mother, you talk like an attorney before a jury. Your arguments aren't worth a continental against the fact that this woman and myself have discovered each other so finally that all the reasons against our mating are just so many straws in the wind. I'm not asking for arguments, merely your assurance that you will not enter a belated objection."

Mrs. Shayne pretended to weigh his intentions. "If I should object, would it stop you?"

Philip laughed. "No."

"Then I assure you that I will make no move in the future to interfere with your happiness."

The professor of history grabbed his mother with boyish impulsiveness and kissed her full on her equivocating mouth, much to the detriment of the navigation of the car, which like all of the Klank Klank Klan always pulled quickly to the right when the hand of the master relaxed its grip. The necessity for getting back on to the road prevented Philip from analyzing the look of doubt in his mother's features. She was finding the rôle of Judas exceedingly unpalatable.

After luncheon three or four days later Dorée, Philip and Hi Lo were going riding, or, rather, the first two were going riding while Hi Lo was going scampering. Philip had borrowed two horses from the Harkness Ranch up the valley and he had a pair of chaps left over from the days when a horse had been recommended for his health. Dorée's white riding habit was a trifle incongruous on a Western pony but she looked very lovely and Philip encouraged her in wearing it.

They were mounted and just about to file out of the gate when a big touring car drew up in the straggling road outside. There were only two people in it, a man in a smart uniform, driving, and a girl, not very pretty but amiably Irish.

The driver got out and saluted Dorée. "I've brought your car, ma'am."

The girl did not answer for a moment. There was a funny little play of heartbeats at her lovely throat, and she was pale. "Thank you, Terence," she said finally. "I shall not need you today. You can put the car in a garage back in town and Katy can wait for me at the hotel."

"Better have the car somewhere handy in case you should get hurt," suggested Terence respectfully.

Dorée shrugged her shoulders in resignation. "Ride on, Phil. I'll join you in a minute." Then when her escort was out of earshot: "Where is the Chief?"

"In town. He's waiting. You certainly put a joker over on him and us. We've been tearing the country wide open to find you and we would be looking yet if somebody by the name of Shayne hadn't sent the Chief a wire saying you were here."

"Shayne?" The cry was of a hurt animal.

"Yeh, Mrs. Shayne. She gets a thousand reward for the information. You've seen the ad in the papers, haven't you?"

"Oh!" Dorée's exclamation was one of relief. "Mrs. Shayne? Thank Heaven it was Mrs. Shayne."

"It was mighty clever of you, ma'am." Katy took part in the conversation. "The boss had warned us, too, and we were taking especial care. I'm surprised we didn't lose our jobs. It would have been tough right now when we just been married."

"Married? Katy, dear, don't tell me you've married this scamp?"

"I have that and we're the happiest two in the world."

Dorée kissed her maid-jailer impulsively. "All I can say is that with two detectives in the family you have both got to watch your step."

Terence laughed. "No need, ma'am, we're crazy about one another."

Dorée smiled her tender belief. "Will you, because you're so happy yourselves, give me this one afternoon of happiness? Let me be free just for today and don't tell anyone that you have come for me. I'll be back in three hours. I promise you."

Terence replied doubtfully: "The Chief is expecting us to bring you right back. He's mighty excited at the idea of seeing you again. I think he's found out, since you've been away, that he cares a lot more for you than he thought he did. I don't blame him—nobody could help it."

"Here, here, you're forgetting you're a married man."

"Here, here, nothin'! You've always known and so has she that I'd lose my right hand for you, Miss Dorée."

"Yes, I've known, Terence. If you do want to do something for me I won't ask for your right hand. All I request is one little lie. Leave Katy here to pack up my things and you drive back to town and tell M. B. you missed me, but that you've found the place where I live and that you'll get me when I come back this evening. Please!"

Terence turned to Katy for counsel. Katy said: "Yes. Miss Dorée doesn't break her word. She says she'll come back."

The apparition of Dorée's car which had come upon the scene out of nowhere sat heavily upon Philip Shayne's imagination. Heretofore he had shut her away from the world in the secluded haven of his heart, but this gleaming, well groomed mile destroyer was a link back to unattainable luxury that he could not banish from his fool's paradise.

"Phil," she said as they rode hand in hand, "you must not be sad."

He looked at her with swift accusing eyes. "You're not so gay yourself. Why not be truthful with one another? We both know this is the last time. I haven't had much of any hope since you said there was some reason why we could not marry. But until I saw that million dollar car I had not really believed it. I guess I thought you were something not mortal, a fairy princess perhaps whom I could have always at least in my dreams. That car, though, poisons all my little newborn hopes. I ought to go away where you could not see and yet I'm such a selfish coward that I can't let go of these slipping moments with you until each one is dragged by main force out of my heart."

She lifted his hand to her cheek. "My dear!" she said.

"That car," he continued stubbornly, "means that someone, somewhere, loves you as much as I do. I suppose I should have known that. Everyone must adore you. Is it your husband?"

Dorée shook her head. "I have no husband."

"Your fiancé, then?"

"I have never loved any man but you."

He refused to be sidetracked. "Tell me the truth, then." He should have guessed. "Tell me."

"Even if it makes you hate me?"

"I pray that it will. Please God, let me hate you."

"Very well, I am M. B. McNeil's girl."

"What of it? Who is M. B. McNeil? What do you mean?"

Painstakingly, brutally, she told him. She finished white-lipped, dry-eyed. "There," she said, "I've had to kill the only thing that ever loved me as I dreamed of being loved. Let's go back!"

Philip was off from his horse.

"Get down!" he commanded.

"Why——"

"Get down!" He dragged her from the saddle.

On the ground Dorée faced him fearlessly. "You can't kill me. I love you too much."

"Kill you?" The tears that he was keeping out of his eyes roughened his voice. "Dorée, Dorée, did you think I would love you less?"

She did not see his face because she had shut her eyes as if for a blow; she did not even hear his words, but she knew what he was saying none the less—the barriers of misunderstanding had been forever broken through. He held her fiercely to his breast but caressed her with murmuring, tender kisses that belied the savageness of his embrace.

"Dorée, Dorée, woman of mine, did you dream that my heart could ever say good by?"

Dusk light powdered the valley as they rode out of the last turn in the scrub-wooded trail down the hillside. Two moving shafts of radiance indicated an approaching car.

Her car—they both knew it.

He did not even offer to kiss her again. Some way she was aware that a farewell word and a parting contact were more than he could stand.

Katy was ready with Dorée's baggage.

"Did you want to change, Miss, before we go?" she inquired.

"No, I'll dress at the hotel."

She climbed into the car. The door stood open and Hi Lo promptly followed, taking the seat by her side.

That was well. It created a diversion to cover the parting.

"Take her with you," Philip requested, "and love her as much as"—he paused and groped—"as much as you can."

"I will," Dorée accepted. "Drive on, Terence."

That was all; no good by, no message to his mother, not even a handclasp, nothing but tangled heartstrings being silently and ruthlessly torn apart.

Hi Lo began to whimper frantically. She had thought that Philip was going along, too.

Hi Lo was sick. Nobody knew just what was the matter.

Rather, everyone knew what was the



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matter from the Chief himself down to Terence, but no one would say it.

It was somewhat the same complaint that was putting the unbecoming circles under Dorée's eyes and making her shoulder blades more in evidence than usual in décolletage.

McNeil hovered over her with unavailing solicitude. His prescription for all human ills, namely, food and drink, was not successful. Neither Dorée nor Hi Lo appeared to care to eat. They tried pleasantly but it was no go. Neither of them was deliberately sad either, but it is hard to smile convincingly in a steam-heated flat when you're remembering pungent wood fires and sunlit hillsides.

"Dorée," said McNeil one day, coming out flat-footed with the truth, "that dog is dying of a broken heart. She ought to go back to What's-his-name, the chap who gave her to you."

"Yes," Dorée conceded listlessly, "I think you are quite right."

"I'm going West tomorrow and I'd better take her along."

"All right."

The next morning he appeared ready to leave. "I've been thinking it over, Dorée, and I'd like to have you go with me. It will make it easier to take care of the pup. Will you?"

"I'll do anything you like, always."

The Chief received her profession of allegiance unemotionally. He had long since discounted the thrill that jumped in his heart whenever she acceded to his requests. It was just another thing he had purchased.

They went West in the car. It was October and the country was wonderful.

The very first day out Hi Lo seemed to feel better. She ate three dog biscuits and went to sleep on the tonneau floor without whimpering.

"You've made someone very happy," said Dorée, pointing to the pup. "Thanks."

She leaned over and kissed the Chief shyly upon the cheek.

He half turned as if to embrace her in his hungry bear-like arms but arrested his muscles in mid-motion and settled back.

The fall term at the University opened and Philip listlessly took up the routine of his work.

But he never went into town for a dinner at the hotel any more, never did anything of an evening except to pretend to work so that he would not have to talk and then go for long dogless tramps in the hills when he couldn't stand the house.

Finally his mother broke down under the strain of watching his health and strength fade out through memory-haunted eyes.

"I withdraw my objection to that girl," she said one evening at supper. "I'd rather you lived with her than died without her."

"Don't worry, mother," Philip replied wearily, "there is no chance of either happy consummation. Thanks for giving your consent, but I don't see what that has to do with it."

"It was I who sent her away," his mother confessed. "At least I notified Mr. McNeil where she was. I thought I was doing it for your own good but now I know it was because I was selfishly afraid I would lose you."

Philip sat a moment aghast at the discovery but recollected in time that he must not reproach her and took her wrinkled hand between his own.

"It's all right, mother. You did what you thought was best. I could not have held her for long anyway."

"Yes you could. As the years went by you could hold her more easily. Her beauty would fade and——"

"No, her beauty would never fade. There might come wrinkles and grayness, just as they came to you, but I'd never have known——"

"Do you love her so much?"

He nodded.

"Then——"

Scratch! Scratch! Scratch!

"What the deuce?" exclaimed Philip, half rising. "It sounds like——"

He opened the door. Hi Lo jumped so high that she landed in his arms.

She cried and "I was so afraid I wouldn't find you," she said in dog Latin.

Philip looked out to see where she had come from. The car was at the gate.

He went out slowly, reluctantly, to see who was in it. He was afraid.

"Doree!"

She said nothing, only pressed his fingers with one hand and touched her own throat with the other.

"We," she explained, "Mr. McNeil and I, decided to bring Hi Lo back to you. She would have died otherwise."

"Oh!" Philip was rebuffed by the formality of her speech. "Thank you very much. Tell Mr. McNeil I appreciate his kindness more than I can say."

There seemed to be nothing further.

Terence interrupted the silence. "Mr. McNeil gave me a letter for you, sir."

He fished an envelope out of his coat pocket and handed it to Philip.

"I was to wait for an answer," Terence suggested when Philip showed no signs of opening it. "There's a bit of an adjustment I've got to make on my motor and if you'll ask Miss Dorée in out of the cold while I'm doing it I'll be about ready by the time you've read and answered the Chief's letter."

Slightly puzzled and also slightly against his better judgment Philip invited Dorée in. The idea that she would get chilled out in the night air was obviously ridiculous as anyone would be willing to admit who saw her enter the doorway of that tiny mountain cabin. Philip could not know that her eyes were sparkling with the repressed animation of weeks and that the glow in her cheeks had not been there before his greeting.

It was hard to tear his eyes from the vision of Dorée long enough to read the letter but it seemed necessary to begin sometime.

Commending the two women to one another's mercies—not in those words, however—Philip went into his den and opened one of the most remarkable missives that one man ever penned to another.

When he had read it through twice he called Dorée in and handed it to her.

"Sir:

"I love Dorée even more than you do.

"Do not laugh at the idea of a man well past middle age—it is with that phrase that we old people deceive ourselves—speaking of love. I am just as sincere as I was in the glib youthful days when I was not so self-conscious about it.

"Perhaps you have set me up in your heart as a monster to be despised. I don't really believe I am that. In my place would not you, too, have taken Dorée in any way that you could get her?

"The problem of good and bad is too difficult for me to solve. All I know is that out of an initial impulse which the puritan world would call bad has come almost all that has been best in my life. And Dorée has grown more lovely, not because I have known her, but because my money has kept her from sordidness and because my own selfishness has developed her into one of the sweetest characters the world has ever known.

"I am appreciating her wonder now in much the same way that you did that day we found her at your home, because I too am contemplating giving her up. I say 'contemplating' because I am not yet sure that I shall have the courage to do it.

"But if you receive this letter it will mean that I have decided and that I am giving Dorée to you.

"There are no stipulations. I am not even doing it from choice, really. She is slowly dying away from you just as your dog is. In my heart I hate you but my love is greater than my hate. I wish you well because it will make her happy.

"I give you nothing but Dorée. The most terrific revenge I could take upon you, my successful rival, would be to dower her with money enough to support her all the rest of her life. In a year she would hate you. But I've thought that out.

"She does not know she is going to stay. Therefore she has nothing, no clothes except the ones she is wearing. As soon as you can get others for her I suggest that you send even those to me.

"I could arrange with the trustees of the University to promote you rapidly, might even have you called to the presidency of a college of which I am the founder, but I have decided against that, too. Any man plus Dorée can carve out his own destiny. If you can't you deserve to lose her.

"I think I have provided for every immediate contingency. Your mother will probably doubt the wisdom of your course and will point out that in a year or so the high fires of youth may die down and leave bitter ashes. Tell her that it will be worth it, that I would trade all the years of my life, past and to come, for the joy you have already had from seeing her again and reading in her eyes the thing that I have read—that she loves you.

"Needless for me to commend her to your tenderest care. No man could help adoring her.

"I am tired. It is wearying business deciding to be old all at once. I can feel wrinkles coming in my spirit. The rest of my life I shall rest. It will surprise my wife to have me come home, but there are thousands of books I've collected to read sometime, and in my house is a tremendous fireplace that I built with the picture in mind of myself sitting beside it.

"*Te morituri salutamus,*

"M. B. McN."

Silently Dorée and Philip went out of the front door. The car was gone. Down the valley road two shafts of light swung irregularly with the vagaries of the highway.

They watched, hand in hand, until the lights vanished.

Life began for them.



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The Chocolate Hyena

(*Continued from page 60*)

is confabbin' along together an' one of 'em says to the other he's a hopeless case, an' the other one comes right back at him an' says to the fust one: 'I bet you five dollars you don't know yo'se'f whut is a hopeless case.' So they both puts up the money an' the fust one he says: 'Now then, sence you knows so much, tell me whut is a hopeless case?' An' the other one says; 'A hopeless case is twenty-fo' empty bottles.'"

Happily stricken in all his members, the Chocolate Hyena slanted up against a side wall of the hallway. He beat his two hands together violently and the clamor of his whooping, with its echoes and its reverberations, filled all the upper wards and chambers of that tall building. To joy he now utterly abandoned himself—but a door behind them down the corridor was jerked open and an indignant brown face thrust itself out.

"Say, man," the resident shouted, "they's another lady sick in baid on the top story of this house, five flo's up. Better git on out of yere wid that crazy yellin', 'fo' somebody come down frum upstairs an' skins yo' haid."

"Skin my haid, woman!" the Chocolate Hyena managed to get out between paroxysms. "Skin my haid, but lemme git my laff out fust—tha's all I asts you! Twenty-fo' empty bottles is a hopeless case—I'll say 'tis!"

The housekeeper came out from her room and as she came a growing smile chased her frowns up over her forehead.

"Whut's the joke betwixt you two, anyways?" she asked expectantly. "Ef it's so funny ez all that I craves to tek a hand in the merrimint my ownse'f."

The hour was four forty-five. The author's reading just now was concluded. Delay in bringing it to a close was due to the boisterous conduct of a rather ravelly young man who had been presented to the callers as the new office boy. This person had broken in with joyous uproar each time a point was scored. His interruptions were, in their nature, cumulative; they grew in scope and length and strength. But he attained an incredible and deafening climax when the reader came to the concluding page wherein—but perhaps it would be better to quote the bantering word-play in its entirety:

PURDUE—I hears you has been traveln abrode lately where in special has you been tourn at

MINGLE—oh Eurupp asia affica Hoboken all them forn places everywheres

PURDUE—I persume you visited the leadn forn cities then such as Londen rome and gay Paree

MINGLE—yes sir Rome and utica and Albany all of them I was at

PURDUE—I persume you touched Florence whilst in Eurupp

MINGLE—no but I got two dollars off of Lizzie (*wait for laugh*) speakn of gals does you know why old maids always likes to go to church

PURDUE—why does old maids always like to go to church

MINGLE—on acct of the hymns (hims) say I want to ast you somethin else why does you always find water in a watermeln

PURDUE—well friend why does we always find water in a watermeln

MINGLE—because they plant the seed in the spring

At this point the strange youth altogether had collapsed. He lay now in a corner, a limp helpless heap which quivered and gave off weak broken sounds in which the words "watermelon" and "spring" might occasionally be distinguished.

To this refrain the author concluded his recital. He lifted an anxious face from the manuscript, studying the faces of the prospective purchasers. Mingle, who was squatty and coal-black, patted his own heaving sides and opened his mouth to speak. But his associate, who was slim and long and of the color rather of burnt cane syrup, checked him with a look and a gesture.

"Wait!" he said. "Seems lak to me I is the bizness manager of this team. W'en the tawk is financial I tawks it." He turned to the dramatist. His expression afforded no clue to his feelings. "Us two—my partner an' me—we withdraws to that there hall yonder fur a confrince."

Outside, with the door closed, Mingle spoke up promptly:

"Say, Earlie, whut's the use of any confrince? I's satisfied." He grinned extensively. "Us two suttinly is goin' clean up big wid that air ack."

"Us two? *Huh*, you better say 'us three.'"

"How come you nominates three?" asked the puzzled Mingle. "He don't git no cut-in on the wages we draws down, does he?"

"Who you tawkin 'bout?"

"This yere Conkey Fugate, of c'ose. Wuzn't the agreemint wuz that he do the job fur cash?"

"Who say he don't?"

"Well, tha's whut I thought you meant. Anyways, he done deliver' the goods—I'll say that much fur him, even if he is my fur distant kinfolks. Look how well them fumdiddles of his'n went over wid all three of us in there an' him jest readin' 'em along sing-songy at that! But jest you wait till I wrops my pair of comical lips round 'em—jest wait, tha's all I asts you—an' then's the time w'en you'll see me knockin' em out of they seats."

"Spoke lak a low comedian, w'ich I reckins that's the lowest thing they is in this world, 'scusin' it's mine-worms." There was profound contempt in the towering Purdue's tone. "I gits to wonderin' sometimes where all you low comedians would be, ef anywheres, widout us straight men to purtect you frum yore own ign'ance. Now, that there ack—it's lousy—tha's whut 'tis!"

"W'y, man, didn't you laff at it? And didn't I laff? An' ez fur that there young stumpy nigger, didn't he mouty nigh bust hisse'f wide open?"

"Us all done so, jest lak you sez, brother. An' purty soon I'm goin' to tell you w'y us' two laffed so hard. But fust I'm goin' tell you 'bout that ack. I repeats, it's p-e-rlum lousy. I only wishes it wuz lousier 'en whut 'tis—'cept that ain't possible. I only wishes I could dig up

some bummer gags somewheres to stick 'em into it."

"But you p'intedly specify jest a minute ago that they wuz three of us w'ich would——"

"So I done so, an' stands by it. But I ain't meanin' that there skinny li'l' con man wid the cole frames over his face. I is speakin' of that there countrified nigger wid the broom."

"Who—him? Whut's he got to do wid it?"

"He's got ever'thing they is to do wid it—that's merely all. You thinks you laffed at them bum gags. Huh! Reason I laffed was 'cause that there nigger boy laffed in sich a way he med me laff—my ribs is still sore. An' tha's also the reason w'y you laffed, only you ain't got gumption enough to see it . . . You tek it frum me, Mingle, he's goin' to be in this yere team, or else they ain't goin' be no team."

"But—but——"

"You is wastin' yore buts," said the masterful Purdue. "Save 'em up fur some time w'en you mout need 'em. Now hark yere to me and try to onduce whut passes wid you fur a brain to receive whut I'm 'bout to cornfur. We got the promise of two try-out pufformences next Monday over yere at the Orpheus Cullid Vaudyville Theater—ain't we? Well, yere's the way it's goin' be: Fur the matinée jest the two of us alone goes on an' speaks them lines jest lak they has been wrote for us—an' you goin' see us both die the deaths of a dawg. Tha's whut goin' happen—at the matinée. But fur the night show, jest as we steps on, that there li'l' sawed-off laffin' nigger is goin' come ramblin' out frum the wings dressed up in a set of overhalls lak he wuz one of the stage hands or somethin', an he's goin' ramble hisse'f up ag'inst one of the torminters and start lissenin' at the stuff we pulls. Ef he kin furgit they's a lot of people out front lookin' at him, an' ef he kin laff lak he laffed jest now, you goin' see a houseful of cullid audience go plum' crazy. An' w'en it comes to laffin', w'ite folks ain't no diff'ent frum cullid ef you gives 'em the right kind of a excuse—you'll find that out w'en I gits you signed up wid me on the Big Time.

"Fur I'm tellin' you that jest so long ez that li'l' nigger kin keep on laffin' at them cheesy gags—laff honest an' lak he means it, I means—an', ef I'm any jedge, he alluz will—w'y, jest fur so long us is goin' to mop up wid the best black-face novelty ack they is in vaudyville . . . Come on back yere wid me an' keep yore mouth clamped shut an' watch me close, 'cause I'm goin' to show you now whut a intelleck is w'uth to a man w'ich has one."

Majestically he stalked into the room, his dumb and dumfounded follower re-entering behind him. Ignoring, for the moment, the nervous Fugate, he addressed himself to the lumpy stranger, who still gurgled rhythmically.

"Pull yo'se'f together, son, an' look me in the eye," commanded the sagacious Purdue. "Now tell me—how much did this yere so call' scribe pay you fur this evenin's job?"

The reviving Chocolate Hyena was honest. Or possibly he was guileless.

"Two dollars," he answered frankly, "but I ain't got it yit. But I ain't worryin' none ef I don't never git it. I claims I done had the full values of my money—*whee-e-e-e!*"

"Don't fret—you'll git it. Now then, I got somethin' else to ast you—does you crave reg'lar wuk wid me?"

"W'ich?" The Chocolate Hyena's eye rolled toward the door as though he meditated flight.

"I sez how's you lak to have a job—a stiddy job?"

If he flinched from the noun, literally he quivered at the speaking of the adjective. "Not ef I kin git anythin' else to do," he said.

"Mebbe I has stated it wrong. This yere job don't call fur yore puttin' any strain on yore pusspiration pores. All whut you got do frum now is jest laff twice't a day, twenty minutes on a stretch."

"My blessed Maker!" whooped the stranger. He scrambled to his feet. "You folks in this town sho is got a cu'ious idee of whut is wuk. Lead me to it, mister, lead me to it!"

"They's plenty time. Look yere." From a slender packet of bills the straight man peeled the outer wrapper. "Yere's five dollars to bine the bargain ontwell we kin git the papers drawed up, puttin' you under my sclusive corntrol an' management. Don't pester none 'bout this yere bank roll bein' kind of slimsy lookin' at the present," he went on, misinterpreting the meaning in the youth's kindling eye; "they'll shortly be plenty mo' fur you where this comes frum."

"Boss man," stated the Chocolate Hyena earnestly, "you an' me is done tied up fur the life everlastin'."

"Tha's the language! Foller after me, an' all whut you'll wear is jewelry an' silk underclothes." He delivered it as a prophecy; then swung about and faced the stricken and apprehensive dramatist.

"Brashness," he said, "this is prob'ly the first case on rec-cord where a pusson obtained money under false pretenses, an' yit earned it. Yere's yore hund'ed. Now, hand this yere new boy of mine them two bucks w'ich you promised it to him fur heppin' 'long yore li'l' bunco game an' then you keep the lef'-over ninety-eight wid my blessin's . . . Now tha's done. Come on yere wid me, Mingle. Come on yere, too, you whut-ever-yore-name-is. Us is bound to the nighest cullid lawyer's office to git the teamin' papers drawed up. Fugate, I wishes you well, but cornfidential, I fears the wu'st. Sooner er later the police force is goin' overtake yore ambitions!"

Now, every sweet dish must have its dreggy sourness, and as the poet in slightly different language has put it, there is no rose but has its thorn. The enormous success instantaneously scored and still being scored by the comedy trio of Purdue, Mingle & Company is known and reverently is spoken of wherever high class vaudeville is played—Eastern Circuit, Western Wheel, Southern Territory. Yet this success has its other sides.

Take, for example, the case of J. Earl Purdue. Here is one who knows exactly what it is that makes the tired business man still more tired. His associate, Happy Rastus Mingle, lives up to the name. He is happy as the two-a-day is long. He is well content with his repute, his gold-filled front teeth, his ornate wardrobe, his diamonds, his salary, his touring car, his place in the billing. But Purdue,



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that canny executive, has his hours of distress. In the midst of his prosperity, at the very pinnacle of his prominence, he is possessed by horrid fears which come unbidden to harass him. He cannot but dwell on the dread possibilities that one of these days the Chocolate Hyena may fall ill, or may lose his voice, or—most dire contingency of all—may lose his zest for the ancient wheezes at which each afternoon and again each evening he almost laughs his head off.

Or, take the Chocolate Hyena. Affluent and famous though he be, and each week enriched anew beyond his wildest dreams of wealth, his lot nevertheless has its sorrows. Practically, he is in close confinement. He is under heavy bonds that never, in his hours of leisure, shall he frequent any place of public amusement—the thoughtful Purdue long ago attended to that detail—and he, who so dearly loves to laugh, is denied the opportunity ever of seeing or hearing any act whatsoever other than the act of which he is the prop and the backbone. When not actually before the footlights, his dressing room is his prison place; he's a bird in a gilded cage.

And finally and most distressful of all, take Roscoe C. Fugate. That morbid misanthrope walks the highways of Harlem's Little Africa repeating to such as will harken to him a lament which does not vary, save that it grows more passionately bitter with each telling:

"Who wuz it wrote them boys the best ack they is or ever has been in refine' vaudyville—w'ich don't it stand proven ez the best one 'cause in all the goin'-on fo' yeahs they been usin' it, they ain't been nary line changed in it? 'Twuz me! Who wuz it dug up that there Chawklate Hyena w'en he didn't have a cent to his back an' they wuz tossin' him out of cheap restaraws all up an' down One Hund'ed an' Thirty-fifth Street? Me, tha's who! Who wuz it seen the possibilities in him an' brang 'em all three together right there in my own pussonal offices? Me ag'in! An' now they is drawin' down six hund'ed an' fifty a week an' they next contract's goin' to call fur seven hund'ed flat. But is I gittin' my nourishin' li'l' weekly commission out of it? Does a pleasin' piece of royalties come floatin' my way ever' Monday? Naw, suzz, it do not!

"They tekken advantage of my pressin' necessities—they bought me out fur one measly li'l' hund'ed bones w'ich the bigges' part of it went to pay fur the sorriest lot of furnishin's junk ever you seen. Tha's the way it goes, though, in this world—them w'ich is up they tromples an' stomps on them w'ich is down. Seems, sometimes, lak 'tain't no use tryin'. Seems lak once't in a w'ile one of them boys would of slipped me a li'l' somethin' fur gratitude an' ole times' sake. But no!"

At times the depression of Roscoe C. Fugate borders on actual melancholia.

Irvin S. Cobb, *whose stories are crucibles of human nature, relates, in August* COSMOPOLITAN, *one that will hold you spellbound*

The Lone Wolf Returns

(*Continued from page 104*)

enough to lay low and stand in with Morphew, that's all."

"And the Devil takes care of his own."

"You got the idea exactly."

"But tell me, why does this great city of yours tolerate its Morphew?"

"What's it going to do? You can't pin anything on a guy like Morphew; he always keeps well inside the law, never turns a trick with his own hand, and pulls too strong an oar politically not to be able to look after the people he hires to do his dirty work. Stands to reason, he's got to; he can't afford to risk somebody's turning State's evidence for lack of protection."

"But surely a man of his type must have enemies in high places as well as friends——"

"Maybe so; but they're not in the saddle just now; we'll have to be patient and wait for New York to undergo another of its periodical spasms of civic virtue before an ordinary dick like me can go out after the likes of Morphew without hearing a still small voice whispering at his shoulder, if he cares anything about his job he'd better lay off. Remember that time we raided the Clique Club? That had a sequel that still sticks in my crop . . ."

"But if Morphew were actually caught, as you say, with the goods on——"

"That's different; prove anything on that bird and outraged public sentiment will do the rest."

"Do you know where he lives?"

Crane recited the address in sulky abstraction, from which he emerged abruptly with a gleam of alarm. "Look here! don't tell me you're simp enough to dream of starting anything with him——"

"My dear friend—I never was, it was Morphew took the offensive with me, unprovoked——"

"And you're a glutton for punishment, eh?"

"Do you take me for one to suffer such malice without striking a blow for self-respect? What way I shall take with the animal I am as yet undecided—I count on events to show it to me; and I count on your passive countenance, at least."

"Oh, don't worry! I won't ever come between you two; and if I ever see a chance to land on Morphew when he isn't looking, because he's too busy keeping his guard up against you—you can depend on my doing it. All the same, if you'll take a fool's advice you'll quit right now, admit you're licked and let it go at that."

"It may be your advice is wiser than you think," Lanyard conceded.

"Well, I'm not going to lose any sleep on your account. Morphew's out of town, nobody seems to know just where . . ."

"Like Mallison, eh?"

"Why keep fretting about Mallison? He's out."

"Perhaps . . ."

"What do you mean, perhaps?"

"Jumping one's bail is not precisely proof of a clear conscience; that act of the dancing yegg's ought to be enough for you—no matter what your mind may be with respect to my guilt or innocence of

the charges that have since been brought against me."

"Don't get your point . . ."

"It's rather an obvious point in the sight of one who knows what I know—that Mallison claimed to be on intimately friendly terms with the Stuyvesant Ashes, with Mrs. Ashe, at least; Mary, I remember he called the lady, in mentioning her to Folly McFee."

"Well?"

"Is it not at least a curious circumstance that this print, this so well posed and composed likeness of the Lone Wolf wearing his working clothes for the night shift, should have been snapped in the home of people reputed to be on friendly terms with Mallison?"

"It only goes to show how little you know New York society if you've got any idea the Ashes—one of the oldest and best families in town—would lend themselves to any frame-up engineered by a cheap little crook like that egg."

"One infers that no Ashe has ever been known to be guilty of a misstep——"

"I don't say that. The men of the family have always stepped out pretty lively."

"But isn't it possible Mallison may have known something which the present Stuyvesant Ashe preferred to keep secret from the general public? You're surely not forgetting blackmail was one of Mallison's ways of earning a dishonest living."

"Meaning you believe Mallison blackmailed Stuyvesant Ashe and his wife into letting him snap a phoney photograph of someone made up to look like you, trying to open their safe."

"Really, you read my mind."

"Well!" Crane snorted his contempt, "that bright little theory blows up like a toy balloon because the bird you see in front of that safe got away with every little thing it held. I guess you won't go so far as to tell me the Stuyvesant Ashes would fall for blackmail to that extent."

"I tell you nothing because I know nothing—I do but recommend the possibility to your thoughtful consideration. Conceding the thanklessness of trying to get the Stuyvesant Ashes to contradict the story they told, I can only point out its more glaring absurdities." Smilingly Lanyard put the print into the detective's hands. "Look closely, my good Crane! Tell me how you would describe the look of this alleged Lone Wolf."

"Looks sort of surprised," Crane replied. "Who wouldn't with a flashlight going off all of a sudden under his nose when he's keyed up to G trying to pull off a big job?"

"But have you never observed that a man actually taken by surprise never shows it in a flashlight photograph? The flash comes and goes too quickly for such an one to put on an appropriate expression for the camera to catch. It is the man who is, as you put it, all keyed up in expectation of the flash who looks startled in the picture."

Crane took another look. "Something in that, maybe," he grudged.

"Consider also, then, these other anomalies: Not only am I represented as being idiot enough to go a-burgling in evening dress——"

"But you claim you didn't know what you were doing when all this happened!"

"What I claim is, if it is fair to assume a rap on the head caused me to revert to foregone ways of knavery, it is only fair to assume further that I would have displayed



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at least a little reverence for the principles of common sense that formerly guided my errant footsteps. The *succès fou* of the Lone Wolf in pre-war Paris did not result from the expenditure of a modicum of mental effort. That one never touched burglar's tools, far less carried a kit of them, once he had served out his apprenticeship. Finally, we are asked to believe not only that the Lone Wolf neglected to search for burglar alarm wiring on this occasion—and if he had he could hardly have overlooked the wire which led to the flashlight—but that after the flash had gone off in his face he proceeded methodically to open the safe."

"Well!" Crane argued, "but we've always been told the Lone Wolf was a cool hand."

Lanyard laughed aloud. "But I am in a position to assure you the coolth of that hand would have been nothing compared with the coldness of his feet, had anything like this ever happened to him; I have my low pride, my friend, yet I am free to confess that he would have run for cover without an instant of needless delay."

"I don't know," Crane conceded reluctantly. "All you say sounds reasonable enough, and I've got a mean feeling I was the world's prize dumbbell not to think of your arguments before. But admitting all that—where does it get us?"

"To the point I promised to bring you to, where you are obliged to admit I may not have been the author of these recent robberies attributed to the Lone Wolf."

"And where do we go from there?"

"I can speak only for myself," said Lanyard, rising. "I go to find out the truth. I do not know what happened, where I lay hid or what I did in all those seven months. It may be this conviction that I feel, that I had no hand in the crimes imputed to me, is merely a mirage of vain hope cheating my good judgment. It is possible I shall find I myself am the man. In that event—one so subject to spells of criminal activity in phases of submerged consciousness is too dangerous to remain at large. I shall return and let you put me where I can do no more harm. But I don't believe you need hope to see me again on those terms; and if we should chance to meet before I succeed in satisfying myself—well, bear in mind, I ask no quarter. I have only one favor to ask of you: Don't let anxiety to bag Michael Lanyard make you forget that Mallison likewise is at liberty and may very well turn out to be the key to all this mystery."

Crane's face wrinkled into a radiating grin. "Funny thing about all this is," he asserted, "I believe in you—I even believe you'll come in and take your medicine like a little man if you find you're the guilty party." He wrung Lanyard's hand with painful cordiality. "Go to it, old son; maybe I'm being kidded to a fare-ye-well, but I'm for you. You won't mind my not getting up to see you to the window?"

CHAPTER XVIII

CONFIDENT that their interview just ended had converted an active antagonist, the most dangerous he knew because the most intelligent and dispassionately devoted to his duty, into at worst a passive opponent; confident as well that the change in his appearance insured against casual identification by any other adversary, public or private; Lanyard on leaving Crane none the less went his way as warily as one who walked in living dread of being ambushed at every corner.

From the door of the building in which Crane lodged to the glowing maw of an underground railway station was only a step, but a step which Lanyard took with all the furtive haste of a ghost belated at the hour of cockcrow. The last coin that lined his pockets passed him through a clattering turnstile. But not another soul followed into the station, he was able to board a northbound train unvexed by any hint of espionage; though he reckoned this poor compensation for confusion of mind only aggravated by advices which, dependable as he must hold them, had proved contrarily more benighting than elucidative with the new light they shed upon his dark perplexities.

He knew no amazement in the discovery that Liane had trifled lightly with the truth in her account of his seven months of lost existence; but her capricious warping of certain facts and her suppression of others added but another mystery to that company whose faces of empty imbecility now mocked every waking effort to read their meaning and, when Lanyard slept like nightmares drifted through his dreams. Not that he found it difficult to understand that she had woven that tissue of deception hoping thereby to fix a lien upon his gratitude. It seemed clear why Liane had invented that tale of a purloined necklace and a forced flight from New York that had been infeasible without her friendly offices, and why she claimed to have given Lanyard sanctuary when he was hard pressed, and to have abetted his flagrant course as the Lone Wolf *redivivus*.

In this last allegation there might be, no doubt there was, some half-truth latent: Lanyard was not yet prepared to deny that the Lone Wolf had lately prowled again in his own flesh if in his mutual dissociation; but the conflict of testimony that proved the distortion to Liane's purposes of half the truth at least made it competent to him to question whether her story had had any foundation in the truth whatever. Certain it was that Lanyard's evasion by sea and absence from the city for a term of more than five weeks had failed to put a period to that sequence of thievish feats which New York credited to the Lone Wolf's cunning. And, as Lanyard had insisted, there was nothing to show that the author of these more recent exploits had not been the author likewise of the series which had predated his flight. Nothing forbade his hugging that argument to his heart and getting what comfort he could of it.

As a matter of fact, he got precious little; nothing seemed of any real moment, just then, measured by the riddle of Eve's return to France as the report of the Hotel Walpole posed it; a statement which circumstantially refuted Liane's version of that event, unhappily the only version which Lanyard could accept without reluctance. By the implications inherent in Liane's account, the lovers had parted prior to the beginning of that bad new chapter in the history of the Lone Wolf, had parted in tenderness and sadly because of Lanyard's set refusal to let Eve link her life with that of a reclaimed criminal. And with all his heart Lanyard wanted to believe it had been so . . . But Crane asserted that the Lone Wolf had been

active in New York before Christmas, and that Liane had been deported during the month of February, while the Hotel Walpole fixed the date of Eve's departure as the ninth of March! Liane, then, could have had no personal acquaintance with the reasons which had impelled Eve to leave America. But Lanyard could hardly believe they had been anything less than heartbreak resulting from failure to reanimate the spirit of the man she loved in the being of the Lone Wolf . . .

Would he ever know? Never, he assured himself, from the lips of Eve. Inconceivable that she should ever again consent to see him, believing what she must believe, or even to read his letters—assuming that he could find the effrontery so to importune her. Nothing short of full exoneration could renew her faith in him; and even given that, Lanyard would hardly find it in his heart to blame her did she shrink from meeting him, being seen with him, letting her name be coupled in the public mouth with the name of one who had been singled out by the spotlight of a notoriety so shameful.

No—he must count Eve lost to him for all time and soothe that wound, if he could, with the assurance that it was better so.

But before he could become reconciled to that renunciation he must possess the truth in his own knowledge, the truth whole and untarnished.

So now he was striking directly at that heart of darkness in which, he was satisfied, the truth lay perdu.

Ten minutes from Crane's door he came up for air from the Plaza station of the subway, slipped into Central Park like a snake into a thicket, and was lost to human sight for more than half an hour thereafter. Then the lights of Central Park West picked him up at Seventy-seventh Street; and striking diagonally across the grounds of the Museum of Natural History, he threaded quiet residential side streets to Riverside Drive, upon which he turned north, moving with the carefree slouch of the vagabond he seemed to be so picturesquely. A policeman on patrol, nobody else, gave him a second glance in passing, saw that he was sober, dismissed him as a figure of no potential consequence for either good or ill.

The night, seasonably intemperate, might have been compounded according to his own prescription, so excellently suited was it to his purpose. Its heat had made the Drive populous with refugees from sweltering apartments; at this late hour they lingered still in sufficient numbers to render Lanyard's restless presence equally inconspicuous with uncounted others.

Morphew's town house stood apart from less pretentious neighbors, a foursquare lump of unlovely masonry squatting, with a singular effect of family likeness to its owner, in grounds more ample than even opulence is wont to run to for its city *pied-à-terre*. Open windows and doors unboarded demonstrated it had not been shut up for the summer, though Morphew were, as Crane had intimated, sojourning somewhere out of town. And the lack of illumination other than a soft night light behind the iron grille and plate glass of its great front doors seemed to advertise a household sensibly abed. The sharp eyes beneath the brim of that disreputable hat marked down half a dozen avenues of easy if unconventional entrance before Lanyard,



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with his idlest air, turned off from the main promenade that runs with the driveway and found a soft spot on a lawn where a clump of shrubbery, standing between him and the nearest street lamps, threw a shadow black as jet.

Here, in a lazy sprawl, he rested for upwards of an hour, covert attention constant to the mansion across the Drive. In that time it gave no evidence of wakeful occupation; but as break of dawn drew on the population of the Drive dispersed and the tide of wheeled traffic became an intermittent trickle, lessening the risk of observation that he must chance when the time came to put his purpose into effect.

In this he went ahead unhindered by the slightest scruple, holding Morphew solely answerable, as he did, for all the tribulations that had been visited upon him since that long ago night of their first acquaintance.

Eight months of enforced submission to the wear and tear of Morphew's malice had brought him to the pass in which tonight found him, penniless, homeless, hungry, a hunted thing without a friend to turn to. It devolved upon Morphew, consequently, to bow to the inexorable workings of the law of compensation and stand to Lanyard now in the place of friend, willy-nilly to furnish him food and drink, shelter and change of raiment, set his mind at rest upon the matters that most distressed it, and finally put money in his pocket. Morphew could afford all that and never miss its cost to him out of the profits he must have piled up as impresario for the Lone Wolf's farewell tour.

The irony of that conceit was pleasing; Lanyard wore a grim smile beneath his beard as he addressed him to his hazardous business.

The point of attack he had settled on was a window in the second story, with a balcony, on the south side of the house, the farthest removed from the more exposed face which fronted on the Drive. The mouth of the tradesmen's entrance, an alley closed by a gate of ironwork, made it possible to attempt the ascent in comparative darkness, and horizontal channels between the huge blocks of hewn stone furnished helpful foot- and handholds. Only the rawest new beginner in the sodality of second story workers could have made any difficulty about that climb; Lanyard negotiated it with the ease of a lizard, in two minutes after his subtle shadow faded from the crosstown street into the tradesmen's entrance had gained the level of the balcony and, plastered upon those cool cheeks of stone, was inching round the corner. At the end of another minute he wriggled silently but rapidly in over the balcony rail and dropped flat upon its floor, to wait there without stir for so long that he might have been suddenly petrified by appreciation of his own temerity, till senses tuned up to the utmost of their fine efficiency assured him he had not been seen from the street or from any window looking out upon it, and that the room beyond the window at his side was as still as death; the circumstance that it was a French window with both wings folded back into its recess rendering it not necessarily idiotic to trust to his superacute hearing . . .

On the inside of the recess hung open draperies of heavy stuff. Between them no light showed. Lanyard surmised a living room beyond, a study or a dining room; the bedchambers would be on the floor above. One quick crouching stride passed him in between the draperies, another, in the course of which he stood up, took him to the middle of the room, where he stopped short, poised tensely upon the balls of his feet, like a jungle creature scenting taint of human flesh in the wind—galvanized by a whiff of rich cigar smoke that told him he had walked into a trap.

Simultaneously the wings of the window banged to behind him, its latch rattled, curtain rings clashed upon a tube of brass, the bleached blue oblong of the window was blacked out, he stood encompassed by night absolute—only the ember at the end of a cigar blinked at him from a little distance, glowing and fading by turns like an eye of basilisk spite.

With escape by the way he had entered surely blocked, and standing as he did on unknown ground, without one clue to the location of any other exit, he had no choice but to wait for light before adventuring another step. But seconds dragged like minutes and still the darkness held unbroken; they were playing with him, giving uncertainty time to sap his nerve. In exasperation, but schooling his voice to a sulky note, he said:

"Well! you've got me. Make a light."

No one answered, no light was made . . .

In a grimmer tone he spoke again: "I'll give you a count of three in which to make a light. If you don't, I'll drill a bullet through whatever happens to be twelve inches below that cigar."

The eye of fire burned a more sardonic crimson; that was all.

He began in sheer bravado to count: "One—two——"

A whistle lanced the stillness, he was sensitive to a sudden stir at his back and swung about, striking out at random and without effect; a savage blow, likewise launched at random, fell notwithstanding squarely upon his cheek, just forward of the ear; staggered, he reeled sideways and blundered into a brace of ready arms. Before he could recover and set himself to break that hold, other arms found and wrapped his body round from behind, a deft foot kicked his heels from under him, and, fighting like a maniac, Lanyard took the floor with a crash that made its timbers groan in their sockets, beneath a writhing mass of humanity whose weight alone was enough to crush him into breathless quiescence.

Overhead a prism chandelier blazed out like a sunburst . . .

Pinned down by no less than five huskies, one to each arm and leg and one, inevitably the stoutest, digging hard knees into his chest, Lanyard turned his head to one side to give his eyes relief from that blinding glare, and lay looking directly up into the apathetic mask of Morphew.

For vivid adventure, you don't need anything more than a good hammock—and the Lone Wolf as he appears in the pages of August COSMOPOLITAN

The Eighth Wonder

(Continued from page 45)

"Oh, well, if you want to know, said Edward, stung, "I'm not going on the river with you in that hat, and that's that."

No rose in the whole of that garden was anything like so red as the redness now seen upon the face of the Eighth Wonder of the World.

"Oh," said the Eighth Wonder; and about a year afterwards, "I thought there was something wrong," said she.

"There's nothing wrong with *me*," said Edward.

No ice cream in the whole of those ice creams being eaten in those gardens was anything like so icy as the iciness that now froze the voice of the Eighth Wonder of the World.

"Thank you," said the Eighth Wonder.

She arose and moved with icy dignity, like a moving pillar of salt, through the crowded tables. Edward followed her. He had "let her know"—as he expressed it to himself—and he was glad that he had let her know and he did not care now if two dozen of her hats were to be seen upon his head.

He traveled back with her in the train and he conducted her to her gate and in the whole journey no word was spoken. At the gate, "Good by" said Edward. "Good by" said the Eighth Wonder of the World, and turned away.

"Oh, by the way," said Edward offhandedly, "I find I shan't be able to come in to luncheon tomorrow."

"Oh, and I've just remembered," said Clarry brightly, "that I shan't be able to go with you to that concert on Monday night. Hope you don't mind."

"Not a bit," said Edward cheerfully. "I expect I can get someone else to come."

"I'm sure you can," said Clarry. "I'll send you the tickets."

"Yes, do," said Edward.

Clarry did; and the very extraordinary thing—to me—is that Edward, though he was expecting the tickets, believed they would not come; and when they did come tore them into ten thousand pieces and dashed them upon the floor; and that Clarry, though she was not expecting Edward to luncheon on Sunday, believed that he *would* come and watched for him from her bedroom window all the morning and then reported herself stricken with a most terrible headache—through eyestrain, I suppose—and wanting no food, and threw herself on her bed and used two clean handkerchiefs and one soiled one; yes, so it must have been eyestrain.

There followed for Edward two days and two nights—the nights of a length never known before except in the polar regions—during which stubbornness and contrition waged terrible war within him, devouring him utterly so that he became haggard and consumed.

On the third day, the battle being determined and the field wherein it had been waged ravaged and laid waste, the field was in the evening removed by the faltering legs of Edward to the pavement outside Clarry's office and posted there, quaking; and at six o'clock precisely appeared the Eighth Wonder of the World and saw the wasted field and rushed straight into it and with tears so watered it and with happy cries so



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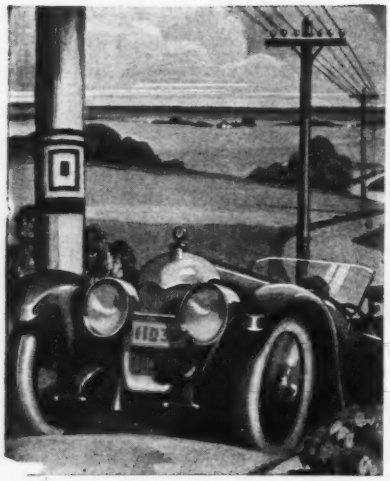
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fostered it that it sprang into blossom with a shout and gave forth groans, laughter, penitence, promise and love a hundredfold.

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"I'll never wear that wretched hat again," cried the Eighth Wonder of the World, clinging.

"I swear I'll never go out with you if you don't wear it every day for a year," cried Edward, clinging.

"Now then, please," said a policeman, "can't stand here all night, you know"—for, mind you, this was bang in the middle of the pavement in Basinghall Street, City, London, at the evening rush hour.

Then there was the time when they were married and set up in the tiny little house in Clapham Common, the interior of which, immediately you opened the front door, came at you like a blow in the face with an overpowering smell of new linoleum and new furniture, but with a blow, nevertheless, that was to Edward infinitely more fragrant than ever the waft of violets across a woodland, and to the Eighth Wonder of the World lovelier far than any savor in the general opinion of all Eighth Wonders considered loveliest.

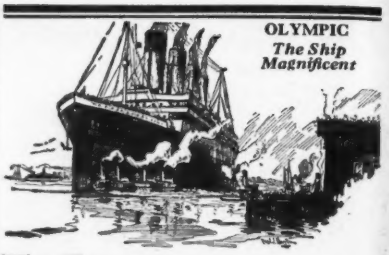
Edward, during his hours at his office, used a dozen times a day to sniff up the memory of this linoleum-furniture mixture within his nostrils; and Clarry who, in order as it were to keep the smell going, had given up her office, could not bear to be out of its range for more than the shortest possible time, and used to hurry home from her shopping or from her visits to her mother and open the front door and inhale it as a sailor, long absent from the wave, inhales the sea.

This was the time when Edward, not yet quite arrived at the realization that Clarry was the Eighth Wonder of the World, advanced towards that realization in daily progression. Supremely wonderful as he had always known Clarry to be, it was within the aroma of the new linoleum and the new furniture that her wonder was most fully disclosed to him. Edward was now earning six pounds a week, and he found, to his enormous astonishment, that the wonders of the Eighth Wonder of the World caused six pounds a week to go further, and to leave a larger balance when all was covered, for the necessities of two persons than ever he had contrived to make it go or leave for the necessities of one. And then, too, was the extraordinary business about his dreams—those dreams of which I have given evidence at the Excelsior Literary Society in which he saw himself bounding along to place, power and wealth.

These dreams, before he became the owner of the Eighth Wonder of the World, were in the nature, as it were, of a flying magic carpet which skimmed beautifully overhead and was delicious to watch, but was immeasurably out of reach and of no practical quality whatever.

The Eighth Wonder of the World, placing one hand within the hand of Edward and stretching up the other, captured and brought down the skimming carpet and transformed it into a treadmill on which Edward labored heavily and by no means always with pleasure, yet unquestionably with marked advancement on the road to success.

In instance, there was the matter of Spanish. Edward, lying on his back one



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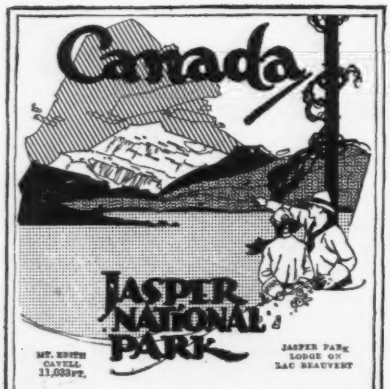
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evening on the new and powerfully smelling couch in the new and powerfully smelling sitting room, and watching the lovely skimming of his magic carpet overhead, told Clarry that his firm did a very large South American business, and that one day he was going to start learning Spanish with a view to advancing himself by getting into the foreign side of the house. This "one day" on which Spanish was to be begun had been in the mind of Edward for five and a half years. By the wonder of the Eighth Wonder of the World it now was astoundingly caused to be the very next day after that on which this announcement was made to her.

Edward, returning to the heavenly smell on the morrow, found the Eighth Wonder of the World awaiting him with the text books of a course in Spanish conducted by a school of foreign languages. A lesson a day was tabulated by this course. Fired by the wonder of the Eighth Wonder of the World, Edward took the first seven lessons at one enormous gulp on that very same night; on the twelfth day following he did half a lesson; on the fifteenth day the fag end of a lesson of two days before; and on the twentieth day had been five days without doing any lesson and had no intention of ever doing any lesson again.

It was at this point that the Eighth Wonder of the World very seriously exerted her wonders and put them upon Edward. The words in which they were received by Edward abashed Edward and fired Edward; abashed and fired him anew whenever — which was frequently — he wished that Spain and the whole South American continent might be sunk in their respective oceans and never again emerge; and ultimately landed him at the stage in which he addressed to the head of his firm a letter in perfect Spanish, pointing out his masterly knowledge of the Spanish tongue and suggesting that this knowledge should be placed at the disposal of the firm, whose interests he had so earnestly at heart, and begged to remain, Sir, your obedient servant, Edward Bryant.

And it was.

"You know," said Edward, bursting with joy at the very considerable advancement which shortly followed this letter, "you know, I absolutely never should have got this except for you."

He was right.

Thus and in many similar ways were manifested to Edward the wonders of the Eighth Wonder of the World; and then there came the time—and this is the last of them—when broke upon him in actual fact that the Eighth Wonder of the World was she.

This was the time when mysterious and alarming things began to happen in the tiny house at Clapham Common, and when (one night at the climax of them) the smell of the new linoleum and the new furniture, distinctly diminished by now but kept alive by furniture polish, was banished and overpowered by smells which Edward had hitherto connected with dental parlors and medical consulting rooms.

This was the time when the Eighth Wonder of the World spent a considerable portion of her days in resting on the sofa; when Mrs. Hunt came to take up residence with her daughter; when strange packages came into the house and an enormous amount of needlework was constantly in progress; and when finally, on the morning of the climax of these proceedings, there entered the place a dragon, gray, stern and grim, disguised as a maternity nurse and carrying a brown bag of, to Edward, very sinister aspect. This dragon, divesting herself of her outer garments, appeared before Edward in the sitting room so stiffly starched that she crackled in every inch of her person and at every step of her tread, causing him to quail, and told him he had better go out for the evening; which Edward, though quailing, refusing to do, the dragon commanded him to remain in the sitting room and departed, crackling.

Next the house was entered by a doctor, carrying a black bag even more sinister than the brown bag of the crackling dragon, and there followed now for Edward, incarcerated in the sitting room and hearing always mysterious sounds and sometimes very lamentable and heart-breaking sounds, an evening more terrible than any he had ever imagined.

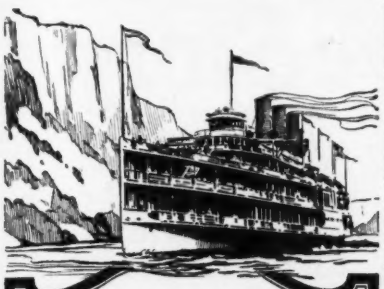
He knew that Clarry was in most dreadful extremity; and for the reason that his imagination never yet had approached this extremity that was hers, he explored it now with the terrors of one awakening to find himself entombed. He was assured that Clarry must die. He never had thought upon the mysteries of nature, much less upon those agonies in which, touching humanity, her mysteries are encompassed, and his reason, that never had reasoned with them, cried out against them in hatred and in dread. What was Divinity that such things could be? Sometimes he prayed and sometimes—did not pray; sometimes, bowed upon the table in impotence, he beat his head upon his hands; sometimes, pacing the floor, in dread he held his breath and paused to listen.

The door opened and his heart stopped. The crackling dragon crackled in. He had been smoking pipe after pipe, and all said to him or done for him by the crackling dragon was "Priff! Praff! You have a terrible atmosphere in here!" and the window flung open with such violence that it appeared likely to crash through the ceiling; and something snatched up from the sideboard; and the crackling dragon crackled out again.

It was winter. It became icily cold, but he did not dare shut the window because, even in his dire distress, he still was frightened of the crackling dragon and was afraid lest she should return. He was thinking now over his vile behavior in the matter of that lamentable business of the hat; and he was wondering if Clarry, dying, was remembering his abominable conduct then displayed towards her; and he was in the last depths of misery and grief; and then to his extreme terror he heard the doctor departing. Going without speaking to him! Was it that he did not wish to break the news? He blundered to the door and in his agitation scarcely could open it; and then opened it and caught the doctor.

"Hullo!" said the doctor. "Didn't know you were in. Thought they'd turned you out. Well, it's all gone splendidly. She's fine. You're a happy father and all that. Congratulate you. Son and heir. Splendid, what! Good night, good night!"

He returned to the sitting room. Inexpressible tumult disorganized him. He



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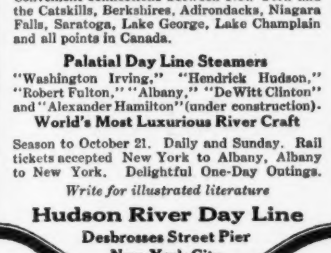
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Where will you go this summer? See page 179.



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first was on his knees in gratitude. He next was on his feet in ecstasy. Clarry! A son! He was there hours as it appeared to him, torn by these new stresses, plunged from them back to his earlier anguish, then to his new tumults again, before, at last, a message came to him to release him.

The crackling dragon crackled in.

"Frripp! Frrapp!" said the crackling dragon. "You're terribly cold in here"; slammed down the window with such violence that it appeared likely to crash through the floor; and told him, grudgingly, that he might now go upstairs for one minute, "And no talk, please."

Then he went into the room, and even the crackling dragon, noticing his face as he came in and perhaps taking compassion on him, went and crackled herself out in the passage, and Mrs. Hunt went with her and he was alone with the stupendous and exquisite mystery that was here. And when he saw Clarry lying on the bed, and when he saw lying upon her lovely arm and held against her darling breast the man-child that in mystery and in agony she had delivered out of her body to him, he knew then that she was the Eighth Wonder of the World; and the wonder and the glory of her, and the miracle and mystery of her, engulfed him and overcame him; and he fell on his knees by the bed, and bowed down his head and cried very much, with real tears, dripping; and once he cried—I don't know why—"Oh, my God!" and once he said, very brokenly, "You are wonderful, wonderful!" and soon after that they crackled in to him from the passage and got him out and pushed him down the stairs; and he went down wiping his eyes because his eyes were streaming.

That is all. But the point is that he now knew clearly and definitely what until now he had never definitely known, though frequently surmised.

And on the very next morning, as he was proceeding to his office, his head enormously high and his chest enormously extended, and as he was perceiving his son in successive pictures as Commander in Chief of the British Army, First Sea Lord, Poet Laureate, President of the Royal Academy, Lord Chancellor and Archbishop of Canterbury, and was debating within himself which of the insignia of these was least worthy to be borne upon the breast of his son—then weighing seven pounds and fourteen ounces; as he was doing all this, there came up to him one who accosted him and said:

"Hullo, Bryant, haven't seen you for years. Do you remember me? I'm Gilray. By Jove, do you know, I believe the last time I saw you was two years ago at the Excelsior Literary Society when they put up a competition for the best essay on the Eighth Wonder of the World. I got the first prize, you know."

"By Jove," said Edward, "you're welcome to it, old man; I got the Eighth Wonder."

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